

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXVIII. — DECEMBER, 1871. — NO. CLXX.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

"Thus, though tradition may have but one root, it grows, like a banyan, into a whole overarching labyrinth of trees." — CARLYLE.

WHEN Maitland blasphemously asserted that God was but "a Bogie of the nursery," he unwittingly made a remark as suggestive in point of philology as it was crude and repulsive in its atheism. When examined with the lenses of linguistic science, the "Bogie" or "Bug-a-boo" or "Bugbear" of nursery lore turns out to be identical not only with the fairy "Puck" whom Shakespeare has immortalized, but also with the Sclavonic "Bog" and the "Baga" of the Cuneiform Inscriptions, both of which are names for the Supreme Being. If we proceed further, and inquire after the ancestral form of these epithets, — so strangely incongruous in their significations, — we shall find it in the old Aryan "Bhaga," which reappears unchanged in the Sanskrit of the Vedas, and has left a memento of itself in the surname of the Phrygian Zeus "Bagaïos." It seems originally to have denoted either the unclouded sun or the sky of noonday illumined by the solar rays. In Sâyana's commentary on the Rig-Veda, Bhaga is enumerated among

the seven (or eight) sons of Aditi, the boundless Orient; and he is elsewhere described as the lord of life, the giver of bread, and the bringer of happiness.*

Thus the same name which, to the Vedic poet, to the Persian of the times of Xerxes, and to the modern Russian, suggests the supreme majesty of deity, is in English associated with an ugly and ludicrous fiend, closely akin to that grotesque Northern devil of whom Southey was unable to think without laughing. Such is the irony of fate toward a deposed deity. The German name for idol — *Abgott*, that is, "ex-god," or "dethroned god" — sums up in a single etymology the history of the havoc wrought by monotheism among the ancient symbols of deity. In the hospitable Pantheon of the Greeks and Romans a niche was always in readiness for every new divinity who could produce respectable credentials; but the triumph of mono-

* Muir's Sanskrit Texts, Vol. IV. p. 12; Müller, Rig - Veda Sanhita, Vol. I. pp. 230 - 251; Fick, Woerterbuch der Indogermanischen Grundsprache, p. 124, s. v. Bhaga.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. XXVIII. — NO. 170.

41

theism converted the stately mansion into a Pandemonium peopled with fiends. To the monotheist an "ex-god" was simply a devilish deceiver of mankind whom the true God had succeeded in vanquishing; and thus the word *demon*, which to the ancient meant a divine or semi-divine being, came to be applied to fiends exclusively. Thus the Teutonic races, who preserved the name of their highest divinity, Odin, — originally, Guodan, — by which to designate the God of the Christian,* were unable to regard the Bog of ancient tradition as anything but an "ex-god," or vanquished demon.

The most striking illustration of this process is to be found in the word *devil* itself. To a reader unfamiliar with the endless tricks which language delights in playing, it may seem shocking to be told that the Gypsies use the word *devil* as the name of God.† This, however, is not because these people have made the archfiend an object of worship, but because the Gypsy language, descending directly from the Sanskrit, has retained in its primitive exalted sense a word which the English language has received only in its debased and perverted sense. The Teutonic words *devil*, *teufel*, *diuval*, *djōfull*, *djenful*, may, together with the Græco-Romanic *diabolus*, be traced back to the Zend *dev*,‡ a name in which is implicitly contained the record of the oldest monotheistic revolution known to history. The influence of the so-called Zoroastrian reform upon the long-subsequent development of Christianity will receive further notice in the course of this paper; for the present it is enough to know that it furnished for all Christendom the name by which it designates

the author of evil. To the Parsee follower of Zarathustra the name of the Devil has very nearly the same signification as to the Christian; yet, as Grimm has shown, it is nothing else than a corruption of *deva*, the Sanskrit name for God. When Zarathustra overthrew the primeval Aryan nature-worship in Bactria, this name met the same evil fate which in early Christian times overtook the word *demon*, and from a symbol of reverence became henceforth a symbol of detestation.* But throughout the rest of the Aryan world it achieved a nobler career, producing the Greek *theos*, the Lithuanian *dievas*, the Latin *deus*, and hence the modern French *Dieu*, all meaning God.

If we trace back this remarkable word to its primitive source in that once lost but now partially recovered mother-tongue from which all our Aryan languages are descended, we find a root *div* or *dyu*, meaning "to shine." From the first-mentioned form comes *deva*, with its numerous progeny of good and evil appellatives; from the latter is derived the name of Dyauś, with its brethren, Zeus and Jupiter. In Sanskrit *dyu*, as a noun, means "sky" and "day"; and there are many passages in the Rig-Veda where the character of the god Dyauś, as the personification of the sky or the brightness of the ethereal heavens, is unmistakably apparent. This key unlocks for us one of the secrets of Greek mythology. So long as there was for Zeus no better etymology than that which assigned it to the root *zen*, "to live,"† there was little hope of understanding the nature of Zeus. But when

* The Buddhistic as well as the Zarathustrian reformation degraded the Vedic gods into demons. "In Buddhism we find these ancient devas, Indra and the rest, carried about at shows, as servants of Buddha, as goblins or fabulous horses." Max Müller, Chips, I. 25. This is like the Christian change of Odin into an ogre, and of Thor into the Devil.

† *Zeis* — *Δία* — *Ζῆνα* — *δι' ὃν ζῆν ἀὲι πάσι τοῖς ζώων ὑπάρχει*. Plato, Kratylus, p. 396, A., with Stallbaum's note. See also Proklos, Comm. ad Timæum, II. p. 226, Schneider; and compare Pseudo-Aristotle, De Mundo, p. 401, a, 15, who adopts the etymology *δι' ὃν ζώμεν*. See also Diogenes Laërtius, VII. 147.

* In the North American Review, October, 1869, p. 354, I have collected a number of facts which seem to me to prove beyond question that the name *God* is derived from *Guodan*, the original form of *Odin*, the supreme deity of our Pagan forefathers. The case is exactly parallel to that of the French *Dieu*, which is descended from the *Deus* of the pagan Roman.

† See Pott, Die Zigeuner, II. 311; Kuhn, Beiträge, I. 147.

‡ See Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, 939.

we learn that Zeus is identical with Dyaus, the bright sky, we are enabled to understand Porace's expression, "sub Jove frigido," and the prayer of the Athenians, "Rain, rain, dear Zeus, on the land of the Athenians, and on the fields." Such expressions as these were retained by the Greeks and Romans long after they had forgotten that their supreme deity was once the sky. Yet even the Brahman, from whose mind the physical significance of the god's name never wholly disappeared, could speak of him as Father Dyaus, the great Pitri, or ancestor of gods and men; and in this reverential name *Dyaus pitar* may be seen the exact equivalent of the Roman's *Jupiter*, or Jove the Father. The same root can be followed into old German, where *Zio* is the god of day; and into Anglo-Saxon, where *Tiusdaeg*, or the day of Zeus, is the ancestral form of *Tuesday*.

Thus we again reach the same results which were obtained from the examination of the name *Bhaga*. These various names for the supreme Aryan god, which without the help afforded by the Vedas could never have been interpreted, are seen to have been originally applied to the sun-illuminated firmament. Countless other examples, when similarly analyzed, show that the earliest Aryan conception of a divine Power, nourishing man and sustaining the universe, was suggested by the light of the mighty sun; who, as modern science has shown, is the originator of all life and motion upon the globe, and whom the ancients delighted to believe the source, not only of "the golden light,"* but of everything that is bright, joy-giving, and pure. Nevertheless, in accepting this conclusion as well established by linguistic science, we must be on our guard against an error into which writers on mythology are very liable to fall. Neither sky nor sun nor light of day, neither Zeus nor Apollo, neither Dyaus nor Indra, was ever worshipped by the

ancient Aryan in anything like a monotheistic sense. To interpret Zeus or Jupiter as originally the supreme Aryan god, and to regard classic paganism as one of the degraded remnants of a primeval monotheism, is to sin against the canons of a sound inductive philosophy. Philology itself teaches us that this could not have been so. Father Dyaus was originally the bright sky and nothing more. Although his name became generalized, in the classic languages, into *deus*, or God, it is quite certain that in early days, before the Aryan separation, it had acquired no such exalted significance. It was only in Greece and Rome — or, we may say, among the still united Italo-Hellenic tribes — that Jupiter-Zeus attained a pre-eminence over all other deities. The people of Iran quite rejected him, the Teutons preferred Thor and Odin, and in India he was superseded, first by Indra, afterwards by Brahma and Vishnu. We need not, therefore, look for a single supreme divinity among the old Aryans; nor may we expect to find any sense, active or dormant, of monotheism in the primitive intelligence of uncivilized men.* The whole fabric of comparative mythology, as at present constituted, rests upon the postulate that the earliest religion was pure fetichism.

In the unsystematic nature-worship of the old Aryans the gods are presented to us only as vague powers, with their nature and attributes dimly defined, and their relations to each other fluctuating and often contradictory. There is no theogony, no regular subordination of one deity to another. The same pair of divinities

* The Aryans were, however, doubtless better off than the tribes of North America. "In no Indian language could the early missionaries find a word to express the idea of God. *Manitou* and *Oki* meant anything endowed with supernatural powers, from a snake-skin or a greasy Indian conjurer up to *Manabozho* and *Jouskela*. The priests were forced to use a circumlocution, — 'the great chief of men,' or 'he who lives in the sky.'" Parkman, *Jesuits in North America*, p. lxxix. "The Algonquins used no oaths, for their language supplied none; doubtless because their mythology had no beings sufficiently distinct to swear by." *Ibid.*, p. 31.

* "Il Sol, dell aurea luce eterno fonte." Tasso, *Gemsalemme*, XV. 47; cf. Dante, *Paradiso*, X. 28.

appear now as father and daughter, now as brother and sister, now as husband and wife ; and again they quite lose their personality, and are represented as mere natural phenomena. As Müller observes, "The poets of the Veda indulged freely in theogonic speculations without being frightened by any contradictions. They knew of Indra as the greatest of gods, they knew of Agni as the god of gods, they knew of Varuna as the ruler of all ; but they were by no means startled at the idea that their Indra had a mother, or that their Agni [Latin *ignis*] was born like a babe from the friction of two fire-sticks, or that Varuna and his brother Mitra were nursed in the lap of Aditi." * Thus we have seen Bhaga, the daylight, represented as the offspring of Aditi, the boundless Orient ; but he had several brothers, and among them were Mitra, the sun, Varuna, the over-arching firmament, and Vivasvat, the vivifying sun. Manifestly we have here but so many different names for what is at bottom one and the same conception. The common element which, in Dyaus and Varuna, in Bhaga and Indra, was made an object of worship, is the brightness, warmth, and life of day, as contrasted with the darkness, cold, and seeming death of the night-time. And this common element was personified in as many different ways as the unrestrained fancy of the ancient worshipper saw fit to devise.†

Thus we begin to see why a few simple objects, like the sun, the sky, the dawn, and the night, should be represented in mythology by such a host of gods, goddesses, and heroes. For at one time the Sun is represented the conqueror of hydras and dragons who hide away from men the golden treasures of light and warmth, and at another time he is represented as a weary voyager traversing the sky-sea amid many perils, with the steadfast purpose of returning to his western home and

his twilight bride ; hence the different conceptions of Herakles, Bellerophon, and Odysseus. Now he is represented as the son of the Dawn, and again, with equal propriety, as the son of the Night, and the fickle lover of the Dawn ; hence we have, on the one hand, stories of a virgin mother who dies in giving birth to a hero, and, on the other hand, stories of a beautiful maiden who is forsaken and perhaps cruelly slain by her treacherous lover. Indeed, the Sun's adventures with so many dawn-maidens have given him quite a bad character, and the legends are numerous in which he appears as the prototype of Don Juan. Yet again his separation from the bride of his youth is described as due to no fault of his own, but to a resistless decree of fate, which hurries him away, as Æneas was compelled to abandon Dido. Or, according to a third and equally plausible notion, he is a hero of ascetic virtues, and the dawn-maiden is a wicked enchantress, daughter of the sensual Aphrodite, who vainly endeavors to seduce him. In the story of Odysseus these various conceptions are blended together. When enticed by artful women,* he yields for a while to the temptation ; but by and by his longing to see Penelope takes him homeward, albeit with a record which Penelope might not altogether have liked. Again, though the Sun, "always roaming with a hungry heart," has seen many cities and customs of strange men, he is nevertheless confined to a single path, — a circumstance which occasioned much speculation in the primeval mind. Garcilaso de la Vega relates of a certain Peruvian Inca, who seems to have been an "infidel" with reference to the orthodox mythol-

* It should be borne in mind, however, that one of the women who tempt Odysseus is not a dawn-maiden, but a goddess of darkness ; Kalypso answers to Venus-Ursula in the myth of Tannhäuser. Kirke, on the other hand, seems to be a dawn-maiden, like Medea, whom she resembles. In her the wisdom of the dawn-goddess Athene, the loftiest of Greek divinities, becomes degraded into the art of an enchantress. She reappears, in the Arabian Nights, as the wicked Queen Labe, whose sorcery none of her lovers can baffle, save Beder, king of Persia.

* Müller, *Rig-Veda-Sanhita*, I. 230.

† Compare the remarks of Bréal, *Hercule et Cadmus*, p. 13.

ogy of his day, that he thought the Sun was not such a mighty god after all ; for if he were, he would wander about the heavens at random instead of going forever, like a horse in a treadmill, along the same course. The American Indians explained this circumstance by myths which told how the Sun was once caught and tied with a chain which would only let him swing a little way to one side or the other. The ancient Aryan developed the nobler myth of the labors of Herakles, performed in obedience to the bidding of Eurystheus. Again, the Sun must needs destroy its parents, the Night and the Dawn ; and accordingly his parents, forewarned by prophecy, expose him in infancy, or order him to be put to death ; but his tragic destiny never fails to be accomplished to the letter. And again the Sun, who engages in quarrels not his own, is sometimes represented as retiring moodily from the sight of men, like Achilles and Meleagros : he is short-lived and ill-fated, born to do much good and to be repaid with ingratitude ; his life depends on the duration of a burning brand, and when that is extinguished he must die.

The myth of the great Theban hero, Oidipous, well illustrates the multiplicity of conceptions which clustered about the daily career of the solar orb. His father, Laios, had been warned by the Delphic oracle that he was in danger of death from his own son. The newly born Oidipous was therefore exposed on the hillside ; but, like Romulus and Remus, and all infants similarly situated in legend, was duly rescued. He was taken to Corinth, where he grew up to manhood. Journeying once to Thebes, he got into a quarrel with an old man whom he met on the road, and slew him, who was none other than his father, Laios. Reaching Thebes, he found the city harassed by the Sphinx, who afflicted the land with drought until she should receive an answer to her riddles. Oidipous destroyed the monster by solving her dark sayings, and as a reward

received the kingdom, with his own mother, Iokaste, as his bride. Then the Erinyes hastened the discovery of these dark deeds ; Iokaste died in her bridal chamber ; and Oidipous, having blinded himself, fled to the grove of the Eumenides, near Athens, where, amid flashing lightning and peals of thunder, he died.

Oidipous is the Sun. Like all the solar heroes, from Herakles and Perseus to Sigurd and William Tell, he performs his marvellous deeds at the behest of others. His father, Laios, is none other than the Vedic Dasyu, the night-demon who is sure to be destroyed by his solar offspring. In the evening, Oidipous is united to the Dawn, the mother who had borne him at day-break ; and here the original story doubtless ended. In the Vedic hymns we find Indra, the Sun, born of Dahana (Daphne), the Dawn, whom he afterwards, in the evening twilight, marries. To the Indian mind the story was here complete ; but the Greeks had forgotten and outgrown the primitive signification of the myth. To them Oidipous and Iokaste were human, or at least anthropomorphic beings ; and a marriage between them was a fearful crime which called for bitter expiation. Thus the latter part of the story arose in the effort to satisfy a moral feeling. As the name of Laios denotes the dark night, so, like Iole, Oinone, and Iamos, the word *Iokaste* signifies the delicate *violet* tints of the morning and evening clouds. Oidipous was exposed, like Paris upon Ida (a Vedic word meaning "the earth"), because the sunlight in the morning lies upon the hillside.* He is borne on to the destruction of his father and the incestuous marriage with his mother by an irresistible *Moir*a, or Fate ; the sun cannot but slay the darkness and hasten to the couch of

* The Persian Cyrus is an historical personage ; but the story of his perils in infancy belongs to solar mythology as much as the stories of the magic sleep of Charlemagne and Barbarossa. His grandfather, Astyages, is purely a mythical creation, his name being identical with that of the night-demon, Azidahaka, who appears in the Shah-Nameh as the biting serpent Zohak. See Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, II. 358.

the violet twilight.* The Sphinx is the storm-demon who sits on the cloud-rock and imprisons the rain; she is the same as Medusa, Ahi, or Echidna, and Chimaira, and is akin to the throttling snakes of darkness which the jealous Here sent to destroy Herakles in his cradle. The idea was not derived from Egypt, but the Greeks, on finding Egyptian figures resembling their conception of the Sphinx, called them by the same name. The omniscient Sun comprehends the sense of her dark mutterings, and destroys her, as Indra slays Vritra, bringing down rain upon the parched earth. The Erinyes, who bring to light the crimes of Oidipous, have been explained, in a previous paper, as the personification of daylight, which reveals the evil deeds done under the cover of night. The grove of the Erinyes, like the garden of the Hyperboreans, represents "the fairy network of clouds, which are the first to receive and the last to lose the light of the sun in the morning and in the evening; hence, although Oidipous dies in a thunder-storm, yet the Eumenides are kind to him, and his last hour is one of deep peace and tranquillity."† To the last remains with him his daughter Antigone, "she who is born opposite," the pale light which springs up opposite to the setting sun.

These examples show that a story-root may be as prolific of heterogeneous offspring as a word-root. Just as we find the root *spak*, "to look," begetting words so various as *sceptic*, *bishop*, *speculate*, *conspicuous*, *species*, and *spice*, we must expect to find a simple representation of the diurnal course of the sun, like those lyrically given in the Veda, branching off into stories as diversified as those of Oidipous, Herakles, Odysseus, and Siegfried. In fact, the types upon which stories are constructed are wonderfully few. Some clever playwright—I believe it was Scribe—has said that there are only seven possible dramatic

situations; that is, all the plays in the world may be classed with some one of seven archetypal dramas.* If this be true, the astonishing complexity of mythology taken in the concrete, as compared with its extreme simplicity when analyzed, need not surprise us.

The extreme limits of divergence between stories descended from a common root are probably reached in the myths of light and darkness with which the present discussion is mainly concerned. The subject will be best elucidated by taking a single one of these myths and following its various fortunes through different regions of the Aryan world. The myth of Hercules and Cacus has been treated by M. Bréal in an essay which is one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the study of comparative mythology; and while following his footsteps our task will be an easy one.

The battle between Hercules and Cacus, although one of the oldest of the traditions common to the whole Indo-European race, appears in Italy as a purely local legend, and is narrated as such by Virgil, in the eighth book of the *Æneid*; by Livy, at the beginning of his history; and by Propertius and Ovid. Hercules, journeying through Italy after his victory over Geryon, stops to rest by the bank of the Tiber. While he is taking his repose, the three-headed monster Cacus, a son of Vulcan and a formidable brigand, comes and steals his cattle, and drags them tail-foremost to a secret cavern in the rocks. But the lowing of the cows arouses Hercules, and he runs toward the cavern where the robber, already frightened, has taken refuge. Armed with a huge flinty rock, he breaks open the entrance of the cavern, and confronts the demon within, who vomits forth flames at him and roars like the thunder in the storm-cloud. After a

* In his interesting appendix to Henderson's *Folk Lore of the Northern Countries of England*, Mr. Baring-Gould has made an ingenious and praiseworthy attempt to reduce the entire existing mass of household legends to about fifty story-roots; and his list, though both redundant and defective, is nevertheless, as an empirical classification, very instructive.

* In mediæval legend this resistless Moira is transformed into the curse which prevents the Wandering Jew from resting until the day of judgment.

† Cox, *Manual of Mythology*, p. 134.

short combat, his hideous body falls at the feet of the invincible hero, who erects on the spot an altar to Jupiter Inventor, in commemoration of the recovery of his cattle. Ancient Rome teemed with reminiscences of this event, which Livy regarded as first in the long series of the exploits of his countrymen. The place where Hercules pastured his oxen was known long after as the *Forum Boarium*; near it the *Porta Trigemina* preserved the recollection of the monster's triple head; and in the time of Diodorus sight-seers were shown the cavern of Cacus on the slope of the Aventine. Every tenth day the earlier generations of Romans celebrated the victory with solemn sacrifices at the *Ara Maxima*; and on days of triumph the fortunate general deposited there a tithe of his booty, to be distributed among the citizens.

In this famous myth, however, the god Hercules did not originally figure. The Latin Hercules was an essentially peaceful and domestic deity, watching over households and enclosures, and nearly akin to Terminus and the Penates. He does not appear to have been a solar divinity at all. But the purely accidental resemblance of his name to that of the Greek deity Herakles,* and the manifest identity of the Cacus-myth with the story of the victory of Herakles over Geryon, led to the substitution of Hercules for the original hero of the legend, who was none other than Jupiter, called by his Sabine name Sancus. Now Johannes Lydus informs us that, in Sabine, *Sancus* signified "the sky," a meaning which we have already seen to belong to the name *Jupiter*. The same substitution of the Greek hero for the Roman divinity led to the alteration of the name of the demon overcome by his thunderbolts. The corrupted title

Cacus was supposed to be identical with the Greek word *kakos*, meaning "evil," and the corruption was suggested by the epithet of Herakles, *Alexikakos*, or "the averter of ill." Originally, however, the name was *Cæcius*, "he who blinds or darkens," and it corresponds literally to the name of the Greek demon *Kaikias*, whom an old proverb, preserved by Aulus Gellius, describes as a stealer of the clouds.*

Thus the significance of the myth becomes apparent. The three-headed Cacus is seen to be a near kinsman of Geryon's three-headed dog Orthros, and of the three-headed Kerberos, the hell-hound who guards the dark regions below the horizon. He is the original werewolf or Rakshasa, the fiend of the storm who steals the bright cattle of Helios, and hides them in the black cavernous rock, from which they are afterwards rescued by the schamir or lightning-stone of the solar hero. The physical character of the myth is apparent even in the description of Virgil, which reads wonderfully like a Vedic hymn in celebration of the exploits of Indra. But when we turn to the Veda itself, we find the correctness of the interpretation demonstrated again and again, with inexhaustible prodigality of evidence. Here we encounter again the three-headed *Orthros* under the identical title of *Vritra*, "he who shrouds or envelopes," called also *Çushna*, "he who parches," *Pani*, "the robber," and *Ahi*, "the strangler." In many hymns of the Rig-Veda the story is told over and over, like a musical theme arranged with variations. Indra, the god of light, is a herdsman who tends a herd of bright golden or violet-colored cattle. Vritra, a snake-like monster with three heads, steals them and hides them in a cavern, but Indra slays him as Jupiter slew Cæcius, and the cows are recovered. The language of the myth is so significant, that the Hindu commentators of the Veda have themselves given explanations of

* There is nothing in common between the names *Hercules* and *Herakles*. The latter is a compound, formed like *Themistokles*; the former is a simple derivative from the root of *hercere*, "to enclose." If *Herakles* had any equivalent in Latin, it would necessarily begin with *S*, and not with *H*, as *septis* corresponds to *éntra*, *seguor* to *ἐνούται*, etc.

* For the relations between Sancus and Herakles, see Preller, *Römische Mythologie*, p. 635; Vollmer, *Mythologie*, p. 970.

it similar to those proposed by modern philologists. To them the legend never became devoid of sense, as the myth of Geryon appeared to Greek scholars like Apollodoros.*

These celestial cattle, with their resplendent coats of purple and gold, are the clouds lit up by the solar rays ; but the demon who steals them is not always the fiend of the storm, acting in that capacity. They are stolen every night by Vritra the concealer, and Cæcius the darkener, and Indra is obliged to spend hours in looking for them, sending Saramâ, the inconstant twilight, to negotiate for their recovery. Between the storm-myth and the myth of night and morning the resemblance is sometimes so close as to confuse the interpretation of the two. Many legends which Max Müller explains as myths of the victory of day over night, are explained by Dr. Kuhn as storm-myths ; and the disagreement between two such powerful champions would be a standing reproach to what is rather prematurely called the *science* of comparative mythology, were it not easy to show that the difference is merely apparent and non-essential. It is the old story of the shield with two sides ; and a comparison of the ideas fundamental to these myths will show that there is no valid ground for disagreement in the interpretation of them. The myths of schamir and the divining-rod, analyzed in a previous paper, explain the rending of the thunder-cloud and the procuring of water without especial reference to any struggle between opposing divinities. But in the myth of Hercules and Cacus, the fundamental idea is the victory of the solar god over the robber who steals the light. Now whether the robber carries off the light in the evening when Indra has gone to sleep, or boldly rears his black form against the sky during the daytime, causing darkness to spread over the earth, would make little difference to the framers of the myth. To a chicken a solar eclipse is

the same thing as nightfall, and he goes to roost accordingly. Why, then, should the primitive thinker have made a distinction between the darkening of the sky caused by black clouds and that caused by the rotation of the earth? He had no more conception of the scientific explanation of these phenomena than the chicken has of the scientific explanation of an eclipse. For him it was enough to know that the solar radiance was stolen, in the one case as in the other, and to suspect that the same demon was to blame for both robberies.

The Veda itself sustains this view. It is certain that the victory of Indra over Vritra is essentially the same as his victory over the Panis. Vritra, the storm-fiend, is himself called one of the Panis ; yet the latter are uniformly represented as night-demons. They steal Indra's golden cattle and drive them by circuitous paths to a dark hiding-place near the eastern horizon. Indra sends the dawn-nymph, Saramâ, to search for them, but as she comes within sight of the dark stable, the Panis try to coax her to stay with them : " Let us make thee our sister, do not go away again ; we will give thee part of the cows, O darling."* According to the text of this hymn, she scorns their solicitations, but elsewhere the fickle dawn-nymph is said to coquette with the powers of darkness. She does not care for their cows, but will take a drink of milk, if they will be so good as to get it for her. Then she goes back and tells Indra that she cannot find the cows. He kicks her with his foot, and she runs back to the Panis, followed by the god, who smites them all with his unerring arrows and recovers the stolen light. From such a simple beginning as this has been deduced the Greek myth of the faithlessness of Helen.†

* Max Müller, *Science of Language*, II. 484.

† As Max Müller observes, " apart from all mythological considerations, *Saramâ* in Sanskrit is the same word as *Helena* in Greek." *Op. cit.* p. 490. The names correspond phonetically letter for letter, as *Surya* corresponds to *Helios*, *Sāramdyas* to *Hermeias*, and *Aharyu* to *Achilleus*. *Panis* similarly answers to the *Panis*.

* Burnouf, *Bhāgavata-Purāna*, III. p. lxxxvi ; Bréal, *op. cit.* p. 98.

These night-demons, the Panis, though not apparently regarded with any strong feeling of moral condemnation, are nevertheless hated and dreaded as the authors of calamity. They not only steal the daylight, but they parch the earth and wither the fruits, and they slay vegetation during the winter months. As *Cacius*, the "darkener," became ultimately changed into *Cacus*, the "evil one," so the name of *Vritra*, the "concealer," the most famous of the Panis, was gradually generalized until it came to mean "enemy," like the English word *fiend*, and began to be applied indiscriminately to any kind of evil spirit. In one place he is called *Adeva*, the "enemy of the gods," an epithet exactly equivalent to the Persian *dev*.

In the Zendavesta the myth of Hercules and Cacus has given rise to a vast system of theology. The fiendish Panis are concentrated in Ahriman or Anro-mainyas, whose name signifies the "spirit of darkness," and who carries on a perpetual warfare against Ormuzd or Ahura-mazda, who is described by his ordinary surname, Spento-mainyas, as the "spirit of light." The ancient polytheism here gives place to a refined dualism, not very different from what in many Christian sects has passed current as monotheism. Ahriman is the archfiend, who struggles with Ormuzd, not for the possession of a herd of perishable cattle, but for the dominion of the universe. Ormuzd creates the world pure and beautiful, but Ahriman comes after him and creates everything that is evil in it. He not only keeps the earth covered with darkness during half of the day, and withholds the rain and destroys the crops, but he is the author of all evil thoughts and the instigator of all wicked actions. Like his progenitor Vritra and his offspring Satan, he is represented under the form of a serpent; and the destruction which ultimately awaits these demons is also in reserve for him. Eventually there is to be a day of reckoning, when Ahriman will be bound in chains and ren-

dered powerless, or when, according to another account, he will be converted to righteousness, as Burns hoped and Origen believed would be the case with Satan.

This dualism of the ancient Persians has exerted a powerful influence upon the development of Christian theology. The very idea of an archfiend Satan, which Christianity received from Judaism, seems either to have been suggested by the Persian Ahriman, or at least to have derived its principal characteristics from that source. There is no evidence that the Jews, previous to the Babylonish captivity, possessed the conception of a Devil as the author of all evil. In the earlier books of the Old Testament Jehovah is represented as dispensing with his own hand the good and the evil, like the Zeus of the Iliad.* The story of the serpent in Eden,—an Aryan story in every particular, which has crept into the Pentateuch,—is not once alluded to in the Old Testament; and the notion of Satan as the author of evil appears only in the later books, composed after the Jews had come into close contact with Persian ideas. In the Book of Job, as Réville observes, Satan is "still a member of the celestial court, being one of the sons of the Elohim, but having as his special office the continual accusation of men, and having become so suspicious by his practice as public accuser, that he believes in the virtue of no one, and always presupposes interested motives for the purest manifestations of human piety." In this way the character of this angel became injured, and he became more and more an object of dread and dislike to men, until the later Jews ascribed to him all the attributes of Ahriman, and in this singularly altered shape he passed into Christian theology. Between the Satan of the Book of Job and the mediæval Devil the metamorphosis is as great as that

* "I create evil," Isaiah xlv. 7; "Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it," Amos iii. 6; cf. Iliad, xxiv. 527, and contrast 2 Samuel xxiv. 1 with 1 Chronicles xxi. 1.

which degraded the stern Erinys, who brings evil deeds to light, into the demon-like Fury who torments wrongdoers in Tartarus; and, making allowance for difference of circumstances, the process of degradation has been very nearly the same in the two cases.

The mediæval conception of the Devil is a grotesque compound of elements derived from all the systems of pagan mythology which Christianity superseded. He is primarily a rebellious angel, expelled from heaven along with his followers, like the giants who attempted to scale Olympus, and like the impious Efreets of Arabian legend who revolted against the beneficent rule of Solomon. As the serpent prince of the outer darkness, he retains the old characteristics of Vritra, Ahi, Typhon, and Echidna. As the black dog which appears behind the stove in Dr. Faust's study, he is the classic hell-hound Kerberos, the Vedic Carvāra. From the sylvan deity Pān he gets his goat-like body, his horns and cloven hoofs. Like the wind-god Orpheus, to whose music the trees bent their heads to listen, he is an unrivalled player on the bagpipes. Like those other wind-gods the psychopomp Hermes and the wild huntsman Odin, he is the prince of the powers of the air: his flight through the midnight sky, attended by his troop of witches mounted on their brooms, which sometimes break the boughs and sweep the leaves from the trees, is the same as the furious chase of the Erlking Odin or the Burckar Vittikāb. He is Dionysos, who causes red wine to flow from the dry wood, alike on the deck of the Tyrhenian pirate-ship and in Auerbach's cellar at Leipzig. He is Wayland, the smith, a skilful worker in metals and a wonderful architect, like the classic fire-god Hephaistos or Vulcan; and, like Hephaistos, he is lame from the effects of his fall from heaven. From the lightning-god Thor he obtains his red beard, his pitchfork, and his power over thunderbolts; and, like that ancient deity, he is in the habit of beating his wife behind the door when the

rain falls during sunshine. Finally, he takes a hint from Poseidon and from the swan-maidens, and appears as a water-imp or Nixy (whence probably his name of Old Nick), and as the Davy (*deva*) whose "locker" is situated at the bottom of the sea.*

According to the Scotch divines of the seventeenth century, the Devil is a learned scholar and profound thinker. Having profited by six thousand years of intense study and meditation, he has all science, philosophy, and theology at his tongue's end; and, as his skill has increased with age, he is far more than a match for mortals in cunning† Such, however, is not the view taken by mediæval mythology, which usually represents his stupidity as equalling his malignity. The victory of Hercules over Cacus is repeated in a hundred mediæval legends in which the Devil is overreached and made a laughing-stock. The germ of this notion may be found in the blinding of Polyphemus by Odysseus, which is itself a victory of the sun-hero over the night-demon, and which curiously reappears in a Middle Age story narrated by Mr. Cox. "The Devil asks a man who is moulding buttons what he may be doing; and when the man answers that he is moulding eyes, asks him further whether he can give him a pair of new eyes. He is told to come again another day; and when he makes his appearance accordingly, the man tells him that the operation cannot be performed rightly unless he is first tightly bound with his back fastened to a bench. While he is thus pinioned he asks the man's name. The reply is Issi ('himself'). When the lead is melted, the Devil opens his eyes wide to receive the deadly stream. As soon as he is blinded, he starts up in agony, bearing away the bench to which he had

* For further particulars see Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, Vol. II. pp. 358, 366; to which I am indebted for several of the details here given. Compare Welcker, *Griechische Götterlehre*, I. 661 seq.

† Many amusing passages from Scotch theologians are cited in Buckle's *History of Civilization*, Vol. II. p. 368. The same belief is implied in the quaint monkish tale of "Celestinus and the Miller's Horse." See *Tales from the Gesta Romanorum*, p. 134.

been bound ; and when some workpeople in the fields ask him who had thus treated him, his answer is, 'Issi teggi' ('Self did it'). With a laugh they bid him lie on the bed which he has made : 'selbst gethan, selbst habe.' The Devil died of his new eyes, and was never seen again."

In his attempts to obtain human souls the Devil is frequently foiled by the superior cunning of mortals. Once, he agreed to build a house for a peasant in exchange for the peasant's soul ; but if the house were not finished before cockcrow, the contract was to be null and void. Just as the Devil was putting on the last tile the man imitated a cockcrow and waked up all the roosters in the neighborhood, so that the fiend had his labor for his pains. A merchant of Louvain once sold himself to the Devil, who heaped upon him all manner of riches for seven years, and then came to get him. The merchant "took the Devil in a friendly manner by the hand and, as it was just evening, said, 'Wife, bring a light quickly for the gentleman.' 'That is not at all necessary,' said the Devil ; 'I am merely come to fetch you.' 'Yes, yes, that I know very well,' said the merchant, 'only just grant me the time till this little candle-end is burnt out, as I have a few letters to sign and to put on my coat.' 'Very well,' said the Devil, 'but only till the candle is burnt out.' 'Good,' said the merchant, and going into the next room, ordered the maid-servant to place a large cask full of water close to a very deep pit that was dug in the garden. The men-servants also carried, each of them, a cask to the spot ; and when all was done, they were ordered each to take a shovel, and stand round the pit. The merchant then returned to the Devil, who seeing that not more than about an inch of candle remained, said, laughing, 'Now get yourself ready, it will soon be burnt out.' 'That I see, and am content ; but I shall hold you to your word, and stay till it *is* burnt.' 'Of course,' answered the Devil ; 'I stick to my word.' 'It is dark in the

next room,' continued the merchant, 'but I must find the great book with clasps, so let me just take the light for one moment.' 'Certainly,' said the Devil, 'but I'll go with you.' He did so, and the merchant's trepidation was now on the increase. When in the next room he said on a sudden, 'Ah, now I know, the key is in the garden door.' And with these words he ran out with the light into the garden, and before the Devil could overtake him, threw it into the pit, and the man and the maids poured water upon it, and then filled up the hole with earth. Now came the Devil into the garden and asked, 'Well, did you get the key ? and how is it with the candle ? where is it ?' 'The candle ?' said the merchant. 'Yes, the candle.' 'Ha, ha, ha ! it is not yet burnt out,' answered the merchant, laughing, 'and will not be burnt out for the next fifty years ; it lies there a hundred fathoms deep in the earth.' When the Devil heard this he screamed awfully, and went off with a most intolerable stench."*

One day a fowler, who was a terrible bungler and could n't hit a bird at a dozen paces, sold his soul to the Devil in order to become a Freischütz. The fiend was to come for him in seven years, but must be always able to name the animal at which he was shooting, otherwise the compact was to be nullified. After that day the fowler never missed his aim, and never did a fowler command such wages. When the seven years were out the fowler told all these things to his wife, and the twain hit upon an expedient for cheating the Devil. The woman stripped herself, daubed her whole body with molasses, and rolled herself up in a feather-bed, cut open for this purpose. Then she hopped and skipped about the field where her husband stood parleying with Old Nick. "There's a shot for you, fire away," said the Devil. "Of course I'll fire, but do you first tell me what kind of a bird it is ; else our agreement is cancelled, old boy." There was no help for it ; the

* Thorpe, Northern Mythology, Vol. II. p. 258.

Devil had to own himself nonplussed, and off he fled, with a whiff of brimstone which nearly suffocated the Freischütz and his good woman.*

In the legend of Gambrinus, the fiend is still more ingloriously defeated. Gambrinus was a fiddler, who, being jilted by his sweetheart, went out into the woods to hang himself. As he was sitting on the bough, with the cord about his neck, preparatory to taking the fatal plunge, suddenly a tall man in a green coat appeared before him, and offered his services. He might become as wealthy as he liked, and make his sweetheart burst with vexation at her own folly, but in thirty years he must give up his soul to Beelzebub. The bargain was struck, for Gambrinus thought thirty years a long time to enjoy one's self in, and perhaps the Devil might get him in any event; as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. Aided by Satan, he invented chiming-bells and lager-beer, for both of which achievements his name is held in grateful remembrance by the Teuton. No sooner had the Holy Roman Emperor quaffed a gallon or two of the new beverage than he made Gambrinus Duke of Brabant and Count of Flanders, and then it was the fiddler's turn to laugh at the discomfiture of his old sweetheart. Gambrinus kept clear of women, says the legend, and so lived in peace. For thirty years he sat beneath his belfry with the chimes, meditatively drinking beer with his nobles and burghers around him. Then Beelzebub sent Jocko, one of his imps, with orders to bring back Gambrinus before midnight. But Jocko was, like Swivel-ler's Marchioness, ignorant of the taste of beer, never having drunk of it even in a sip, and the Flemish Schoppen were too much for him. He fell into a drunken sleep, and did not wake up

until noon next day, at which he was so mortified that he had not the face to go back to hell at all. So Gambrinus lived on tranquilly for a century or two, and drank so much beer that he turned into a beer-barrel.*

The character of gullibility attributed to the Devil in these legends is probably derived from the Trolls, or "night-folk," of Northern mythology. In most respects the Trolls resemble the Teutonic elves and fairies, and the Jinn or Efreetis of the Arabian Nights; but their pedigree is less honorable. The fairies, or "White Ladies," were not originally spirits of darkness, but were nearly akin to the swan-maidens, dawn-nymphs, and dryads, and though their wrath was to be dreaded, they were not malignant by nature. Christianity, having no place for such beings, degraded them into something like imps; the most charitable theory being that they were angels who had remained neutral during Satan's rebellion, in punishment for which Michael expelled them from heaven, but has left their ultimate fate unannounced until the day of judgment. The Jinn appear to have been similarly degraded on the rise of Mohammedanism. But the Trolls were always imps of darkness. They are descended from the Jötuns, or Frost-Giants of Northern paganism, and they correspond to the Panis, or night-demons of the Veda. In many Norse tales they are said to burst when they see the risen sun.† They eat human flesh, are ignorant of the simplest arts, and live in the deepest recesses of the forest or in caverns on the hillside, where the sunlight never penetrates. Some of these characteristics may very likely have been suggested by reminiscences of the primeval Lapps, from whom the Aryan invaders wrested the dominion of Europe.‡ In some legends the Trolls

* Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, Vol. II. p. 259. In the Norse story of "Not a Pin to choose between them," the old woman is in doubt as to her own identity, on waking up after the butcher has dipped her in a tar-barrel and rolled her on a heap of feathers; and when Tray barks at her, her perplexity is as great as the Devil's when fooled by the Freischütz. See Dasent, *Norse Tales*, p. 199.

* See Deulin, *Contes d'un Buveur de Bière*, pp. 3-29.

† Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse*, No. III. and No. XLII.

‡ See Dasent's Introduction, p. cxxxix; Campbell, *Tales of the West Highlands*, Vol. IV. p. 344; and Williams, *Indian Epic Poetry*, p. 10.

are represented as an ancient race of beings now superseded by the human race. "What sort of an earth-worm is this?" said one Giant to another, when they met a man as they walked. "These are the earth-worms that will one day eat us up, brother," answered the other; and soon both Giants left that part of Germany." "See what pretty playthings, mother!" cries the Giant's daughter, as she unties her apron, and shows her a plough, and horses, and a peasant. "Back with them this instant," cries the mother in wrath, "and put them down as carefully as you can, for these playthings can do our race great harm, and when these come we must budge!" Very naturally the primitive Teuton, possessing already the conception of night-demons, would apply it to these men of the woods whom even to this day his uneducated descendants believe to be sorcerers, able to turn men into wolves. But whatever contributions historical fact may have added to his character, the Troll is originally a creation of mythology, like Polyphemus, whom he resembles in his uncouth person, his cannibal appetite, and his lack of wit. His ready gullibility is shown in the story of "Boots who ate a Match with the Troll." Boots, the brother of Cinderella, and the counterpart alike of Jack the Giant-killer, and of Odysseus, is the youngest of three brothers who go into a forest to cut wood. The Troll appears and threatens to kill any one who dares to meddle with his timber. The elder brothers flee, but Boots puts on a bold face. He pulled a cheese out of his scrip and squeezed it till the whey began to spurt out. "Hold your tongue, you dirty Troll," said he, "or I'll squeeze you as I squeeze this stone." So the Troll grew timid and begged to be spared,* and Boots let him off on condition that he would hew all day with him. They worked

till nightfall, and the Troll's giant strength accomplished wonders. Then Boots went home with the Troll, having arranged that he should get the water while his host made the fire. When they reached the hut there were two enormous iron pails, so heavy that none but a Troll could lift them, but Boots was not to be frightened. "Bah!" said he. "Do you suppose I am going to get water in those paltry hand-basins? Hold on till I go and get the spring itself!" "O dear!" said the Troll, "I'd rather not; do you make the fire, and I'll get the water." Then when the soup was made, Boots challenged his new friend to an eating-match; and tying his scrip in front of him, proceeded to pour soup into it by the ladleful. By and by the giant threw down his spoon in despair, and owned himself conquered. "No, no! don't give it up yet," said Boots, "just cut a hole in your stomach like this, and you can eat forever." And suiting the action to the words, he ripped open his scrip. So the silly Troll cut himself open and died, and Boots carried off all his gold and silver.

Once there was a Troll whose name was Wind-and-Weather, and Saint Olaf hired him to build a church. If the church were completed within a certain specified time, the Troll was to get possession of Saint Olaf. The saint then planned such a stupendous edifice that he thought the giant would be forever building it; but the work went on briskly, and at the appointed day nothing remained but to finish the point of the spire. In his consternation Olaf rushed about until he passed by the Troll's den, when he heard the giantess telling her children that their father, Wind-and-Weather, was finishing his church, and would be home tomorrow with Saint Olaf. So the saint ran back to the church and bawled out, "Hold on, Wind-and-Weather, your spire is crooked!" Then the

with his forefoot, said, 'I am a Ram; who are you?' 'A Leopard,' answered the other, more dead than alive; and then, taking leave of the Ram, he ran home as fast as he could." Bleek, *Hottentot Fables*, p. 24.

* "A Leopard was returning home from hunting on one occasion, when he lighted on the kraal of a Ram. Now the Leopard had never seen a Ram before, and accordingly, approaching submissively, he said, 'Good day, friend! what may your name be?' The other, in his gruff voice, and striking his breast

giant tumbled down from the roof and broke into a thousand pieces. As in the cases of the Mara and the werewolf, the enchantment was at an end as soon as the enchanter was called by name.

These Trolls, like the Arabian Efreet, had an ugly habit of carrying off beautiful princesses. This is strictly in keeping with their character as night-demons, or Panis. In the stories of Punchkin and the heartless Giant, the night-demon carries off the dawn-maiden after having turned into stone her solar brethren. But Boots, or Indra, in search of his kinsfolk, by and by arrives at the Troll's castle, and then the dawn-nymph, true to her fickle character, cajoles the Giant and enables Boots to destroy him. In the famous myth which serves as the basis for the *Völsunga Saga* and the *Nibelungenlied*, the dragon Fafnir steals the Valkyrie Brynhild and keeps her shut up in a castle on the Glistening Heath, until some champion shall be found powerful enough to rescue her. The castle is as hard to enter as that of the Sleeping Beauty; but Sigurd, the Northern Achilles, riding on his deathless horse, and wielding his resistless sword Gram, forces his way in, slays Fafnir, and recovers the Valkyrie.

In the preceding paper the Valkyries were shown to belong to the class of cloud-maidens; and between the tale of Sigurd and that of Hercules and Cacus there is no difference, save that the bright sunlit clouds which are represented in the one as cows are in the other represented as maidens. In the myth of the Argonauts they reappear as the Golden Fleece, carried to the far east by Phrixus and Helle, who are themselves Niblungs, or "Children of the Mist" (Nephele), and there guarded by a dragon. In all these myths a treasure is stolen by a fiend of darkness, and recovered by a hero of light, who slays the demon. And—remembering what Scribe said about the fiveness of dramatic types—I believe we are warranted in asserting that all the stories of lovely women held in bond-

age by monsters, and rescued by heroes who perform wonderful tasks, such as Don Quixote burned to achieve, are derived ultimately from solar myths, like the myth of Sigurd and Brynhild. I do not mean to say that the story-tellers who beguiled their time in stringing together the incidents which make up these legends were conscious of their solar character. They did not go to work, with malice prepense, to weave allegories and apologies. The Greeks who first told the story of Perseus and Andromeda, the Arabians who devised the tale of Cudadad and his brethren, the Flemings who listened over their beer-mugs to the adventures of Culotte-Verte, were not thinking of sun-gods or dawn-maidens, or night-demons; and no theory of mythology can be sound which implies such an extravagance. Most of these stories have lived on the lips of the common people; and illiterate persons are not in the habit of allegorizing in the style of mediæval monks or rabbinical commentators. But what has been amply demonstrated is, that the sun and the clouds, the light and the darkness, were once supposed to be actuated by wills analogous to the human will; that they were personified and worshipped or propitiated by sacrifice; and that their doings were described in language which applied so well to the deeds of human or quasi-human beings that in course of time its primitive purport faded from recollection. No competent scholar now doubts that the myths of the Veda and the Edda originated in this way, for philology itself shows that the names employed in them are the names of the great phenomena of nature. And when once a few striking stories had thus arisen,—when once it had been told how Indra smote the Panis, and how Sigurd rescued Brynhild, and how Odysseus blinded the Kyklops,—then certain mythic or dramatic types had been called into existence; and to these types, preserved in the popular imagination, future stories would inevitably conform. We need, therefore,

have no hesitation in admitting a common origin for the vanquished Panis and the outwitted Troll or Devil; we may securely compare the legends of Saint George and Jack the Giant-killer with the myth of Indra slaying Vritra; we may see in the invincible Sigurd the prototype of many a doughty knight-errant of romance; and we may learn anew the lesson, taught with fresh emphasis by modern scholarship, that in the deepest sense there is nothing new under the sun.

I am the more explicit on this point, because it seems to me that the unguarded language of many students of mythology is liable to give rise to misapprehensions, and to discredit both the method which they employ and the results which they have obtained. If we were to give full weight to the statements which are sometimes made, we should perforce believe that primitive men had nothing to do but to ponder about the sun and the clouds, and to worry themselves over the disappearance of daylight. But there is nothing in the scientific interpretation of myths which obliges us to go any such length. I do not suppose that any ancient Aryan, possessed of good digestive powers and endowed with sound common sense, ever lay awake half the night wondering whether the sun would come back again. The child and the savage believe of necessity that the future will resemble the past, and it is only philosophy which raises doubts on the subject.* The predominance of solar legends in all systems of mythology is not due to the lack of "that Titanic assurance with which we say, the sun *must* rise";† nor again to the fact that the phenomena of day and night are the most striking phenomena in nature. Eclipses and earthquakes and floods

are phenomena of the most terrible and astounding kind, and they have all generated myths; yet their contributions to folk-lore are scanty compared with those furnished by the strife between the day-god and his enemies. The sun-myths have been so prolific because the dramatic types to which they have given rise are of surpassing human interest. The dragon who swallows the sun is no doubt a fearful personage; but the hero who toils for others, who slays hydra-headed monsters, and dries the tears of fair-haired damsels, and achieves success in spite of incredible obstacles, is a being with whom we can all sympathize, and of whom we never weary of hearing.

With many of these legends, which present the myth of light and darkness in its most attractive form, the reader is already acquainted, and it is needless to retail stories which have been told over and over again in books which every one is presumed to have read. I will content myself with a weird Irish legend, narrated by Mr. Patrick Kennedy,* in which we here and there catch glimpses of the primitive mythical symbols, as fragments of gold are seen gleaming through the crystal of quartz.

Long before the Danes ever came to Ireland, there died at Muskerry a Sculloge, or country farmer, who by dint of hard work and close economy had amassed enormous wealth. His only son did not resemble him. When the young Sculloge looked about the house, the day after his father's death, and saw the big chests full of gold and silver, and the cupboards shining with piles of sovereigns, and the old stockings stuffed with large and small coin, he said to himself, "Bedad, how shall I ever be able to spend the likes o' that!" And so he drank, and gambled, and wasted his time in hunting and horse-racing, until after a while he found the chests empty and the cupboards poverty-stricken, and the stockings lean and penniless. Then he mortgaged his farm-house and gambled

* Sir George Grey once told some Australian natives about the countries within the arctic circle where during part of the year the sun never sets. "Their astonishment now knew no bounds. 'Ah! that must be another sun, not the same as the one we see here,' said an old man; and in spite of all my arguments to the contrary, the others adopted this opinion." Grey's Journals, I. 293, cited in Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, p. 301.

† Max Müller, *Chips*, II. 96.

* Fictions of the Irish Celts, pp. 255-270.

away all the money he got for it, and then he bethought him that a few hundred pounds might be raised on his mill. But when he went to look at it, he found "the dam broken, and scarcely a thimbleful of water in the mill-race, and the wheel rotten, and the thatch of the house all gone, and the upper millstone lying flat on the lower one, and a coat of dust and mould over everything." So he made up his mind to borrow a horse and take one more hunt to-morrow and then reform his habits.

As he was returning late in the evening from this farewell hunt, passing through a lonely glen he came upon an old man playing backgammon, betting on his left hand against his right, and crying and cursing because the right *would* win. "Come and bet with me," said he to Sculloge. "Faith, I have but a sixpence in the world," was the reply; "but, if you like, I'll wager that on the right." "Done," said the old man, who was a Druid; "if you win I'll give you a hundred guineas." So the game was played, and the old man, whose right hand was always the winner, paid over the guineas and told Sculloge to go to the Devil with them.

Instead of following this bit of advice, however, the young farmer went home and began to pay his debts, and next week he went to the glen and won another game, and made the Druid rebuild his mill. So Sculloge became prosperous again, and by and by he tried his luck a third time, and won a game played for a beautiful wife. The Druid sent her to his house the next morning before he was out of bed, and his servants came knocking at the door and crying, "Wake up! wake up! Master Sculloge, there's a young lady here to see you." "Bedad, it's the vanithee* herself," said Sculloge; and getting up in a hurry, he spent three quarters of an hour in dressing himself. At last he went down stairs, and there on the sofa was the prettiest

lady ever seen in Ireland! Naturally, Sculloge's heart beat fast and his voice trembled, as he begged the lady's pardon for this Druidic style of wooing, and besought her not to feel obliged to stay with him unless she really liked him. But the young lady, who was a king's daughter from a far country, was wondrously charmed with the handsome farmer, and so well did they get along that the priest was sent for without further delay, and they were married before sundown. Sabina was the vanithee's name; and she warned her husband to have no more dealings with Lassa Buaicht, the old man of the glen. So for a while all went happily, and the Druidic bride was as good as she was beautiful. But by and by Sculloge began to think he was not earning money fast enough. He could not bear to see his wife's white hands soiled with work, and thought it would be a fine thing if he could only afford to keep a few more servants, and drive about with Sabina in an elegant carriage, and see her clothed in silk and adorned with jewels.

"I will play one more game and set the stakes high," said Sculloge to himself one evening, as he sat pondering over these things; and so, without consulting Sabina, he stole away to the glen, and played a game for ten thousand guineas. But the evil Druid was now ready to pounce on his prey, and he did not play as of old. Sculloge broke into a cold sweat with agony and terror as he saw the left hand win! Then the face of Lassa Buaicht grew dark and stern, and he laid on Sculloge the curse which is laid upon the solar hero in misfortune, that he should never sleep twice under the same roof, or ascend the couch of the dawn-nymph, his wife, until he should have procured and brought to him the sword of light. When Sculloge reached home, more dead than alive, he saw that his wife knew all. Bitterly they wept together, but she told him that with courage all might be set right. She gave him a Druidic horse, which bore him swiftly over land

* A corruption of Gaelic *bhan a teaght*, "lady of the house."

and sea, like the enchanted steed of the Arabian Nights, until he reached the castle of his wife's father, who, as Sculloge now learned, was a good Druid, the brother of the evil Lassa Buaicht. This good Druid told him that the sword of light was kept by a third brother, the powerful magician, Fiach O'Duda, who dwelt in an enchanted castle, which many brave heroes had tried to enter, but the dark sorcerer had slain them all. Three high walls surrounded the castle, and many had scaled the first of these, but none had ever returned alive. But Sculloge was not to be daunted, and, taking from his father-in-law a black steed, he set out for the fortress of Fiach O'Duda. Over the first high wall nimbly leaped the magic horse, and Sculloge called aloud on the Druid to come out and surrender his sword. Then came out a tall, dark man, with coal-black eyes and hair and melancholy visage, and made a furious sweep at Sculloge with the flaming blade. But the Druidic beast sprang back over the wall in the twinkling of an eye and rescued his rider, leaving, however, his tail behind in the court-yard. Then Sculloge returned in triumph to his father-in-law's palace, and the night was spent in feasting and revelry.

Next day Sculloge rode out on a

white horse, and when he got to Fiach's castle, he saw the first wall lying in rubbish. He leaped the second and the same scene occurred as the day before, save that the horse escaped unharmed.

The third day Sculloge went out on foot, with a harp like that of Orpheus in his hand, and as he swept its strings the grass bent to listen and the trees bowed their heads. The castle walls all lay in ruins, and Sculloge made his way unhindered to the upper room, where Fiach lay in Druidic slumber, lulled by the harp. He seized the sword of light, which was hung by the chimney sheathed in a dark scabbard, and making the best of his way back to the good king's palace, mounted his wife's steed, and scoured over land and sea until he found himself in the gloomy glen where Lassa Buaicht was still crying and cursing and betting on his left hand against his right.

"Here, treacherous fiend, take your sword of light!" shouted Sculloge in tones of thunder; and as he drew it from its sheath the whole valley was lighted up as with the morning sun, and next moment the head of the wretched Druid was lying at his feet, and his sweet wife, who had come to meet him, was laughing and crying in his arms.

John Fiske.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial,
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone ;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see ;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me ?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory, thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came,
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;
And their almoner was he,
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;

Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
 Full of troublesome suggestion,
 As at length, with hurried pace,
 Towards his cell he turned his face,
 And beheld the convent bright
 With a supernatural light,
 Like a luminous cloud expanding
 Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
 At the threshold of his door,
 For the Vision still was standing
 As he left it there before,
 When the convent bell appalling,
 From its belfry calling, calling,
 Summoned him to feed the poor.
 Through the long hour intervening
 It had waited his return,
 And he felt his bosom burn,
 Comprehending all the meaning,
 When the Blessed Vision said,
 "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

Henry W. Longfellow.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WITHIN two days after Bent Armitage left the lonely old house in Saxonburg Mrs. Chester quitted it also, turning it over without the least compunction to the care of the negroes and the rats, and flying back, of all places in world, to the Beaumont homestead, against which she had so lately shaken off the dust of her feet.

It was singular conduct certainly, but there was one thing which was even more singular than the conduct itself, and that was that it seemed to her perfectly natural. It also seemed to her quite natural to throw herself into Kate's arms, kiss her with sobbings and gaspings of affection, hug and kiss Nellie in the same ecstatic manner, and weep with joy at getting home. A few minutes later, her now very peculiar form of rationality led her to relate

with astonishing volubility how Bent Armitage had come down to avenge the Beaumonts on their hereditary enemies, and how it was her intention to attend the funeral of Frank McAlister in the family carriage, and therefore give the survivors of his race a piece of her mind.

Peyton Beaumont was not at home to care for his sister in this sad moment. But Vincent, a cool and clear-headed young man, his apprehension quickened by his medical knowledge, did all that was necessary. He soon had his unfortunate aunt in her room and in bed, under the guardianship of two muscular negro mammas. When he came out from her he said to his brother Poinsett, "I think you had better ride yourself after Mattieson. Tell him it is a clear case of delirium, with probabilities of softening of the brain."

Kate was present, and heard these

words. A flush started into her pale cheeks, and clasping her hands she exclaimed, "O Vincent!" It seemed as if this girl's affections followed the line of her natural duty, without the slightest regard as to whether those allied to her were lovable or not. Gentle and pacific as she was, abhorring bloodshed and all wild ways, we have seen how loyal and tender she has been to her free-drinking, pugnacious father and to her ungovernable catamounts of brothers, although their flighty and violent tempers have slaughtered the dearest hopes of her heart and filled the outlooks of her life with darkness. Mrs. Chester, too, had been a perpetual plague and perplexity; hardly a day had passed but she had vexed Kate's soul with some foolish interference or spiteful assault; and at last she had driven her into that to her most dreadful of extremities, an open conflict. Yet the moment that misfortune settled upon this pest of a blood-relation, the girl was full of pity and sorrow.

"Am I to blame?" she asked, ready to accuse herself. "She went away from here because of a difficulty with me. Do you suppose that made her ill?"

"Nonsense!" declared Nellie, somewhat hardly. "She is always having difficulties. If they could hurt her, she would have died long ago."

"Don't worry yourself, my dear," said Vincent, patting Kate's arm. "This is a trouble of old standing."

"But she has been very well of late," replied the girl. "I never saw her more vigorous and clever, — in her way."

"She has not seen a thoroughly well day since I have been able to observe her intelligently," continued Vincent. "She has been for a long time in a state of abnormal excitement. We Beaumonts are all, always, pretty near a brain-fever. Except Kate here; and Kate is a Kershaw."

"She is not in immediate danger, I suppose," said Nellie, who did not love

her aunt, and would not pretend to, not even now.

"No," judged Vincent. "Even if the affair should terminate fatally, it will be a lingering case."

"O Vincent, how calmly you talk of it!" said Kate.

"I am a physician," he answered. "I am professional." Then, patting her arm again, "You are a good, sweet girl; too good for use in this world, Katie."

"She is just a little bit silly," added Nellie, kissing her sister. "Come, child, don't worry so much about Aunt Marian. I dare say she will live to plague us a good many years yet. I have great faith in her."

"I am not thinking entirely of her," replied Kate, musingly. Then, raising her head suddenly, like one who resolves to speak in spite of scruples, she asked, "Vincent, how much truth has Aunt Marian been capable of telling this evening?"

"Who knows? A mixture of truth and error, I suppose."

Kate walked slowly away, and signed to her sister to follow her. When they were alone she said, "Nellie, there is no sense in this difficulty, if there is a difficulty, between Bent and the McAlisters. They cannot possibly have anything to do with each other. It must, in some way, be a pure misunderstanding."

Nellie reflected with the rapidity of lightning. It was evident that Kate wished to save the life of the man who loved her, and whom almost certainly she had once loved, if indeed she did not love him still. Should she be encouraged to talk of the matter, or should she be checked at once? It was impossible for a woman of more than average affection and sentiment to decide otherwise than in favor of Frank McAlister.

"I have no doubt that Bent is in fault," said Nellie. "Bent has probably been drinking, and when he does that he is a savage, like all his race. The Armitages are no more fit to have liquor than so many Seminoles. I

sometimes think they must have Indian blood in them. Yes, I suppose Bent is going the way of his family; he has been drinking, and wants to fight some one. But what can we do?"

"I cannot ask *you* to do anything," answered Kate, with tears in her eyes, the pathetic tears of a retired soul which finds itself forced to step out into the hard, glaring world of action. "But I must do something. Both these men have liked me; I owe them kindness for that. I never shall be anything to either of them; but it is my duty to try to save their lives. Moreover, — you can understand it, Nellie, — this quarrel may be about me. Well, I shall try to stop it; woman as I am, I shall try. People will say it is not a lady's affair; but I cannot and shall not mind that. A lady surely cannot be wrong in seeking to save life. I cannot go to Mr. McAlister, but I certainly shall see Bentley. Will you help me?"

It was as impossible for Nellie Armitage to say to her sister, "I will not help you," as it would have been for her to die outright by a mere effort of will. She reflected just one moment; but in that moment she decided to do herself what Kate proposed to do, — decided, furthermore, that she would do it without informing the girl of her purpose. All that she said was, "Yes, I will help you."

"You are my own darling," cried Kate, embracing her. "You are the strong and brave part of myself. O, it is a comfort to lean upon you!"

"I am something, in a weak way, like a husband, am I not?" returned Nellie, smiling away the scene.

"Will you send for Bent here?" asked Kate. "Papa has forbidden his family the house. But for such a purpose as this —"

"I will see to everything," promised Nellie. "It is late now. Go and sleep. Leave everything to me."

Kate slept very little that night. The anxieties and sorrows of the last few months had got her into a way of lying

much awake. Slumber is very largely a matter of habit; the less you do of it, the less you are likely to be able to do; and this troubled soul had acquired an unhappy facility for easy wakings and prolonged vigils. This night she tossed for hours, often turning her pillow to find a cool spot for her fevered head, and repeatedly rising to seek refreshment in the damp air that flowed in from the outer night. Most of the time her mind oscillated between her crazed aunt and the image of Bent Armitage hunting Frank McAlister to his death. She went through scene after scene in insane asylums, and stood witness to a succession of fatal duels.

It was unendurable, and she sought relief in devotion; but she prayed in vain. There is no comfort in the truest piety, — as witness the case of Cowper, — when it is presided over by a shattered nervous system. To no wicked soul, to no criminal called upon to expiate unparalleled guilt, could the heavens seem more pitiless than they seemed to this scrupulously unselfish, this pathetically conscientious innocent. The Moloch of superstition which arises from deranged health, or overtasked sympathies, or a wearied brain, deigned no reply to her petitions but a demand for sacrifice, sacrifice! "I *have* given him up," she replied in her despair. "I *do* give him up. Only, spare his life."

Once an apparition from the real life of the world — an apparition which would have moved and troubled her profoundly, had she understood it — came to give her a moment of distraction and slight relief. She had risen, seated herself by the window, pushed open the blinds, and was drawing deep gasps of the cool night breeze, her aching eyes wandering through the broad moonlight. Suddenly the dogs barked; next there was the trample of a horse's feet advancing slowly and as if with caution; at last the figure of a horseman showed hazily in the road which passed the house. It remained a few minutes motionless, and then went the

way it had arrived. Kate did not know that Frank McAlister came four miles every night to look at the windows of her room. Much as she thought about him, this never entered her imagination. She languidly watched the unknown out of sight, wondered a little who he might be, went back to her bed, and at last slept.

Before the younger sister was up in the morning, the elder had set out on her mission. Nellie had no difficulty in finding Bent, for he too had risen early, as was his custom.

This ill-starred youth was very sad, mainly because he was a little sick. The liquor which had been for the week past his chief motive-force, and almost his food, had become a dose. It had temporarily paralyzed his digestion, and it palled upon his taste. He had thrown away in disgust the cocktail which was to prepare him for breakfast; and, deprived of his usual stimulus, shaken moreover by his long drinking-bout, he was in low spirits. He was in that state of mind in which a man sees himself, not merely as others see him, but as his enemies and despisers see him. Remembering how for two days, or perhaps three, he could not tell which, he had been blustering publicly about Hartland, threatening death on sight to Frank McAlister in places where Frank McAlister never went, he queried whether he had not seemed a fool to everybody else, and whether he had not, in fact, been a fool.

He thought of going back to Saxonburg; then he had a mad impulse to rush over to the Beaumont house and propose to Kate; then, knowing that she would refuse him, and probably even decline to see him, he queried whether he had not best shoot himself. At last it occurred to him that he might feel the better for a gallop; and, taking a horse from the hotel stables, he rode out breakfastless into the country, directing his course towards the long, low eminence on which stood the Beaumont residence; for he too wanted to look at the home of Kate. By the way, he had his revolver under his

coat and a brace of derringers in his pocket; being not yet decided in mind that he would not fire upon Frank McAlister if he should see him.

Nellie Armitage, also in the saddle, and followed by a mounted servant, encountered him half a mile from the village. Both drew rein as they met, the negro remaining at a little distance.

"Good morning, Bent," said Nellie. "I am glad to find you. I came to look for you."

"I hope you mean kindly," replied the young man, with a look which was both sullen and piteous. "I could n't stand much of a lecture this morning." (He chose to pronounce it "lectur," according to his slangy tastes.) "I feel up to blowing the top of my head off if anybody I like should scold me. It's one of the black days."

The better nature of this youth, so much worthier a man than his thoroughly selfish and shameless brother, showed itself in the fact that tears of remorse and humiliation rose to his eyelids, and that his glance cowered under the gaze of a noble woman, a woman whom he respected.

"Yes, it is one of the black days," said Mrs. Armitage, surveying gravely and not without pity his haggard face. She well knew the meaning of that pallor; she had studied it often in her husband; she had seen it before in Bent.

"I will be as gentle as things allow," she went on. "Bent, is it true that you are here to bring about a meeting with one of the McAlisters?"

He had a mind to say that surely no Beaumont should find fault with him for such a purpose as that; but he was a straightforward man, and he remembered that he was talking to a straightforward woman; he decided that it would be in bad taste to bandy words.

"That is what I waded in here for," he replied, almost involuntarily using his slang to carry off his embarrassment; for he recollected his absurd blustering about the village, and supposed that Nellie knew of it.

"Is this on our account?" continued Nellie. "I heard that you were here to take up the feud."

"That is all nonsense," he burst out. "I have been — wild; but I know perfectly well that I am not a Beaumont; I have not been fool enough to want to meddle in your family affairs. I have my own quarrel with this Frank McAlister."

It is about Kate, thought Nellie. She did not want to say a word further; she hated to be always talking with men about her sister; it seemed to make the girl too public. But she had undertaken this job of sending Bent home, and she must go through with it.

"Does your quarrel refer to one of us?" she asked unflinchingly.

Bent did not speak, and in truth could not speak, but his look said, yes.

"I know it has nothing to do with me," she continued. "What right have you to quarrel about *her*?"

After a long pause Bent answered, "He has slandered me to her."

"I don't believe it," abruptly declared Nellie, remembering Frank's manly face and deportment, unmarked by a trace of meanness.

"He told her that I was a drunkard," Bent added with a crimsoning face. "Even if I am one, he had no right to say it. It killed me," he went on, after a brief struggle with his emotion. "You know that I loved your sister. Well, she had a right to avoid me. You had a right to check me. But he, what business had he to say anything? O, curse him!"

And here his voice gave way utterly, sinking into a sob, or a growl.

"There is one sure way to clear this up," observed Nellie, not looking at him the while, for his grief touched her. "My sister will tell us the absolute truth. You must go with me and see her."

"Has n't your father forbidden me his house?" asked Armitage.

"If you have scruples about entering it at my invitation, she will come out to meet you," said Nellie, evading a direct reply. "Come."

"I suppose it will be proved to me that I am a fool," muttered Bent, as he rode on by her side.

Presently they halted in the road before the Beaumont mansion. Kate, dressed in black, was sitting in the veranda, anxiously awaiting the return of her sister. At a sign from Nellie she came hastily down to the gate and halted there breathless, looking up at Armitage with an expression which was partly aversion, partly pleading. Thin, haggard, and anxious, her pallor marking more clearly than health could the exquisite outline of her Augustan features, her lucid hazel eyes unnaturally large and bright with eagerness, she was beautiful, but also woful and almost terrible. At the first sight of her thus, so changed from what she had been when he last met her, Bentley was horror-stricken and terror-stricken. He dismounted and took off his hat; he wanted to prostrate himself at her feet.

"Miss Beaumont, are you ill?" He could say nothing else, and he could say nothing more.

"I am not well," she replied. "How can I be?"

There seemed to be a complaint in the words, but there was none in the tone. Her utterance and her whole manner were singularly mild and sweet, even for her. Gentle as she always had been, she had of late searched her conduct with such exaggerated conscientiousness, that she had found herself guilty of impatience and tartness, remembering with special remorse her controversy with Mrs. Chester; and by her efforts to curb a petulance which in reality had no existence she had acquired a bearing which resembled that of one who has passed years under the discipline of a convent; she was an incarnation of self-control, resignation, and humility.

"Let us say what we have to say at once," observed Mrs. Armitage, who had also dismounted. "Bentley, can you ask your own questions?"

"I can't," murmured the young fellow.

Nellie was too purely a woman not to pity a man so thoroughly humbled and wretched as was this man. But after one merciful glance at him, she turned to her sister and went on firmly: "Kate, I have promised Bent that he shall know the truth. Is it true, — he has heard so, — is it true that Frank McAlister has slandered Bent to you?"

Kate's calmness vanished; all her face filled with excited blood; she answered hoarsely and almost sternly, "No!"

"In no way, in nothing?" continued Nellie.

"In no way, in nothing," repeated Kate, still with the same air of agitated protest.

Bentley suddenly flushed crimson with anger; he had been duped into outrageous folly which had pained the being whom he worshipped; and in his indignation he burst forth, "Then there is one Beaumont much to blame. Your aunt told me this."

The two women glanced at each other, and shrank backward as if under a blow.

"It must be spoken," said Nellie, at last. "Our poor aunt is crazy."

"Crazy?" demanded Bentley.

"She is in the house, under confinement."

"Crazy!" he repeated. "So am I. I have been crazy for a week. I always shall be."

There was another silence, an intensely tragic one, — one of those silences which do not come because there is nothing to say, but because all that can be said is too painful for utterance.

"Yes, I am no better than a madman," resumed Bentley, suddenly lifting his eyes and staring eagerly at Kate, with the air of one who bids an everlasting farewell to all that is dear. "I am and always shall be a miserable drunkard. But at least, Miss Beaumont, I will never torment you again. This is the last time that you will see me, or, I hope, hear of me."

Without even offering his hand for a

good by, he sprang on his horse and spurred away.

When he was out of sight, Nellie turned to her sister and said with a serenity which would be amazing, did we not remember the hardening misery of her married life, "It is a happy ride."

"He had never done me any harm," replied Kate. "I am very, very sorry for him."

"Think of the harm he would have done you, had you liked him."

"Perhaps he would not have been the same," was the pensive response. "Perhaps I could not employ my life better than in trying to reform some such person."

"As I have employed my life," said Nellie, bitterly.

"There is nothing left me but to live for others," murmured Kate.

Her face was sadly calm, with the calmness of despair. Suddenly a little light of interest and perhaps of pleasure came into it. Nellie followed the direction of her sister's eye and beheld the approaching figure of the Rev. Arthur Gilyard.

"Must that be the end of it?" she thought. "Is Kate to become *his* wife, and wear herself to death on his sense of duty?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHAT was to be the ultimatum of destiny to Kate Beaumont as a young lady?

Quite as much interested in this question as Nellie Armitage was Major John Lawson. From the time that the girl had returned from Europe, a wonder in his eyes of beauty, grace, and graciousness, he had fairly worshipped her. The grandfather had broken out in him, as it sometimes will break out in old bachelors.

He never saw Kate and never thought of her, but he wanted to pat her hand, to praise her to her face, to minister unto her happiness, to be the good fairy of her future. He had a

daguerreotype of her which he kept constantly with him and looked at twenty times a day, if not fifty. He used to say to himself, and sometimes to his confidential friends, "If I were young enough and rich enough and good enough, I would offer myself to her. Not that I should hope to be accepted, — certainly not, in no case. But I should consider it an honor to be refused by her. I should feel it a great privilege to be allowed to lay my heart unnoticed at her feet. I should feel that I had not lived in vain."

In truth, this elderly, simple-hearted, sweet-hearted gentleman had been for months little less than foolish over the child. And of late, now that she was the only representative of his deceased friend, the noble, the venerable, the revered Kershaw, he adored her as if she were more than human. Impulsively and fervently he transferred to her the allegiance which he had for years paid to the sublime old Colonel. How should he not love her when they mourned together? He gave her his sympathy because of her great bereavement, and demanded hers because of his own great sorrow. His head bowed, holding her hand tenderly (but not making eyes, nor grimacing, nor saying fine things), he softly bewailed the death of her grandfather and his friend, so sincerely bewailing it that more than once he wept. Vain and yet unselfish, whimsical and yet earnest, he was on the surface something of a bore, but at bottom a heart of gold. If, considering his tediousness, he was not worth the digging, he was at least worth having when he gave forth his treasures of affection freely.

It must be understood that, at Kate's request, he had taken charge of the Kershaw place until some one who could work it might be put in permanent tenantry, and that consequently he was able to ride over to the Beaumont house every day to visit his favorite. Of course, he saw that his other pet, Frank, never came there, and that the Rev. Arthur Gilyard came there very often. Was this young minister

going to spoil the romance of "Romeo and Juliet in South Carolina"? Was he going to prevent an alliance between the Beaumonts and McAlisters, and thus make himself the instrument of prolonging the feud? Major Lawson, though reverent of clergymen in general, and heretofore an admirer of Gilyard himself, began to have doubts of his piety. When he was not talking with him (in which case he of course grinned and complimented in his usual fashion) he watched him with a suspicious air, and, in fact, rather glared at him, as if he would have liked to send him on missionary work to the Cannibal Islands and get him eaten out of the way. With respect to Kate, much as he loved her, he almost felt that it would be better for her to take poison over Frank's dead body, than to become the happy wife of any other gentleman.

"What is Mrs. Armitage about?" he demanded, talking to himself, as was his frequent custom. "Has she — a woman — a woman too who has suffered — no true womanly sentiment with regard to this matter? Bless me, I had supposed that woman had, of all the human race, the truest eye for what is beautiful in life! And this — *this* marriage — *this* instead of the other — would be so unbeautiful, so unartistic! I had supposed that women were our superiors in a perception of the gracious fitness of things. They surely are so in the affairs of ordinary existence. They decorate our houses. To them we owe carpets, curtains, tassels, laces, parterres of flowers. Without them our dwellings would be bare walls, mere shelters, dens. But for their guiding taste we should spend our money entirely on the useful, the ponderous, the unamiable. We should have aqueducts and no sofas, fortifications and no upholstery. And when it comes to making our lives beautiful with poetry, with the romance of artistically arranged events, with the facts which naturally arise from true sentiment, is woman — woman — to fail us?"

The Major was thinking his best; he

felt that he ought to take notes of himself; he resolved to put these ideas into his next essay (for private readings); perhaps, if it were possible, into a poem. He grew oratorical; he started backwards and started forwards; he ran from basso up to soprano, and down again; he broke a wineglass and did not know it.

Presently, however, he recollected the urgency of the case, and resolved to have a talk with Mrs. Armitage as to her sister. He was a little afraid of Nellie; there was about her a manly frankness which was rendered more potent by a womanly impulsiveness; and this mingling of weight and rapidity gave her a momentum which he did not love to encounter. Nevertheless, alarmed for his romance, and anxious for the happiness of his two pets, he sought her out and unfolded to her his mind.

"I am quite of your opinion," replied Nellie, when she had discerned, through many smiling and flattering circumlocutions, the fact that the Major did not like the Gilyard courtship.

Lawson was stunned as usual by her directness, but delighted with her assent.

"My dear lady, — gracious lady, as Dante says, — you fill me with joy," he exclaimed, seizing her hand and patting it in his caressing way. "I have not had such a moment of gratification for months."

"But what can be done?" asked Mrs. Armitage. "Kate is her own mistress."

"Go to Mr. Gilyard," replied Lawson, firmly; meaning, however, that Nellie should go, not he himself. "Hint to him, if necessary say to him plainly, that he is standing in the way of much good. Don't you see, my dear Mrs. Armitage? If he marries Kate, she can't marry Frank McAlister. Then what means have we left for ending this horrible feud? Pardon me, — I really beg your pardon, Mrs. Armitage, — I am speaking severely of your family *fasti*, of your hereditary palladium. But I remember my old,

noble, reverend friend Kershaw, and I venture to utter my mind boldly. I know that it was his earnest desire for many years that this quarrel should terminate. Have I offended you?"

"Never mind, Major," replied Nellie, quietly waving her hand as if to brush away his apologies. "I am altogether of your opinion in this whole matter. We have had enough of quarrels. I have seen enough of them."

"You delight me beyond expression, — beyond the power of a Cicero to express," chanted Lawson, his eyes twinkling with an unusual twinkle, as if there were tears of joy in them. "And now, gracious lady —"

"I will make one more effort for peace," interrupted Nellie. "I will — But never mind what; you shall know in a day or two."

Quite tremulous with his gladness, the Major thanked her copiously, squeezed her hand again and again, and at last fairly kissed it by force, subsequently waving affectionate and cheering farewells to her while he got out of the house, mounted his steed, and ambled out of sight.

What Nellie Armitage did was to go straight to Arthur Gilyard with her story and her demands.

"I want a great thing of you," said this sympathetic woman, knowing full well the pain that she gave, and watching it with the emotion of an angel overseeing the necessary chastening of a saint; "I want you to make peace between us and the McAlisters, so that my unhappy sister may meet the man who loves her, and whom I believe she loves. I ask this of you for her sake, and for the sake of the father and brothers whom I want to keep in life, and in the name of all my relatives who have fallen in this long quarrel."

Kate's lover, thus summoned to give her up to a preferred lover, half started to rise from the chair in which he was sitting, and then dropped his head upon his bosom as if he had been shot. His habitually pale cheeks turned ghastly white; he was so dizzy that he could not see the woman who was torturing

him; the words that he heard during the next minute were merely as a drumming in his ears.

But, fortunately for his honor as a man, he was of the same heroic mould with the person who demanded of him this tremendous sacrifice, and who had had the greatness to believe that he could be great enough for it. As he came back to his full consciousness, he passed rapidly in review the procession of horrors which had marked the history of the feud, and resolved that he would do what lay in him to close such a source of bloodshed, no matter what suffering the labor might bring him.

"Is it too much to ask?" murmured Nellie, her heart almost failing her at the sight of his quivering face.

"No duty is too much to ask," were his first words, — words spoken on the rack. After a moment more of struggling for breath and purpose, he added, as if by way of exhortation to himself, "A Christian must not hesitate before duty."

She remained silent; she was revering him. But surely it was also a great thing in her that she could be noble enough, in that eager and anxious moment, to perceive his nobility.

"How can I best serve your purpose?" he presently inquired.

"May I beg you to join with me in urging a reconciliation upon my father?" she answered.

"I will do so, with all my heart," said this man whose heart was bleeding.

"He will return this evening," added Nellie. "Will you see him with me tomorrow?"

"I can talk with him best alone," he replied. "Will you allow it?"

Then, perceiving assent in her eyes, he hastily rose, bowed, and got himself away, conscious that he was tottering.

"It is worse than I looked for," said Nellie, as she gazed after him with admiration and pity. "He is to lose her in showing himself worthy of her."

In the little space which we can allot

to Arthur Gilyard, we must strive to do him justice. It was characteristic of him that from the moment when he resolved to tear out his heart for the good of others, he never faltered in his purpose. What struggle remained to this clear-headed and heroic sufferer was simply a struggle for resignation. He would do his duty; oh yes, that would be done; that of course. The hardness of the thing was to do it in a spirit which should be held acceptable in that unseen world which he tried to think of as the only real world. O, how unreal it seemed to him as he rode homeward! Earth, this earth of emotions, this passionate, mortal life, was very near and terribly puissant. He was like Christian, set upon going through the valley of shadows, but seeing Apollyon "straddled quite across the way," dreadful to look upon and threatening woful wounds.

It was not until he had locked himself into his accustomed place of devotion that he could get one glimpse of that sphere which Kate Beaumont did not yet inhabit, and where her influence must not reign. But here, on the threshold of a sanctuary, we stop.

When, during the next day, he presented himself before Peyton Beaumont, he was so pinched and pale that his host asked him if he had been sick.

"I have been favored with my usual health," he replied calmly. "Perhaps the consciousness of a great and difficult duty has weighed upon me more than it would have weighed upon a stronger and better man."

Beaumont could hardly fail to understand that this word "duty" referred to himself; that towards him was coming some plea, some remonstrance, or perhaps some reproof. High as was his temper, and savage in certain points as had been his life, he had an imaginative reverence for religion, and a well-bred respect for clergymen. His wide-open black eyes stared into the firm blue ones of Gilyard with mere grave surprise and expectation, not showing a sparkle of annoyance.

"I beg beforehand that you will hear me patiently until I have discharged my conscience," continued the minister.

"Mr. Gilyard, speak boldly," said Peyton. "I give you my thanks already, if what you have to say concerns my conduct."

"It does in part," went on Gilyard. "I have come solely to beg you to stop the account of blood between your family and the McAlisters. Heretofore more than once, if I remember, I have ventured to speak to you of this matter; but not plainly enough, and not urgently enough. I did not do my full duty. I was weakly and wickedly vague. I did not clearly set before you your responsibility, and—I must say the word—your guilt."

"Guilt!" exclaimed Beaumont, his astonishment very great, and his eyes showing it.

"In the presence of God I repeat the word," insisted Gilyard. "It condemns me as well as you. I should have uttered it years ago."

After a moment's reflection, after drawing a long breath of surprise, Beaumont said, "We are not the only guilty ones."

"It is too true. The McAlisters also come under condemnation."

"They do," declared Peyton, his excitement reviving. "I made peace with them once. And they broke it: *they* broke it."

"Offer it again," exhorted the minister. "Urge it."

"See here," said Beaumont, after further thought. "I can tell you something—a secret, please to observe—which will give you pleasure. I have been engaged lately in preparing a way to peace. Kershaw asked it of me. I pledged him my word on his death-bed, and I have not forgotten it. In a day or two—in a few days at least—I hope to hear from Judge McAlister, hope to receive a friendly message from him. In that case I will give him my hand for life, if he will take it and do what he should to keep it. I will, so help me—It is not easy

work, this. But it shall be done; it shall, I promise you. Will that content you?"

"I am merely a messenger from One who is infinitely greater than I, Mr. Beaumont," returned Gilyard. "I can only say personally that I thank you for this assurance."

"And I thank you, sir, for coming to me," said Peyton. "I do in all sincerity. But bless me! you are very pale. Won't you have a glass of wine?"

Mr. Gilyard had understood that peace between the Beaumonts and McAlisters meant the cession by him of Kate Beaumont to Frank McAlister. On obtaining the promise of this peace, the assurance of this cession, he had nearly fainted.

It was some minutes before he could muster fortitude to seek out Mrs. Armitage and say to her, "We have reason to be grateful. Your father, I believe, and hope, will end the feud, if it is humanly possible."

"It will take us a lifetime to thank you for this," replied Nellie, ready to kneel at the feet of this martyr, who had, as it were, lighted his own pyre of torture.

"I should have done my little long ago," he said.

Then, suddenly remembering that in such a case he might not have loved only to lose, he added in his heart, "My sin has found me out." If he had thought of confessing his hopeless affection, if he had had an impulse to utter a complaint and a cry for sympathy, his mouth was sealed now. Bearing a burden of self-condemnation which only a saintly nature could heap upon itself, suffering as we solemnly believe only the imperfectly conscientious and the high-minded can suffer, this noble though limited spirit went out speechlessly from the household which he had blessed, bearing his cross alone.

That very day Judge McAlister received his appointment as Judge of the United States District Court of South Carolina. This was Beaumont's doing; it was to bring this about that he

had spent weeks in Washington ; it was to this that he had alluded when he told Gilyard that he had prepared a way for peace. He had fought hard for it, combating the partisan prejudices which ruled at the national capital, and beating down the pretensions of claimants of his own following. Of course he knew that he was not under any practical obligations to McAlister, inasmuch as his own election would have been brought about, even had not his rival withdrawn from the canvass. But his word had been passed ; and that word it had been the pride of his life to keep sacred ; and in this matter it must be kept all the more sacred because given to an enemy.

The favor was received in a spirit not unworthy of that in which it had been conferred. Judge McAlister was not often troubled by magnanimous impulses ; but now the best blood in his manly, selfish heart boiled to the surface.

"This is Beaumont's work," he said, handing the commission to Frank, who happened to be with him at the time. "By heavens, he is a gentleman !"

The young man's face flushed crimson ; he saw all the possible consequences of this fine deed ; he trusted that there was set for him love and happiness. It was impossible for the moment that he could do more than merely endure his heart-beats. He was either far above or far below the faculty of speech.

"I could not have demanded it," continued the father. "That miserable rencontre had put my claims in chancery. He is certainly a gentleman."

"What will you do, sir ?" the son could at last inquire.

"What do you mean ?" stared the Judge.

"If you accept the commission, you will owe an expression of —"

"Gratitude," admitted the Judge. "Unquestionably. I shall owe it, and I will pay it. The gift, to be sure, is not overwhelming," he added, his conceit, or, as he conceived it to be, his

dignity, beginning to come uppermost. "I suppose I had claims to the position which no man could gainsay. I may say that I had rights. This thing, at the least, was due me. But I consider the good-will," he went on, with an air of magnanimity. "A bit of good-will from an old enemy is doubly an obligation. Certainly I shall thank Beaumont. I could not do otherwise as long as my name is McAlister."

Heavens, what a pride he had in being himself, and how loftily he bugled the word "McAlister !" He was grandiose over his gratitude ; he would so return thanks for the favor received as to overpay it ; he would make Beaumont glory in having served him.

"I will go in person," added this Artaxerxes of a country gentleman and local politician.

"I beg pardon," observed Frank. "We must take precautions against another misunderstanding. You are not perhaps aware that there is a second drunken Armitage on hand."

It must be understood that, although Bentley had already left Hartland, Frank had not heard of it.

"Indeed ?" demanded the Judge, not minded to get himself shot unnecessarily, at his time of life.

Then the young man told the elder how Bent had challenged him, and was supposed to be lying in wait to take a shot at sight.

The father gave the son a queer look. He was saying to himself, "In my day, when a fellow proposed to ambush us, we used to look him up and root him out." But he could not make this speech to his son, and especially not under the present circumstances ; for the Armitages were kin to the Beaumonts, and with these last it was not well to open a fresh account of blood, at least not immediately.

"That is bad," he observed, arching his eyebrows thoughtfully. "I hope you are — taking precautions."

"I am not ashamed to say that I am keeping out of the lunatic's way. Of course, if he attacks me, I shall defend myself."

"Unquestionably you would be justified in so doing," declared the man of law. "Indeed, it would be your duty, to yourself and society. But I am sorry to hear this. It complicates matters; it is dreadfully inconvenient."

After a moment of worried meditation he added, "I am greatly tempted to put this rascal under bonds to keep the peace."

"It would excite discussion, sir," observed Frank, who knew that certain families were too lofty and honorable to appeal to the law for protection against their foes.

"It would," admitted the Judge of the United States District Court, remembering that he was a high-toned gentleman first, and an expounder of the statutes afterwards. "I must confess that I hardly know what to do in the premises. On the whole, I must, I think, write to Beaumont, asking his permission to call upon him with one or two of my family."

"With our revolvers in our pockets, sir?" smiled Frank.

"I see no impropriety in that, under the circumstances," answered the Judge. "Of course we shall have the gentility and the sense to keep them out of sight, except in the last extremity."

"On the whole I can suggest nothing better," assented the young man, knowing that his father would do nothing better, though it should be suggested by an angel.

Anything for a chance to bring the two families together in peace; anything to obtain one more look at Kate Beaumont; anything for love!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JUDGE MCALISTER did not call upon his ancient enemy and present benefactor attended by an armed retinue.

Having made inquiry in the village after Bentley Armitage, and having learned positively that that unhappy young man had gone to parts unknown,

he went alone to the Beaumont place with his calumets and his wampums.

There had been an appointment, but, watches disagreeing, Peyton had miscalculated his visitor's arrival, and was at his stables, with all his sons and not far from half his negroes, inspecting a newly purchased racer.

It was Kate Beaumont who received and welcomed Frank McAlister's father. She had learned that he was coming, and learned or guessed that it was in peace. In spite of her conscientious struggles to be calm, in spite of the spiritual melancholy which had settled upon her, she was in a state of feverish excitement. Would there be a renewal of amity? Would the dry bones of feelings and expectations which she believed to be dead clothe themselves again with life and stand upon their feet, a mighty army? How the questions, the doubts, the hopes, the scruples, the self-reproaches, the longings, the fears, and still the hopes again, thronged through her spirit! Impossible to give more than a feeble and vague idea of the contest which agitated her soul and caused her very flesh to tremble. One word she kept repeating, "I have given him up, given him up"; repeated it with self-abasement, with desperation. Nevertheless she went forth to greet his father.

When the Judge met her in the veranda, he saw a girl who had not slept the night before, and who was even then striving to lay her heart upon the altar of a Moloch, but whose face was so colored and whose eyes so brightened by fever that she looked the picture of health.

"My dear young lady!" he said, the exclamation being actually forced from him by his amazement at a beauty which was even more wonderful now than formerly, because more spiritual. "I consider it a good omen that you should be the first to meet me," he added in the flush of his enthusiasm.

"You have my earnest thanks for this visit, sir," she replied, pressing his

hand fervently, and then dropping it suddenly, with a strange mixture of impulse and self-repression.

"Heaven bless you, my dear young lady!" said the Judge, still in a sort of daze as he bowed gigantically over her, wondering and admiring. "You show your native goodness in divining me," he continued, regaining his intellectual self-possession. "I have come for peace."

She led him into the parlor with the air of a dethroned and sorrowing but resigned queen, receiving a being who brings sympathy. Her fine figure rendered only the more willowy and elegant by emaciation and by her closely clinging black dress, she was an incarnation of grace.

"I have but one regret," she sighed, her eyes turning upward sadly as if seeking her grandfather.

"Miss Beaumont, I share it," he answered, understanding her with a quickness which did him honor. "I wish John Kershaw could have seen this day."

"I wish so," whispered Kate, almost inaudibly.

The Judge rose to his feet and took both her hands tenderly, while a dimness came into his eyes as of half-born tears.

"My dear child, you have my very heart's sympathies," he said. "What a man he was! What a loss!"

Kate bowed; she could not answer; she could not look at him. She bowed very low, let fall a few bright drops upon the carpet, and left the room. When she had gone, the ponderous Judge took a large white handkerchief out of a capacious pocket, slowly wiped away something which obscured his sight, and murmured, "Poor — beautiful — creature!"

As soon as Beaumont learned that McAlister had arrived, he hurried to meet him with such speed that he entered the parlor quite out of breath. To honor the occasion and the visitor, he had dressed himself with scrupulous care. He had on a blue dress-coat with gilt buttons, a buff vest also with

gilt buttons, and buff kerseymere trousers tightly strapped under the instep, as was the fashion of the time. The strong colors, so suggestive of military uniform, perfectly became his bold, trooper-like, officer-like expression and the dark ruddiness, almost as deep as mahogany, of his complexion. His costume contrasted with the solemn black of the Judge, much as his impetuous character contrasted with the other's deliberate subtlety.

"I beg your pardon, Judge, for making you wait a single instant," were Peyton's first words, at the same time cordially giving his hand.

"I have not waited," said McAlister, with a certain grave emotion. "I have been gratified, honored, by an interview with your youngest daughter."

"I am glad that she was here to receive you," returned Beaumont, bowing thanks for the compliment to his child.

"She is a wonderful woman," declared the Judge, momentarily forgetting the object of his visit. "I thought I knew her already; but she always astonishes me. I have never seen in any other person such expression of feeling and character. She spoke of her grandfather in a way —"

The Judge stopped. Beaumont bent his head as if beside a grave.

"Lamentable tragedy!" resumed McAlister. "Mr. Beaumont, I hope it will be the last in the history of our families."

The Judge, profoundly in earnest, was talking above himself. It was the contagion of Kate Beaumont's tender nobility of soul, quite as much as a consciousness of the weighty importance of the occasion, which thus elevated him. His host looked at him with surprise and respect, and answered fervently, "I sincerely hope and trust so."

He too, as well as McAlister, was at his moral zenith. He was quite aware that this was one of the most impressive and important moments of his life. Its gravity exalted and purified him; he showed it in his deportment and utter-

ance. Throughout the whole interview he exhibited not one violent impulse, not one start of his characteristic eccentricity of feeling, not one amusing trait of unconscious humor. Never before, at least not since his days of youthful diffidence, had he been such a calm, contained gentleman as he was during this scene.

"Mr. Beaumont, I am your debtor," resumed McAlister, remembering that he had come to return thanks.

"I have fulfilled my promise. Let us say no more about it."

"I must say this, that I owe you my earnest gratitude, and give it."

"Judge, your merit has at last been acknowledged, at least in part. That is all."

Considering the life-history of these two men, it was surely a grand, as well as perhaps a grandiose, dialogue.

"You are very kind to express yourself thus," bowed the Judge. Then he fell silent. He wanted to ask for peace. He remembered Frank, and wanted to give him a chance. But the feud was a very old denizen of his heart and habits. It made the word "peace" a hard one to mouth.

Beaumont broke the silence. He felt that McAlister had said as much as could be demanded of him. It was his own turn now. His rival must be met half-way. Moreover, his promise to Kershaw must be kept. The two families must, if the thing were possible, be brought into some kind of compact, so that bloodshedding at least should cease.

"Judge, let me be frank," he began, speaking slowly, like one who weighs his words, and who speaks because he must. "There has been a feud between your house and mine. I propose that it shall end; that you and I shall do our utmost to end it; that we shall pledge our faith and character to that work. Sir, will you give me your hand to it?"

His face was crimson with his struggle to say this. Judge McAlister's ashy-sallow countenance also turned to a deep red. Both men felt that it was

a weighty agreement to offer and to accept.

"Here is my hand," replied the head of the McAlisters. "Our honor is plighted."

After this great deed had been done they sat down, both at once, two tired and breathless men. This making of peace had been to them a more wearying effort than would have been a wrestling-match.

"We shall keep this treaty," said the Judge, after a moment. "We never fully and freely and in set terms made it before."

"That was our mistake," answered Beaumont.

He seemed absent-minded; he was thinking of Kershaw.

"It is the spirit of my old friend who has done this," he presently exclaimed, rising in agitation. "He is stronger in death than he was in life. God forgive me for not having let him see this day and hear these words."

His martial and grim face worked with emotion, and there was a prayerful, piteous stare in his black eyes. The Judge rose also, seized and wrung Peyton's hand anew, and even patted him comfortingly on the shoulder. He had not for years been in such a state of tender emotion over a man. He absolutely thought well of Beaumont, absolutely admired him.

Soon the conversation became calmer, turning easily to subjects of an unpathetic nature, as is natural with masculine talk. For a while it was mutually satisfactory; but at last McAlister made a remark which showed his thick-skinned nature, his born incapacity for distinguishing what might offend the feelings of a man of acute sensibility.

"I trust that you will be reassured before long as to the fate of your son-in-law," he said. "Excuse me," he added, perceiving a change in his host's countenance. "I wish to say that he could hardly be held culpable as to the fate of our lamented friend. So obvious an accident, you know!"

Beaumont's brow had darkened un-

pleasantly ; he did not want to hear about a son-in-law whom he had despised and hated ; above all, he did not want to discuss his character and chances with a McAlister. For an instant it seemed as if he would reply offensively ; but after a struggle, he smoothed his forehead and spoke softly. What he said, however, was startling.

"He is dead, sir. I am quite reassured as to his fate. Shot dead, sir, by some mountaineer or other, in the Dark Corner. Don't trouble yourself to condole with us, sir."

The Judge had blundered, and of course he saw it. He bowed meekly, mumbled some unnoticed words of apology, and passed to other matters. But it seemed well now not to prolong the interview ; and, having begged Beaumont to do him the honor of a visit, he took his leave.

"Ah !" burst out Peyton, when his visitor had got out of hearing. "How can I get on with such a man ? When he means to be civil he tramples on one's soul."

After a little, however, he recovered his good-nature, and added, with a smile of grim resignation, "But he will die some day, and, for that matter, so shall I ; and perhaps our children will find each other more endurable. I must use the rest of my life in trying to give them a chance to live."

Considering the man's sensitive nature and pugnacious habits, the resolution was surely self-sacrificing, and showed not a little paternal affection.

But Peyton Beaumont became more distinctly and agreeably reconciled to the idea of peace with the McAlisters, when Frank called on him. The habitually stormy depths of his eyes grew calm, and a hospitable smile flew like a dove to sit upon his wide, strong mouth, as he beheld the almost sublime stature and the handsome, gracious, dignified countenance of this gentle giant. Painful and humiliating as the task was to him, he apologized for the untoward incidents of Frank's last visit.

"It was a shameful, horrible breach of hospitality, sir," he said. "But you will surely not hold us accountable, especially as we were the greatest sufferers. That—that scoundrel is dead, sir," he added. "He will make no more mischief."

"God have merey upon him !" Frank murmured. Beaumont made no reply ; his nostrils were distended and his eyebrows working ; he was thinking of the dead Kershaw and the sorrows of his daughters, not praying for Armitage.

After some amicable dialogue, the young man asked leave to pay his respects to the ladies of the family.

"They will be happy to see you, sir," answered Beaumont, graciously. "You will find my youngest daughter very much changed. She has received a terrible blow."

So Frank perceived for himself when he encountered Kate. It is true that the first sight of him brought a flush to her face and a tremulous brightness to her eyes ; but in a moment came the thought that she had given him up, turning her to the whiteness and coldness of marble ; and presently the tumult subsided into the calm pallor of physical languor and of grief. Thin as she was and faded as she was, Frank found her more beautiful than ever. His pity for her increased his affection magically, and he thought that he had never before seen her so enchanting. O, blind faithfulness of love, admirable and enviable, deserving reward and winning it !

Of course, in this first meeting after great calamities, awed by the melancholy of those eyes whose pathos made the room holy, and still believing somewhat in the tale of the Gilyard engagement, Frank could not breathe a word nor throw out a look of courtship. The interview passed in talk on commonplace subjects, and he retired from it so unsatisfied that he thought himself unhappy. It had been a great joy to look upon her once more ; but he believed that he was doomed never to win her as a wife.

Several weeks passed without visi-

ble change in the relations of the two young people. But meantime Kate's health rapidly returned to her, and brought with it a fresh outburst of her girlish beauty. She grew well at Hartland; she made a little trip to Charleston, and came back still better; in two months she had recovered her plumpness, her tints of damask rose, and the brightness of her eyes. The moment that life had ceased to be merely a sorrow, it had ceased to be a disease.

As if to pile miracle on miracle, health of body restored health of mind. The clouds of superstitious gloom and ascetic purpose, which had lately wrapped her in wretchedness, rose, grew thin, dispersed, vanished, she knew not why, she knew not when, but utterly and forever. It was as if a terrible enchantment had been lifted by a spell, restoring her from cavernous dungeons to light, from a false world of horrors to a real world of happiness. Suddenly and to her amazement she found herself free; she could do what she would with her pure heart and will and life. "No voice nor hideous hum" of her Moloch any longer deceived her; and she knew that her late vows of self-sacrifice were senseless and nugatory. Indeed, she was so perfectly healthy in spirit that she at times asked herself, "Have I been crazed?" No, she had not been crazed; but she had been near it.

It must be understood, by the way, that Arthur Gilyard had facilitated her recovery by keeping altogether away from her, so that she the more easily got rid of her impression that it was her duty to become his wife. It was the final act of self-abnegation in this noble spirit to seek a prompt dismissal from his parish, and take up his labor for souls in a distant part of the State. It was well, no doubt, for his own peace; but it was well also for the peace of Kate.

Meantime, the two families remained on friendly, and, so far as the women-folks were concerned, on cordial terms. Mrs. McAlister and Mary once more

twined the tendrils of their hearts around Kate, claiming her as one whom they had a right to love and must love. It was they who first learned, and who quickly reported to their son and brother, that the Rev. Arthur Gilyard never came to the Beaumont house, and so could not be troth-plighted to its fairest inmate. They threw out hints of encouragement to the young man which sent the blood through all his six feet and four inches of stature. These affectionate urgencies were all the more open because the Judge was impatient for a proposal of marriage, and actually pushed the women to push the boy up to it.

"Why does n't he take advantage of the present favorable circumstances?" said this unsensitive old gentleman. "A woman who is in affliction, and who of course needs consolation, is all the more likely to accept an offer. Depend upon it, madam, that I know something of human nature. He ought to speak at once, before any one else comes in."

In a modified form, made delicate and pure by a mother's lips, these suggestions reached Frank's ears.

"I should be so overjoyed to take such a daughter to my heart," said Mrs. McAlister in a cooing, happy tone. "I think, considering what she already knows of your feelings, that she would not be shocked if you should speak to her. You need not press her for an answer; it would be best not, I think. But you certainly may tell her that you have not changed. It would be only fair and kind to tell her that."

So Frank McAlister resolved to tell Kate Beaumont that he had not changed.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BEFORE going to the daughter, Frank went to the father, whose consent it will be remembered that he had once asked but not received, matters between the Beaumonts and McAlisters being then in a highly explosive state, smok-

ing with a promise of lofty flame and red-hot lava. He found the Honorable Peyton in his veranda, walking up and down with the short, careful steps of a gouty man, and smoking a cigar with an air of grinding it.

"Good evening," said the lord of the manor in the strong and rather too trumpet-like tone which was habitual with him, but at the same time amicably producing a spare cigar. "Will you join me?"

"I wish to join you for life, Mr. Beaumont," replied Frank, not even seeing the proffered Havana.

It was evident that Kate's father comprehended, and that he was not entirely gratified. Over his hard and highly colored but expressive face there came a cloud, which, if not downright displeasure, was anxiety. Nevertheless, he looked into his visitor's eyes with an air of attentive and respectful meditation.

"Once more, Mr. Beaumont," continued Frank, unfalteringly, "I come to ask you to let me tell your daughter that I love her with all my heart."

The simple earnestness of the phrase, and the tremulous sincerity of the tone in which it was uttered, shook all the father in Peyton.

"Look here," he said, throwing away his cigar, and seizing both of Frank's hands. "I have but a single objection. To yourself I have none. I believe in you, Mr. McAlister; I believe in your head and your heart. But, I sometimes ask myself, how long will peace last between our families, much as we now prize it? How do I know that you will not some day separate me from my child?"

"From my wife, sir, you shall never be separated," answered Frank, returning the other's spasmodic grasp. The two men were locked together by their emotions; it seemed to Beaumont as if he could not escape, as if a fate held him fast. "I know that this marriage will be a bond of union for us all," continued Frank, speaking for the moment with the sublimity of a prophet.

"Ah, well, — so let it be," returned Beaumont, unable to resist this enthusiasm. "Go and find her."

Frank raised the hand of Beaumont, and suddenly pressed it to his heart. It was a hand which had shed McAlister blood, but he forgot that; it was also the hand of his loved one's father, and that alone he remembered.

Next, descending into the garden, where he had already seen Kate through the twilight, he sought her amid a perfumed tangle of shrubbery and flowers. The faint golden radiance which lingered in the west revealed her; she appeared to him to be standing in a delicate, unearthly halo of luminousness; she reminded him of Murillo's Immaculate Virgin showing through hazes of aureoles. Although the comparison sprang from the hot imagination of strong affection, it was not altogether extravagant. The greatest fact possible to young womanhood, the consciousness of loving and of being loved, had given Kate the sweet serenity of a seraph. Moreover, unmarried though she was, there was about her something of the Madonna. Her face had that various richness of expression which we see in the faces of wives and mothers so much oftener than in the faces of maidens. Under suffering her mind and heart had both expanded, and this development of thought and feeling had given every feature a new light, rising at times to a fulness of meaning which seemed to comprehend all womanhood.

There was just one blemish to the picture, if so tender a thing may be called a blemish. There was a tear; it hung upon her eyelash as he softly approached her; and when she turned at the sound of his footsteps, it fell upon a white rose which she held to her lips. She had been kissing the rose because it was her grandfather's favorite flower.

"Will you let me spend the future in trying to console you for the past?" he said, gently taking her hand.

Yes, such had been her history and such was his nature, that his first words

of love to her must be words of comfort.

It was just what she craved ; she could hardly, under any circumstances, have answered nay to such a plea ; and loving him, trusting him as she did, she only answered by leaning on his breast and weeping there. It was one of those sublime moments in the life of the soul when it is mightier than the body ; when its emotions are so overpowering that the voice fails at their mere advent and can give them no utterance.

"I will console you for all," he whispered, his arm supporting her. "Every breath that I draw shall be drawn for your happiness."

What further was said between them we will not repeat. The few syllables which they exchanged had to their souls a fulness and richness of meaning which would not appear to those who should read them. Their lips, touched by fire from heaven, ennobled language far beyond its wont, and made it like the speech of some better world. Words became emotions, pouring heart into heart, and mingling them forever.

As they returned to the house, Nelly Armitage met them, gave one glance at her sister's face, read with a woman's sympathetic insight all that was in it, passed a tremulous arm quickly around her neck, and kissed her. Then pressing Frank's hand vehemently, she went and wandered alone in the darkling garden, calling to mind how this same cup of happiness had once been put to her lips, and obstinately struggling to forget how it had been dashed from them.

Major Lawson, lounging on the gravel-walk before the house, also saw the young couple, comprehended what had happened to them, and halting with a start, stared after them in ecstasy, muttering, "Bless my body ! It

is done at last. The Montagues and Capulets reconciled ! Romeo and Juliet to be married ! Bless my body ! I could caper like a nigger. Bless my body !"

"I have won her," was Frank's simple address, when, wearing Kate proudly on his arm, he reached Beaumont.

"Take her," replied the father. "Only remember that I have put my happiness as well as hers in your hand."

He kissed his child repeatedly, and then resumed his solitary walk and cigar, feeling deserted and sorrowful.

Well, a year more saw many events : the marriage of Frank McAlister to Kate Beaumont ; the young man's installation over the Kershaw estate, he giving up science as a thing not yet required by Carolinians ; the marriage of Vincent Beaumont to Mary McAlister, who became lady of the house in the mansion of her ancestors' enemies ; the marriage of Jenny Devine to Dr. Mattieson, — "Just to console him for losing you, my dear," she said to Kate ; finally, the death of poor worn-out Mrs. Chester by softening of the brain.

It will be understood, of course, that there was no renewal of the famous feud which had so long kept Hartland in cheerful, tragical gossip, and made it feel itself to be the most illustrious village of South Carolina.

It must be stated also that Peyton Beaumont always remained satisfied with the son-in-law who had come to him through so many difficulties and whom he had accepted with so much hesitation.

"By heavens, sir, he is Kershaw over again," he used to say. "I don't wonder Kate picked him out of twenty. It's astonishing what a perception of character that girl has. He is Kershaw over again."

J. W. DeForest.

A JAPANESE DOCTOR AND HIS WORKS.

PERSONAL AND HISTORIC MEMORANDA.

ON the first day of this year — our New Year, not the Japanese — I had the rare satisfaction of assisting at an event which, although heralded with no pomp, encumbered with no forms, and distinguished by familiar festivity rather than the vigorous ceremony usually employed in the East to celebrate any occasion of especial interest or importance, nevertheless afforded a proof of intelligent progress far in advance of any that I have yet encountered, excepting only the reorganized establishment of the great educative institution of Yedo (Dai Gaku), notwithstanding that such proofs are day by day revealing themselves with singular rapidity to those whose eyes are sufficiently clear to discern them. This was the inauguration of a new hospital, the first private establishment of the kind in Japan, under the direction of the accomplished Dr. Matsumoto, whose name is perhaps more eminent in science than that of any other native physician, is closely identified with the stirring politics of the last few years, and has a social, and in one sense at least an artistic, popularity second to that of no individual in the Empire. The opening had been long talked of. Among educated Japanese it was a topic of much curiosity and vivid expectation, and the opportunity of participating in its various incidents was eagerly sought by all. Some two or three hundred succeeded in obtaining invitations, of which they availed themselves in the most comprehensive manner, many bringing troops of friends with them to swell the throng of the clever doctor's admirers. Some pains had been taken to inform such foreigners as might be supposed to have an interest in the novel proceedings that their presence would be heartily welcomed. Two responded, in the cordial spirit of the

summons. If others appeared upon the scene, it was briefly, and by accident. To have looked for a larger number would perhaps have been to expect too much. Had the announcement been that of a brilliant review, with fuliginous sham-fights and other lurid accompaniments, in which the new capacities of the Japanese for inflicting destruction upon one another were to be developed, the case would have been different. Reviews and sham-fights are suggestive of many things which acutely appeal to the trading mind,—and that is the only mind worth speaking of which the foreign community in Japan possesses. Guns, uniforms, and ammunition are articles which offer limitless chances for profitable, if not strictly upright, contracts. The possibility of traffic in surgical instruments presents no such allurements; and speculations in medicines are trammelled by the disagreeable necessity of supplying honest wares. It appears that the Japanese are keener in detecting worthless drugs than in tracing the history of condemned and partially repaired weapons. In fact, the opening of a hospital is an incident which promises nothing magnificent in the way of what, in a happy local slang, is here called "squeezing." Of course it failed to attract notice. On any other grounds than those of commercial interest, foreigners are not bound to give a thought to Japanese enterprises, however worthy or ambitious they may be. But since I was fortunate enough to be one of the couple present on this occasion,—and I own I was somewhat surprised, on arriving alone, to meet another there, but delighted to find him a fellow-countryman,—I take pleasure in endeavoring to make you at a distance, where the thrifty and contracted influences of Yokohama and kindred

settlements may not altogether prevail, acquainted with a talented and representative Japanese, with a few of his excellent public works, and with this his last achievement.

For a considerable time I had been accustomed to see Dr. Matsumoto in various parts of Yedo, before I was presented to him, or indeed knew his name. But it was always evident from the observation he attracted, and from a sort of deference spontaneously accorded to him, that he was a person of some distinction. I first personally encountered him at a very agreeable social gathering, partly native, partly foreign, where, for certain political reasons which need not be explained, his name was concealed. Here he appeared only as a master of fluent and lively conversation, a shrewd inquirer, and a tolerably sound logician upon intricate questions of the domestic and foreign relations of Eastern countries. At a later period I knew him in the character most natural to him, and in which he has gained his chief reputation, — that of a quick-witted and thoroughly skilful physician, with large designs, and with a will and a courage to execute them; with aspirations, too, not wholly confined to the healing of his fellow-men, but also looking to the wholesome restoration of his distracted land. As an enthusiast in his vocation, or as a theoretic framer of future Japanese history, he appears, perhaps unconsciously, in his best light, and reveals his finest qualities. His animation, his fluency, and the easy grace of his address are always sure to captivate the attention even of those whose knowledge of his language is imperfect. His personal aspect is by no means uninteresting. He is about thirty-five years of age, full of vigor and activity, in stature slightly superior to most of his countrymen, and in physical proportion, too, rather above the average of his race. His head is of the best Mongol type, but with an unusually ample brow, and with a massive chin and jaw betokening unusual energy and resolution. His eyes are small for a Japanese,

but alert and bright, and, in moments of excitement, apt to flash and glow in a manner which does much to explain the influence he wields over his associates. His costume is Japanese throughout, excepting that he declines to wear swords, and, like most of the present generation of doctors, dresses his hair in foreign style. It is unnecessary to say that his demeanor is the refinement of courtesy and high-breeding. He would be a singular exception to the rule among his countrymen if it were otherwise. That, as clearly as I can present him to you, is the man. Let us now look briefly at some of his deeds.

The arts and sciences are apt to run in families here. Physicians, especially, are accustomed to hand down their heritage of learning from generation to generation. Matsumoto's father was a doctor, and not without renown, in the old *régime* of practitioners. At least it is not recorded that he dealt more destruction in his career than the majority of his colleagues. This son was his natural and destined successor. But at a very early period the young student detected the insufficiency of the medical methods pursued by his predecessors, and, abandoning the cherished systems of his ancestors, struck boldly into the new paths first opened by the Dutch physicians at Nagasaki, and afterward broadened by fresh-coming teachers from other foreign nations. He was not satisfied to work alone. Before he was twenty-five years old he had attached to himself a numerous body of disciples, and had, by his exertions at the Southwest and in the capital, virtually overthrown the ancient theories of practice, chiefly based upon those of China, and had fairly introduced the American and European schools. At his suggestion a government hospital was established at Nagasaki, and placed under his command, in which patients were treated and pupils were trained according to the new principles. His rising reputation was greatly increased by his success in checking the ravages of the cholera of 1859, which threatened for a time to

devastate the land. In order more fully to perfect himself in various branches of surgical science he visited Holland, and studied for a considerable time, and on his return established himself at Yedo, where it appears he entered warmly into the active political excitements of the day. The great question, at that time, was that of the succession to the office of Tycoon. H'tots'bashi, who afterward came to power (and subsequently to grief), was an unsuccessful aspirant, and to him and his fortunes the young doctor ardently devoted himself. We may believe that the alliance between these two intelligent men was very close, in sympathy at least, for the position soon after held by Matsumoto, and the reforms he was able to accomplish, could only have been brought about by a strong degree of personal influence. Upon H'tots'bashi's accession, in 1867, he was appointed chief physician to the court, with powers which placed in his hands the general control of all the medical colleges in the Empire. His functions, however, though nominally scientific, rapidly assumed a much wider range. Himself a thorough republican, he actually succeeded, in this nation of autocracy and feudalism, in swaying the mind of the government, or its head, in the direction of liberal, beneficent, and comprehensive reforms.* Many radical public changes were devised, and many private reparations of long-standing wrong were effected, during the short term of the progressive young Tycoon's administration. Most of the former still remain in embryo; of the latter I shall presently relate a striking and, I think you will admit, a most interesting example. Matsumoto's opportunity was soon at an end. Within a few months the dynasty of Iyeyas was overthrown, the family of the Tycoon reduced to the rank of the daimios, and H'tots'bashi deprived of the leadership of even his own clan. In the

* There is every reason for supposing that H'tots'bashi was at least as ready to receive suggestions as any reformer to offer them. He was an officer of remarkable enlightenment and the highest intelligence. But his power proved unequal to his purpose.

civil war that ensued, Matsumoto's defiant attitude made him a conspicuous object of persecution, and he was more than once apprehended and his life imperilled; but he escaped in good time to the North, where he remained until peace, or what passed for peace, was restored. The first measures of the new government were conciliatory. Our doctor was offered an exalted position near the Mikado, at Yedo; but he peremptorily refused it, declaring that, as he had once been held as a prisoner by the party in power, he could not reconcile himself to any free association with it. If I know of any deeper motives for his contumacy, I certainly am not going to reveal them just now. At any rate, he chose fidelity to the memory of his chieftain's former state, rather than affiliation with the temporarily revived glories of the imperial court. Setting aside all sentiment, there might perhaps have been sufficiently sound practical reasons for this course. The Tokugawa family, of which the Tycoons were the head, still comprised four of the wealthiest and most powerful clans in Japan, whose united revenues equalled in value those of any other three houses combined. It was not likely that a devoted adherent would be suffered to undergo any serious embarrassment in the present, let alone the luminous prospects that the political future might afford. As far as his personal needs were concerned, his practice could provide for those. For assistance in his contemplated plans for hospital reform he could more hopefully turn to his prosperous patrons than to a feeble and poverty-fettered administration. He wanted, besides, entire freedom of action in his first experiment. While recognizing many merits in the hospitals controlled and supported by the government, he saw the way to improvements which he wished to initiate according to his own convictions. His purpose being known, more than one capitalist came forward to assist him. An estate in Waseda, one of the suburbs of Yedo, was secured, and the

establishment was founded which I have endeavored to introduce with due historical precaution, and toward which I now propose to lead the way without further circumlocution.

There is nothing more exhilarating than a fine winter morning in this part of Japan. The weather is never severely cold, the atmosphere is the clearest in the world, and the sky is softer and brighter than Italy or New England can boast. This very Sunday, January 1, 1871, is an admirable example. The roads are in capital condition and our ponies are sufficiently lively. Apart from the circumstance that to some of us it is a perpetual delight simply to be here, in this strange and fascinating land, the surroundings are such as cannot fail to appeal to even an indifferent observer. What could be more picturesque than these long avenues of quaint Oriental architecture, these broad and shining moats, and these massive castle walls? What more animating than the busy throngs which agitate the thoroughfares on all sides, — farmers bearing their produce; laborers shouting and singing at their toil; lofty potentates, compactly folded in their *norimonos*, and refulgent in dazzling silks; merchants with their wives and pretty daughters, smilingly inviting an inspection of their wares; and children of every age and iridian raiment sprinkled about with a profusion which seems to give effective contradiction to the theory that the population of these islands is steadily decreasing? What more enchanting than the rich and varied scenery; before us an endless succession of pine-tufted hills and luxuriant valleys; upon one side the Bay of Yedo flashing in the sunlight, and upon the other the swelling mountain-ranges of Hakone, crowned by the towering peak of Fuzi-yama, whose snow-cruled cone gleams and sparkles like a gigantic prism? The beauty of the view is almost uninterrupted during the whole of your morning ride, and indeed the road from the foreign quarter of Yedo to Waseda is one of the pleasantest that

a connoisseur could select. The distance is about eight miles, — a trifle in this city of incalculable dimensions. First crossing the populous and thriving quarter of which the Tokaido is the great artery, we enter the heavy double-gates of the first wall, and traverse the tranquil regions formerly occupied by the wealthier daimios, but now, for the most part, sinking into decay. Here, however, a few of the Southern lords, like Satsuma and Chosia, retain a portion of their former state, and the winding trains of their high retainers may here and there be seen on their way to the interior enclosures, — perhaps to the house of Parliament. Presently we also penetrate another barrier, and, once within this last of the great concentric walls, there is nothing between us and the grounds of his Imperial Mystery, the Mikado, but a light picket fence and a bamboo hedge. It is an interesting fact that the poorest peasant is here as free to wander through all the avenues of the castle — excepting, of course, those of the private gardens immediately surrounding the sovereign's residence — as, for example, was any citizen of Paris to cross the Tuileries during the recent French despotism. The castle of Yedo is, in fact, a public thoroughfare. After passing a mile or two along roads thickly shaded with bamboo and huge pines, and skirted with moats the surfaces of which can hardly be seen for the myriads of aquatic fowl which cluster together upon them, we emerge again, and strike into the heart of another crowded quarter, in which artisans and mechanics most abound. Everything here, so far as the natives are concerned, is merry and mirth-inspiring. It is true that now and then we encounter a foreigner who stops the way of our good-nature; one from whose person knives and pistols of various deadly capacities protrude, whose belt is an arsenal, and whose pockets are magazines; and whose countenance wears that fantastic and complicated expression of mingled insolence and trepidation which

distinguishes the average stranger in Yedo; or another who deems it expedient and tasteful to proclaim his pluck by whirling a vicious whip-lash about him as he rides, enjoying the panic of startled women and children, and fancying himself at once a hero and a pioneer of civilization. But these, to-day, are comparatively few; and as the Japanese overlook their vagaries with an amiable pity, we also may rid our minds of the annoyances they inspire. For two miles farther the orderly confusion of traffic is unceasing, then market-gardens begin to intersect the blocks of dwelling-houses and rice-fields border the canals and natural streams. The vast city assumes more of the aspect of a flourishing country town, into one of the more secluded lanes of which we sharply turn, and, moving for a quarter of a mile under arches and festoons of bamboos and vines, arrive before a modest gateway around which a crowd of horses with their attendant grooms and scores of "jin-riki-sha,"* a two-wheeled hand vehicle which is now the popular and fashionable conveyance of Yedo, announce that our destination is reached. It is evident that the place has been selected with a view to artistic as well as sanitary considerations. I believe that it was formerly a favorite suburban residence of the regent Iyi Kamon, whose assassination, in 1859, created such consternation among the chiefs of the Japanese embassy then in the United States. It subsequently became the property of the daimio of Takamatzu, from whom it was purchased or leased for its present purpose. Like most of the *yas'kis* in and about Yedo, it is ingeniously and tastefully arranged throughout, every detail of the interior being dexterously wrought into some form of grace and beauty. The gardens are profusely decorated with artificial ponds, rivulets, mounds, and miniature groves; and although the actual enclosure may not occupy more than a dozen or fifteen acres, a labyrinthine promenade of

miles has been supplied. A healthier situation could not be found in this vicinity. The buildings originally erected have been devoted to the uses of various branches of the doctor's family, his assistants, and his corps of students. For the hospital itself a new two-story house has been built; at the door of which the host now stands, waiting to welcome us with all the pleasant forms of Japanese greeting.

I have been speaking in the plural number, considerate reader, only in the familiar and fanciful supposition that you are with me on this expedition,—as, for your sake, I sincerely wish you were. If you chain me down to literal truth, I admit that I am alone, a solitary horseman of the G. P. R. James pattern. At the threshold of the new edifice I am (or, if I may continue the agreeable illusion, we are) confronted by a dreadful alternative. Etiquette, and cleanliness as well, demand that the casings of foreign feet shall be removed before entering a Japanese dwelling. The neatness of their mats is always so daintily preserved by themselves, that even our less scrupulous instincts shrink from the idea of polluting them by dust or mud-stains. But in this instance a particular difficulty presents itself. The building is new, the walls are damp, and the freshly scoured passages have not yet had time to dry. Accustomed to liberal protection, our unshod feet would be too sensitive to these various rheumatic influences. Whilst we hesitate Matsumoto decides for us. He summons domestics, who, at his direction, proceed to polish our extremities with straw, and to render our soles a trifle less arable. He insists that we are not to think of exposing ourselves. As becomes us, under the circumstances, although inwardly delighted, we strenuously protest. He overrules us with a conclusive gesture. We,

"Vowing we will ne'er consent, consent,"

follow him to the inspection of his new domain.

I am not preparing this record for a

* *Jin-riki-sha*, man-power-carriage.

medical publication, and there is no reason why I should attempt a closely detailed description of the interior. It will be sufficient to say that, although constructed without the slightest assistance in the way of foreign counsel or suggestion, it fulfils in every essential particular the requirements it was designed to meet. The single noticeable defect is the absence of sufficient ground ventilation. In other respects the most rigorous scrutiny could discover no serious errors. It affords abundant accommodation for about one hundred patients, and could, without inconvenience to anybody, contain half as many more, general and private. Cot-beds take the place of the floor-mats and rugs commonly used in other hospitals of Yedo. The Japanese diet is eschewed, and a more nutritious regimen substituted. An incidental enterprise in support of this particular part of his scheme is thoroughly characteristic of Matsumoto. Finding that for certain maladies, and especially in cases where exhausting surgical operations are required, more vigorous stimulants were needed than the ordinary fish and rice of the Japanese market would afford, and believing that wholesome beer would most rapidly supply the want, but knowing the costly imported article to be beyond the reach of the multitude, he brought down from the North, — as one of the trophies of his exile, we may say, — a vast cargo of hops, established a brewery of his own at Asakusa, producing beer of an excellent quality and at a merely nominal price. It may be readily supposed that this successful experiment has in no degree diminished his popularity either within the hospital or elsewhere. However this may be, patients at his establishment enjoy the comfortable certainty of luxurious quarters, the best attainable food prepared in foreign style by an expert cook, invigorating beer in case of need, which the Japanese constitution indisputably requires upon occasion, and skilful and considerate treatment. And what do you suppose is the pay-

ment demanded for all these bountiful provisions? Precisely two *bu's*, — about fifty cents, a day; barely sufficient to cover the actual current outlay for each inmate. It is understood, of course, that the bulk of the general expenditure is provided for by liberal endowment, from members of Matsumoto's personal *clientele*. A proof of the democratic convictions of the man appears in the fact that his tariff is the same for high and low. He refuses to recognize any distinction, within his walls, between an opulent daimio and a plebeian pauper. Nor will he consent to receive special fees from wealthy patients. "If," he says, "any rich man comes here to be cured, and is cured, and feels grateful for it, he may make an endowment of any amount he pleases; but I will permit no social or pecuniary distinctions among my inmates, for any purpose."

As we are completing our acquaintance with the institution by a pleasant ramble through the grounds, and wondering if many worse destinies might not befall a man in Japan than that of occupying the position of a chronic invalid in Dr. Matsumoto's hands, we are summoned to lunch, and marshalled back to the new building, where, during our brief outdoor absence, tables have been spread in every hall and chamber. An overflowing congregation of guests has now assembled. Some of these are persons of high metropolitan distinction. We first catch sight of Dr. Shiba,* an old acquaint-

* Although it may not be strictly apropos, I cannot allow the name of Dr. Shiba to pass by without making use of him as an example of the persevering industry in intellectual pursuits, even outside of their immediate vocation, which distinguishes many of the present generation of Japanese scholars. Shiba is burdened with all the responsibilities of the management of the government hospital and medical college; but he finds time to also superintend the studies of a number of his younger pupils in foreign languages, and to prepare German and Japanese text-books for their use. I have known him to travel on foot, night after night, or rather morning after morning, — any time from twelve until three, — from his residence to the foreign quarter and back, for the purpose of verifying his manuscripts or correcting his proofs. And if you hinted "drudgery" to him, he would look at you with mild amazement, and hope he had misunderstood you.

ance, the director of the great government hospital and school of medicine, who, we are delighted to see, is not deterred by any sentiment of professional rivalry from coming to join in the complimentary demonstration toward his colleague. Clustered around him are great numbers of devoted young students, all engaged in lively discussions, and interchanging scientific opinions in a variety of languages; most of them having a fair acquaintance with one or more of the European tongues. On this occasion exalted rank and simple station are harmoniously commingled,—a rare circumstance in Japan, of which I have seen no example in any other place. An extraordinary combination of great wealth and, until recently, degraded caste, in a single individual, is pointed out to us,—a middle-aged man, of gentle and intelligent appearance, simply dressed, but with a noble crest embroidered upon his outer garment, whose countenance lights up at the approach of Matsumoto with a glow of grateful recognition, which at once betrays that some secret sympathy unites them. This is the King of the Beggars, an historic character in the Empire, with the past few years of whose life a thread of real romance is interwoven, and the emancipation of whose family from a social thralldom of more than two centuries was the very act of Matsumoto which awhile ago I promised to narrate. The story illustrates more than one point of Japanese custom and character.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, as all readers of Oriental annals are aware, the civil tumults of these islands were terminated by the strong hand of Iyeyas, the first Tycoon of the great Tokugawa house. In remodeling the internal organization of the Empire, he summoned to his councils the most prominent nobles and chieftains of all parties, partly for purposes of consultation, and partly with the intention of meeting their desires, as far as his policy would allow him to do so, in the new disposition of affairs. Among those who thus appeared before him

was the head of a younger branch of the famous Yoritomo family, a descendant of Iyeyas's predecessor, the first of all the Tycoons. He came reluctantly and contumaciously, resisting every advance of the conqueror with sullen obduracy. On being asked to what class he wished to attach himself,—being offered, indeed, his free choice,—he answered that he would belong to no class of which he could not be acknowledged as the master. Incensed at this display of stubborn pride, Iyeyas declared that he should have his will, and straightway decreed that he and his descendants should be "Kings of the Beggars" forever, with liberty to wear the insignia of the Yoritomos, and power to claim a percentage of the revenues of beggars throughout the land, but with total deprivation, from that time forth, of all social rank, and of the right to alliance with, or even recognition by, any but the outcast bands of mendicants and their associates. The blow was a heavy one, but nothing could avert it; and for nearly two hundred and fifty years this proscribed family lived on, amassing enormous riches, but shut out from intercourse with all excepting pariahs. Their wealth gradually made them objects of watchful consideration, even among the higher classes, and many a daimio would willingly have sought a matrimonial connection with them, but for the inexorable law of Iyeyas. During the last generation, indeed, one daughter of this house of opulent beggary was said to have been forcibly abducted by a nobleman of high estate, in the hope of thus breaking down the old prejudice; but nothing came of it. In the early part of Matsumoto's career, however, his democratic wanderings brought him in contact with the present head of the family. He found him to be a man of culture and ability, not only possessed of the material means of performing good public deeds, but truly anxious to find himself in a position where he might undertake them. To the task of ridding him of his disabilities Matsumoto then ad-

dressed himself; and such was his influence with the young prince, H'tots'-bashi, that, soon after the latter's elevation to the dignity of Tycoon, the King of the Beggars was publicly restored to the order of the gentry, and suffered to discard the crown which had so long oppressed him. To estimate the magnitude of such an achievement, it is necessary to understand the unswerving social instinct of the Japanese, the rigors of their system of caste, and their almost superstitious fidelity to tradition. It is easy to see how keenly one individual appreciates it, — the ex-monarch himself. His devotion to his liberator is undying, and his hand is ever open as day in support of the projects of his friend. Of this hospital he is one of the chief patrons.

A banquet in the house of a Japanese gentleman, — at least of one who has made foreign tables his study, — no longer presents any curious or extraordinary features. To discover these you must breakfast or dine with him privately, and *en famille*. Here, were it not for the loose and graceful raiment of all around us, and the softness of the language, which is more melodious than any ever heard in New York outside of an opera-house, we might fancy ourselves at the familiar corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue. The cleverness of the Japanese cooks is remarkable. Not only have they mastered all the accomplishments of their French teachers, but in many instances they have bettered their instruction by combining certain culinary caprices of their own land with the alimentary arts of the nation of a thousand graves. We find nothing singular in this repast except its excellence, which we acknowledge with a zeal which words alone could not convey, until we are interrupted by a merry cry from without announcing to us all that the minstrels and players have come. What minstrels and players? Why, Matsumoto's friends, of course. A man of his broad sympathies is not likely to be without friends in that section of the

world of art. And these are especially his friends because, not very long ago, one of their number met with a frightful accident which threatened to wind up not only his public career, but his existence as well. Matsumoto went for him in a frenzy of scientific enthusiasm, took off one leg, and put him on another so neatly that the fellow was at his histrionic games again within three months. For this piece of work the doctor, among other recompenses, was invested with the life-privilege of a private box at the principal theatre of Asakusa, the amusement quarter of Yedo. The comedians had now sent him word that they would not be denied the satisfaction of contributing to the diversions of the day; and here they are, indeed, in strong force, numerically and intellectually. They have an author among them, as we shall presently see. The lower ward, or hall, having been briskly cleared, we are all invited to descend thither and dispose ourselves about the floor, each individual in such posture as his own ideas of comfort may suggest. And so behold us, compactly grouped, as incongruous a specimen of impromptu human mosaic-work as was ever assembled under a Japanese roof. Dancing-girls, doctors, musicians, noblemen, actors, the abdicated King of the Beggars, artists of various abilities, including Uchida, the famous native photographer, with some of whose clever work it shall not be my fault if New York does not in due time become acquainted, and two highly elated Americans, — a thoroughly happy family.

Before many minutes an ominous silence falls upon the party. A circular space is cleared in the centre of the apartment, into which advances a middle-aged lady escorted by a gentleman of advanced years, bearing a samisen, a three-stringed instrument of a quality and tone somewhat closely resembling the banjo. They kneel and gravely salute us. "She is not beautiful," whispers a young student beside us, "but she is very gifted." The samisen-player snaps a lively prelude,

and in due time the voice of the very gifted singer is heard warbling and vibrating in that strange involution of shake and trill which constitutes the highest form of Japanese vocalization. She is loud and she is long. It is a lyric romance, apparently in several volumes, which she vouchsafes us. We vow that we are enchanted, — we are in the mood to enjoy anything, — but we do not press her to a repetition. As these artists merge into the throng again, their places are filled by half a score of minstrel-girls, some of whom scatter sharp *pizzicatos* in profusion from their guitars, while others sing and dance, moving first with stately precision in figures of geometric regularity, and gradually advancing to freer, bolder, and more expressive measures. Their supple bodies sway gracefully to and fro, their arms are waved in gentle gesticulation, and their little bare feet patter rhythmically upon the mats, and twinkle like — I hardly know like what; in fact, I am not altogether sure that they twinkle at all, or that I should have thought of such a thing if a great poet had not coined the phrase, which everybody feels bound to repeat at intervals. Whether they twinkle or not, they are very pink and active. Suddenly, as if irresistibly fired by emulation, some of the younger members of the dramatic corps plunge forward, and diversify the dance by nimble and erratic caperings, not altogether unsuggestive of *cancan* reminiscences, but in no way tending to disturb the more equable gyrations of the ladies of the ballet. This lasts its appointed time, and then abruptly closes. We are somewhat more enthusiastic than we were upon the withdrawal of the ballad-singer, but we observe that the assemblage has been augmented by a considerable concourse of visitors, members of the doctor's family and his more or less near relations, in order to pay our respects to whom we must banish frivolous thoughts. We are presented to his venerable father and mother, to his amiable wife, to his children, and to a host of charming cousins and

nieces, — O, such pretty girls! a little shy and becomingly reserved, but none the less agreeable on that account. The children are delightful, as indeed are all Japanese children of the better class. Good-temper and politeness seem to be instinctive with them. They are not a bit afraid, and through them we are able to make ourselves better acquainted with their bright-eyed aunts and sisters. Now Mrs. Matsumoto, after consultation with her consort, who nods compliance, leads forward a beautiful child, — a third cousin or something, — about twelve years old, with peach-like cheeks and cherry lips and almond eyes, — altogether a most fruitful countenance, — who goes through a bit of pantomimic coquetry with a fan, which is vastly entertaining to witness, although its meaning may be a little beyond our depth. More and more characteristic dances and songs are given, some by amateurs, some by the practised professors, until at last the chief of the actors, Kimi-tayu by name, rises with an air of importance, and announces that one of his brethren has composed a little comedy, or masque, in honor of the occasion, which he, with the assistance of some of his associates, begs to submit to the distinguished company. A shout of satisfaction, a murmur of expectancy, and then dead silence. Our curiosity is at least as vividly excited as that of all the rest. A Japanese *pièce de circonstance*! A stage is formed, lights are appropriately arranged, and the orchestra takes its place. You shall have the piece, minus the action, precisely as we had it. I think it best to give you a literal translation, without attempting in any particular to smooth away certain abruptnesses of phraseology, or to remedy its occasional inaccuracies. These were certainly not severely scrutinized at Matsumoto's house. The occasion was not favorable to Aristarchean judgments. Its reception was precisely what you might expect, and the allusion to the beer reaped a whirlwind of applause.

NISHI NO UMI WARAU KADO MATSU.*

A MASQUE.

GENIUS OF NEUROSIS.
 " " PARALYSIS.
 " " PYROSIS.
 SPIRIT OF SCIENCE.
 " " TRUTH.

NEUROSIS enters, richly dressed, as a monarch, with crown and sceptre, and strides about the stage in great agitation. He is followed by PARALYSIS, who, putting aside his crutches, lies down upon mats and flannels. Next comes PYROSIS, who reclines beside PARALYSIS. — Music throughout the scene.†

NEUROSIS. Behold and listen ! Numberless as were formerly the varieties of disease, doctors arose sufficiently skilful to combat them all. Our power is declining. Therefore we will unite and spread disorders with such violence that none can be cured. I pledge myself to this work by my honor as the sovereign of nervous diseases.

PYROSIS. And I will ordain that fever shall rage throughout the world. No skill shall counteract the calamities that I will create.

PARALYSIS. Palsy is my dominion. My legs totter beneath me, but for my zeal in diffusing the malady which I control, I have been promoted to the dignity of two crutches, and I expect soon to be hailed as the Mikado (Tennō) of the Paralytic Empire.

NEUROSIS. Midnight has sounded.

PYROSIS. Our time is short. Let us concert our plans. From this time forth disease must triumph.

PARALYSIS. The skill of the physicians is decreasing every day. We shall have little trouble.

NEUROSIS and PYROSIS. Nevertheless, let us —

* The title involves a series of puns, and cannot well be translated. It suggests at once ideas of science from the "Western Ocean" (Nishi no Umi), of a popular method of New-Year's greeting, by hanging pine boughs at the gate of a dwelling (Warau Kado Matsuz), and of the doctor's family name.

† Japanese dramatic representations, like those of the Chinese, are liberally accompanied with instrumental music. On this occasion, two samisen and a drum constituted the orchestra.

SCIENCE (*cries from without*). I surrender, I surrender !

NEUROSIS. What is the meaning of this interruption ?

SCIENCE enters, disguised as a blind shampooer,* and repeatedly prostrates himself.

SCIENCE. Pardon me ; I surrender.

NEUROSIS. Why do you cry out thus "I surrender" ?

SCIENCE. Like most of my brethren I was born and reared in blindness, and my life has been passed in fighting blindly against disease. But now disease becomes too strong for us, and the race of doctors is falling into contempt. From this day I will be of your party. Pray take me into your party.

NEUROSIS. Ah, you wish to join the party of disease ?

PYROSIS. And if we accept you, in what way can you serve us ?

SCIENCE. I will pretend to be still your enemy, and will visit all the dispensaries, and misplace the drugs. All medicines shall be mixed together. Disease shall thrive. Give yourselves no concern about my conduct.

NEUROSIS. It sounds well. But tell us —

PYROSIS. Ay, tell us what maladies are now most prevalent.

PARALYSIS. That is the point.

SCIENCE. You shall hear.

As they gather together, TRUTH enters, also disguised.

SCIENCE. What is this fellow doing here ?

TRUTH. Listen. For ten years I have been an unsuccessful doctor. Hundreds of persons have died by my hands, as you should know. At last I am deserted by my patients, and outlawed by the faculty. I cannot hold my head erect among them. You, my friend (*to SCIENCE*), have surrendered.

* There is a common and quite numerous class of self-styled doctors in Japan, whose sole art is that of skilful "shampooing," or rapid rubbing of the body from head to foot, somewhat after the manner practised in Turkish baths. Many of these are blind.

I, too, come to beg admission to the society of disease.

NEUROSIS. It is pleasant to find so many physicians coming over to our side. The cause prospers, and disease will soon rule the world.

PYROSIS. This is an augury of victory. Let us, therefore, drink and be merry.

PARALYSIS. Willingly; only, unluckily, we have no wine.

TRUTH (*producing a flask*). I have a flask here, if you can find glasses.

NEUROSIS. Hold! hold! The world declares that saki is used in several medicines; if saki is a medicine we must not drink saki!

TRUTH. Make yourself easy. This is not saki, but a draught composed of several poisons, which I am sure will have a very interesting effect upon you, and will aid hereafter in spreading disease.

ALL. Then of course we will drink.

The liquor is poured out and drunk.

NEUROSIS. Excellent.

ALL. Admirable.

The music becomes more rapid, while the three Genii of disease dance and sing hilariously. As they grow excited, their secret qualities are developed. NEUROSIS is splenetic, PARALYSIS shakes with laughter, PYROSIS weeps hysterically. Presently they lie down exhausted.

SCIENCE (*aside*). My plan succeeds.

TRUTH (*to SCIENCE*). Do not rouse them. Our spell is upon them, and they are in our power. While they sleep, Science and Truth will make them harmless forever.

Pantomime. The three Genii awake.

SCIENCE AND TRUTH. Your reign is ended. You must withdraw from this place, for we have robbed you of your power. We are the everlasting enemies of disease.

NEUROSIS. Then you have deceived us. We believed you were our confederates. Or is it all a jest?

TRUTH. It is no jest. I have used

a stratagem to destroy you. I am the mighty spirit called Truth.

SCIENCE. And I am Science. Truly in former times I was nothing but a blind shampooer, but that is all changed now.

THE THREE GENII. And the draught?—

SCIENCE. Was BEER, prepared by Matsumoto, and manufactured by Hashiba & Co., Asakusa.

TRUTH. A powerful assistant in curing disease.

NEUROSIS. O, if we have swallowed that beer, of which we have heard so much, we are indeed bewitched.

The Genii attack the Spirits of TRUTH and SCIENCE; the latter removes his hat, and rays of light spring from his head, which dazzle and transfix the assailants.

THE GENII. The effect of medicine is a horrible thing!

NEUROSIS. One thing is clear, we can never enter *this* place to scatter disease.

So ended the allegorical part of the dialogue. A few jocular phrases followed; but as they were crowded with puns and droll misapplications of names of persons present, it is impossible to translate them. Another general dance, again in odd resemblance to a *cancan*, terminated the whole. Author and actor were rewarded with vigorous cheers. Our blue handkerchiefs were flung by dozens, as bouquets might elsewhere be flung, upon the stage. Did I mention the blue handkerchiefs before? Ah, well, I should have said that, upon entering, each guest was presented a neat square half-yard of linen cloth with appropriate inscriptions of welcome in various languages worked into the fabric. Dr. Matsumoto effervesced with good-humor like a freshly poured glass of his own eulogized beer. Everybody was in raptures, and it seemed as if nothing could add to the universal contentment, when lo! the door flew open, and a procession of servants appeared, bringing richly

stored trays of food, this time prepared according to the orthodox Japanese methods. What more could be needed? This was the climax, and before the chop-sticks were broken apart* for the

* In the best Japanese houses, the chop-sticks are united, at the beginning of a feast, like a couple of matches. This is to show that they have not before been used, and partly, perhaps, to satisfy that destructive element in human nature which, even in moments of convivial anticipation, experiences a satisfaction in raptures so trivial as that of a bit of bifurcated shingle.

impending ceremony we, the people of the United States, took hasty leave and vanished from the scene. And as we rode leisurely back in the moonlight to our distant homes, I think we both agreed that in no other place could we, at least, have passed our New-Year's day of 1871 with such hearty and novel enjoyment, or in a manner more significant to us of that cultivated development the progress of which in this land it is our constant pleasure to applaud.

E. H. H.

WATCH AND WARD.

IN FIVE PARTS: PART FIFTH.

IX.

NORA frequently wondered in after years how that Sunday afternoon had worked itself away; how, through the tumult of amazement and grief, decision, illumination, action had finally come. She had disembarrassed herself of a vague attempt of Mrs. Keith's towards some compensatory caress, and making her way half blindly to her own room, had sat down face to face with her trouble. Here, if ever, was thunder from a clear sky. Her friend's disclosure took time to swell to its full magnitude; for an hour she sat, half stunned, seeming to see it climb heaven-high and glare upon her like some monstrous blighting sun. Then at last she broke into a cry and wept. For an hour she poured out her tears; the ample flood seemed to purge and unchoke the channel of thought. Her immense pain gushed and filtered through her heart and passed out in shuddering sobs. The whole face of things was hideously altered; a sudden chasm had yawned in that backward outlook of her life which had seemed to command the very headspring of domestic security. Between the world and her, much might happen; between her and Roger, nothing! She felt hor-

ribly deluded and injured; the sense of suffered wrong absorbed for the time the thought of wrong inflicted. She was too weak for indignation, but she overflowed with a tenderness of reproach which contained the purest essence of resentment. That Roger, whom all these years she had fancied as simple as charity, should have been as double as interest, should have played a part and laid a train, that she had been living in darkness, in illusion, on lies, was a sickening, tormenting thought. The worst of the worst was, that she had been cheated of the chance to be really loyal. Why had he never told her that she wore a chain? Why, when he took her, had he not drawn up his terms and made his bargain? She would have kept it, she would have taught herself to be his wife. Duty then would have been duty; sentiment would have been sentiment; her youth would not have been so wretchedly misspent. She would have surrendered her heart gladly in its youth; doubtless it would have learned to beat to a decent and satisfied measure; but now it had throbbed to a finer music, a melody that would ring in her ears forever. But she had challenged conscience, poor girl, in retrospect; at the very

whisper of its name, it stood before her as a living fact. Suddenly, with an agonizing moral convulsion, she found herself dedicating her tears to her own want of faith. She it was who had been cruel, cunning, heedless of a sacred obligation. The longer she gazed at the situation, the more without relief or issue it seemed to her; the more densely compounded of their common fatal want of wisdom. That out of it now, on her part, repentance and assent should spring, seemed as a birth of folly out of chaos. Was she to be startled back into a marriage which experience had overpassed? Yet what should she do? To be what she had been, and to be what Roger wished her to be, were now alike impossible. While she turned in her pain, longing somehow to act, Mrs. Keith knocked at the door. Nora repaired to the dressing-glass, to efface the traces of her tears; and while she stood there, she saw in her open dressing-case her last letter from her cousin. It supplied the thought she was vaguely groping for. By the time she had crossed the room and opened the door, she had welcomed and blessed this thought; and while she gravely shook her head in response to Mrs. Keith's softly urgent, "Nora, dear, won't you let me come to you?" she had passionately embraced it. "I had rather be alone," she said; "I thank you very much."

It was nearly six o'clock; Mrs. Keith was dressed for the evening. It was her gracious practice on Sundays to dine with her mother-in-law. Nora knew, therefore, that if her companion accepted this present dismissal, she would be alone for several hours.

"Can't I do something for you?" Mrs. Keith inquired, soothingly.

"Nothing at all, thank you. You're very kind."

Mrs. Keith looked at her, wondering whether this was the irony of bitter grief; but a certain cold calmness in the young girl's face, overlying her agitation, seemed to intimate that she had taken a wise resolve. And, in fact, Nora was now soaring sublime on the

wings of purpose, and viewed Mrs. Keith's offence as a diminished fact. Mrs. Keith took her hands. "Write him a line, my dear," she gently adjured.

Nora nodded. "Yes, I will write him a line."

"And when I come back, it will be all over?"

"Yes,—all over."

"God bless you, my dear." And on this theological *gracieuseté* the two women kissed and separated. Nora returned to her dressing-case and read over her cousin's letter. Its clear friendliness seemed to ring out audibly amid this appalling hush of the harmonies of life. "I wish you might know a day's friendliness or a day's freedom,—yours without question, without condition, and till death." Here was the voice of nature, of appointed protection; the sound of it aroused her early sense of native nearness to her cousin; had he been at hand she would have sought a wholesome refuge in his arms. She sat down at her writing-table, with her brow in her hands, light-headed with her passionate purpose, steadying herself to think. A day's freedom had come at last; a lifetime's freedom confronted her. For, as you will have guessed, immediate retrocession and departure had imperiously prescribed themselves. Until this had taken place, there could be nothing but deeper trouble. On the old terms there could be no clearing up; she could speak to Roger again only in perfect independence. She must throw off those suffocating bounties which had been meant to hold her to the service in which she had so miserably failed. Her failure now she felt no impulse to question, her decision no energy to revise. I shall have told my story ill if these things seem to lack logic. The fault lay deeper and dated from longer ago than her morning's words of denial. Roger and she shared it between them; it was a heavy burden for both. He had wondered, we may add, whether that lurking force which gave her the dignity that entranced him, was humility

or pride. Would he have wondered now ?

She wrote her "line," as she had promised Mrs. Keith, rapidly, without erasure ; then wrote another to Mrs. Keith, folded and directed them and laid them on her dressing-table. She remembered now, distinctly, that she had heard of a Sunday-evening train to New York. She hastened down stairs, found in a newspaper the railway advertisement, and learned that the train started at eight ; satisfied herself, too, that the coast was clear of servants, and that she might depart unquestioned. She bade a gleeful farewell to her borrowed possessions, vain bribes, ineffective lures. She exchanged the dress she had worn to church for an old black silk one, put a few articles of the first necessity into a small travelling-bag, and emptied her purse of all save a few dollars. Then bonneted, shawled, veiled, with her bag in her hand, she went forth into the street. She would begin as she would have to proceed ; she started for the station, savingly, on foot. Happily it was not far off ; she reached it through the wintry darkness, out of breath, but in safety. She seemed to feel about her, as she went, the reckless makeshift atmosphere of her childhood. She was once more her father's daughter. She bought her ticket and found a seat in the train without adventure ; with a sort of shame, in fact, that this great deed of hers should be so easy to do. But as the train rattled hideously through the long wakeful hours of the night, difficulties came thickly ; in the mere oppression of her conscious purpose, in the keener vision at moments of Roger's distress, in a vague dread of the great unknown into which she was rushing. But she could do no other,—no other ; with this refrain she lulled her doubts. It was strange how, as the night elapsed and her heart-beats seemed to keep time to the crashing swing of the train, her pity grew for her friend. It would have been a vast relief to be able to hate him. Her undiminished affection,

forced back on her heart, swelled and rankled there tormentingly. But unable to hate Roger, she could at least abuse herself. Every fact of the last six years, in this new light, seemed to glow like a portent of that morning scene, and, in contrast, her own insensibility seemed to mantle with the duskiness of sin. She felt a passionate desire to redeem herself by work,—work of any kind, at any cost,—the harder, the humbler the better. Her music, she deemed, would have a marketable value ; she would write to Miss Murray, her former teacher, and beg her to employ her or recommend her. Her lonely life would borrow something of the dignity it so sadly needed from teaching scales to little girls in pinafores. Meanwhile George, George, was the word. She kept his letter clinched in her hand during half the journey. But among all these things she found time to think of one who was neither George nor Roger. Hubert Lawrence had wished in memorable accents that he had known her friendless and helpless. She imagined now that her placid dependence had stirred his contempt. But for this, *he* might have cut the knot of her destiny. As she thought of him it seemed not misery, but happiness, to be wandering forth alone. She wished he might see her sitting there in poverty ; she wondered whether there was a chance of her meeting him in New York. She would tell him then that she understood and forgave him. What had seemed cruelty was in fact magnanimity ; for, of course, he had learned Roger's plan, and on this ground had renounced. She wondered whether she might properly let him know that she was free.

Toward morning, weariness mastered her and she fell asleep. She was aroused by a great tumult and the stopping of the train. It had arrived. She found with dismay that, as it was but seven o'clock, she had two or three hours on her hands. George would hardly be at his place of business before ten, and the interval seemed for-

midable. The dusk of a winter's morning lingered still, and increased her trouble. But she followed her companions and stood in the street. Half a dozen hackmen attacked her; a facetious gentleman, lighting a cigar, asked her if she would n't take a carriage with him.

She made her escape from the bustle and hurried along the street, praying to be unnoticed. She told herself sternly that now her difficulties had begun and must be bravely faced; but as she stood at the street-corner, beneath an unextinguished lamp, listening to the nascent hum of the town, she felt a most unreasoned sinking of the heart. A Dutch grocer, behind her, was beginning to open his shop; an ash-barrel stood beside her, and while she lingered an old woman with a filthy bag on her back came and poked in it with a stick; a policeman, muffled in a comforter, came lounging squarely along the pavement and took her slender measure with his hard official eye. What a hideous sordid world! She was afraid to do anything but walk and walk. Fortunately, in New York, in the upper region, it is impossible to lose one's way; and she knew that by keeping downward and to the right she would reach her appointed refuge. The streets looked shabby and of ill-repute; the houses seemed mean and sinister. When, to fill her time, she stopped before the window of a small shop, the objects within seemed, in their ugliness, to mock at the delicate needs begotten of Roger's teaching, and now come a-begging. At last she began to feel faint and hungry, for she had fasted since the previous morning. She ventured into an establishment which had *Ladies' Café* inscribed in gilt letters on a blue tablet in the window, and justified its title by an exhibition of stale pies and fly-blown festoons of tissue-paper. On her request, humbly preferred, for a cup of tea, she was served staringly and condescendingly by a half-dressed young woman, with frowzy hair and tumid eyes. The tea was

bad, yet Nora swallowed it, not to complicate the situation. The young woman had come and sat down at her table, handled her travelling-bag, and asked a number of plain questions; among others, if she would n't like to go up and lie down. "I guess it's a dollar," said this person, to conclude her achievements, alluding to the cup of tea. Nora came afterwards to a square, in which was an enclosure containing trees, a frozen fountain, thawing fast, and benches. She went in and sat down on one of the benches. Several of the others were occupied by shabby men, sullen with fasting, with their hands thrust deep into their pockets, swinging their feet for warmth. She felt a faint fellowship in their grim idleness; but the fact that they were all men and she the only woman, seemed to open out deeper depths in her loneliness. At last, when it was nine o'clock, she made her way to Tenth Avenue and to George's address. It was a neighborhood of storehouses and lumberyards, of wholesale traffic in articles she had never heard of, and of multitudinous carts, drawn up along the pavement. She found a large cheap-looking sign in black and white, — *Franks and Fenton*. Beneath it was an alley, and at the end of this alley a small office which seemed to communicate with an extension of the precinct in the rear. The office was open; a small ragged boy was sweeping it with a broom. From him she learned that neither Franks nor Fenton had arrived, but that if she wanted, she might come in and wait. She sat down in a corner, tremulous with conjecture, and scanned the room, trying to bridge over this dull interval with some palpable memento of her cousin. But the desk, the stove, the iron safe, the chairs, the sordid ink-spotted walls, were as blank and impersonal as so many columns of figures. When at last the door opened and a man appeared, it was not Fenton, but, presumably, Franks. Mr. Franks was a small meagre man, with a whitish coloring, weak blue eyes and thin yellow whis-

kers, laboring apparently under a chronic form of that malady vulgarly known as the "fidgets," the opening steps of Saint Vitus's dance. He nodded, he stumbled, he jerked his arms and legs about with pitiful comicality. He had a huge protuberant forehead, such a forehead as would have done honor to a Goethe or a Newton; but poor Mr. Franks must have been at best a man of genius *manqué*. In other words, he was next door to a fool. He informed Nora, on learning her errand, that his partner ("pardner" he called it) was gone to Williamsburg on business, and would not return till noon; meanwhile, was it anything *he* could do? Nora's heart sank at this vision of comfort still deferred; but she thanked Mr. Franks, and begged leave to sit in her corner and wait. Her presence seemed to redouble his agitation; she remained for an hour gazing in painful fascination at his grotesque shrugs and spasms, as he busied himself at his desk. The Muse of accounts, for poor Mr. Franks, was, in fact, not habitually a young woman, thrice beautiful with trouble, sitting so sensibly at his elbow. Nora wondered how George had come to marry his strength to such weakness; then she guessed that it was his need of capital that had discovered a secret affinity with Mr. Franks's need of brains. The merciless intensity of thought begotten by her excitement suggested the dishonorable color of this connection. From time to time Mr. Franks wheeled about in his chair and fixed her solemnly with his pallid glance, as if to offer her the privilege of telling him her story; and on her failure to avail herself of it, turned back to his ledger with a little grunt of injury and a renewal of his vacant nods and becks. As the morning wore away, various gentlemen of the kind designated as "parties" came in and demanded Fenton, quite over Mr. Franks's restless head. Several of them sat awhile on tilted chairs, chewing their toothpicks, stroking their beards, and listening with a half-bored grin to what appeared to

be an intensely confidential exposition of Mr. Franks's wrongs. One of them, as he departed, gave Nora a wink, as if to imply that the state of affairs between the two members of the firm was so broad a joke that even a pretty young woman might enjoy it. At last, when they had been alone again for half an hour, Mr. Franks closed with a slap the great leathern flanks of his account-book, and sat a moment burying his head in his arms. Then he suddenly rose and stood before the young girl. "Mr. Fenton's your cousin, Miss, you say, eh? Well, then, let me tell you that your cousin's a rascal! I can prove it to you on them books! Where is my money, thirty thousand dollars that I put into this d—d humbug of a business? What is there to show for it? I've been made a fool of,—as if I was n't fool enough already." The tears stood in his eyes, he stamped with the bitterness of his spite; and then thrusting his hat on his head and giving Nora's amazement no time to reply, he darted out of the door and went up the alley. Nora saw him from the window, looking up and down the street. Suddenly, while he stood and while she looked, George came up. Mr. Franks's fury seemed suddenly to evaporate; he received his companion's hand-shake and nodded toward the office, as if to tell of Nora's being there; while, to her surprise, George hereupon, without looking toward the window, turned back into the street. In a few minutes, however, he reappeared alone, and in another moment he stood before her. "Well!" he cried; "here's a sensation!"

"George," she said, "I've taken you at your word."

"My word? O yes!" cried George, bravely.

She instantly perceived that he was changed, and not for the better. He looked older, he was better dressed and more prosperous; but as Nora glanced at him, she felt that she had asked too much of her heart. In fact, George was the same George, only

more so, as the phrase is. The lapse of a year and a half had hammered him hard. His face had acquired the settled expression of a man turning over a hard bargain with cynical suspicion. He looked at Nora from head to foot, and in a moment he had noted her simple dress and her pale face. "What on earth has happened?" he asked, closing the door with a kick.

Nora hesitated, feeling that, with words, tears might come.

"You're sick," he said, "or you will be."

This horrible idea helped her to recall her self-control. "I've left Mr. Lawrence," she said.

"So I see!" said George, wavering between relish and disapproval. When, a few moments before, his partner had told him that a young lady was in the office, calling herself his cousin, he had straightway placed himself on his guard. The case was delicate; so that, instead of immediately advancing, he had retreated behind a green baize door twenty yards off, had "taken something," and briskly meditated. She had taken him at his word: he knew that before she told him. But confound his word, if it came to this! It had been meant, not as an invitation to put herself under his care, but as a simple high-colored hint of his standing claims. George, however, had a native sympathy with positive measures; Nora evidently had engaged in one which, as such, might yield profit. "How do you stand?" he asked. "Have you quarrelled?"

"Don't call it a quarrel, George! He's as kind, he's kinder than ever!" Nora cried. "But what do you think? He has asked me to marry him."

"Eh, my dear, I told you so!"

"I did n't believe you! I ought to have believed you. But it is n't only that. It is that, years ago, he adopted me with that view. He brought me up for that purpose. He has done everything for me on that condition. I was to pay my debt and be his wife! I never dreamed of it. And now at last

that I'm a woman grown and he makes his demand, I can't, I can't!"

"You can't, eh? So you've left him!"

"Of course I've left him. It was the only thing to do. It was give and take. I can't give what he wants, nor can I give back all I have received. But I can refuse to take more."

Fenton sat on the edge of his desk, swinging his leg. He folded his arms and whistled a lively air, looking at Nora with a brightened eye. "I see, I see," he said.

Telling her tale had deepened her color and added to her beauty. "So here I am," she went on. "I know that I'm dreadfully alone, that I'm homeless and helpless. But it's a heaven to living as I have lived. I have been content all these days, because I thought I could content him. But we never understood each other. He has given me immeasurable happiness; I know that; and he knows that I know it; don't you think he knows, George?" she cried, eager even in her reserve. "I would have made him a sister, a friend. But I don't expect you to understand all this. It's enough that I'm satisfied. I'm satisfied," the poor girl repeated vehemently. "I'm not going into the heroics; you can trust me, George. I mean to earn my own living. I can teach; I'm a good musician; I want above all things to work. I shall look for some employment without delay. All this time I might have been writing to Miss Murray. But I was sick with impatience to see you. To come to you was the only thing I could do; but I sha'n't trouble you for long."

Fenton seemed to have but half caught the meaning of this impassioned statement, for simple admiration of her radiant purity of purpose was fast getting the better of his caution. He gave his knee a loud slap. "Nora," he said, "you're a great girl!"

For a moment she was silent and thoughtful. "For heaven's sake," she cried at last, "say nothing to make me feel that I have done this thing

too easily, too proudly and recklessly! Really, I'm anything but brave. I'm full of doubts and fears."

"You're beautiful; that's one sure thing!" said Fenton. "I'd rather marry you than lose you. Poor Lawrence!" Nora turned away in silence and walked to the window, which grew to her eyes, for the moment, as the "glimmering square" of the poet. "I thought you loved him so!" he added, abruptly. Nora turned back with an effort and a blush. "If he were to come to you now," he went on, "and go down on his knees and beg and plead and rave and all that sort of thing, would you still refuse him?"

She covered her face with her hands. "O George, George!" she cried.

"He'll follow you, of course. He'll not let you go so easily."

"Possibly; but I have begged him solemnly to let me take my way. Roger is n't one to rave and rage. At all events, I shall refuse to see him now. A year hence, perhaps. His great desire will be, of course, that I don't suffer. I sha' n't suffer."

"By Jove, not if I can help it!" cried Fenton, with warmth. Nora answered with a faint, grave smile, and stood looking at him, invoking by her helpless silence some act of high protection. He colored beneath her glance with the pressure of his thoughts. They resolved themselves chiefly into the recurring question, "What can be made of it?" While he was awaiting inspiration, he took refuge in a somewhat inexpensive piece of gallantry. "By the way, you must be hungry."

"No, I'm not hungry," said Nora, "but I'm tired. You must find me a lodging—in some quiet hotel."

"O, you shall be quiet enough," he answered; but he insisted that unless, meanwhile, she took some dinner, he should have her ill on his hands. They quitted the office, and he hailed a hack, which drove them over to the upper Broadway region, where they were soon established in a well-appointed restaurant. They made, however, no very hearty meal. Nora's

hunger of the morning had passed away in fever, and Fenton himself was, as he would have expressed it, off his feed. Nora's head had begun to ache; she had removed her bonnet, and sat facing him at their small table, leaning wearily against the wall, her plate neglected, her arms folded, her bright eyes expanded with her trouble and consulting the uncertain future. He noted narrowly her splendid gain of beauty since their parting; but more even than by this he was struck by her brave playing of her part, and by the purity and mystery of moral temper it implied. It belonged to a line of conduct in which *he* felt no commission to dabble; but in a creature of another sort he was free to admire these luxuries of conscience. In man or woman the capacity then and there to *act* was the thing he most relished. Nora had not faltered and wavered; she had chosen, and here she sat. He felt a sort of rage that he was not the manner of man for whom such a woman might so choose, and that his own temper was pitched in so much lower a key; for as he looked askance at her beautiful absent eyes, he more than suspected that there was a positive as well as a negative side to her refusal of her friend. To refuse Roger, favored as Roger was, her heart, at least, must have accepted another. It was love, and not indifference, that had pulled the wires of her adventure. Fenton, as we have intimated, was one who, when it suited him, could ride rough-shod to his mark. "You've told me half your story," he said, "but your eyes tell the rest. You'll not be Roger's wife, but you'll not die an old maid."

She started, and her utmost effort at self-control was unable to banish a beautiful guiltiness from her blush. "To what you can learn from my eyes you are welcome," she said. "Though they may compromise me, they won't any one else."

"My dear girl," he said, "I religiously respect your secrets." But, in truth, he only half respected them. Stirred as he was by her beauty and

by that sense of feminine appeal which to a man who retains aught of the generosity of manhood is the most inspiring of all motives, he was keenly mortified by the feeling that her tenderness passed him by, barely touching him with the hem of its garment. She was doing mighty fine things, but she was using him, her hard, shabby cousin, as a senseless stepping-stone. These reflections quickened his appreciation of her charm, but took the edge from his delicacy. As they rose to go, Nora, who in spite of her absent eyes had watched him well, felt that cousinship was but a name. George had been to her maturer vision a singular disappointment. His face, from the moment of their meeting, had given her warning to withdraw her trust. Was it she or he who had changed since that fervid youthful parting of sixteen months before? She, in the interval, had been refined by life; he had been vulgarized. She had seen the world. She had known better things and better men; she had known Hubert, and, more than ever, she had known Roger. But as she drew on her gloves she reflected with horror that trouble was making her fastidious. She wished to be coarse and careless; she wished that she might have eaten a heavy dinner, that she might enjoy taking George's arm. And the slower flowed the current of her confidence, the softer dropped her words. "Now, dear George," she said, with a desperate attempt at a cheerful smile, "let me know where you mean to take me."

"Upon my soul, Nora," he said, with a hard grin, "I feel as if I had a jewel I must lay in soft cotton. The thing is to find it soft enough." With George himself, perhaps, she might make terms; but she had a growing horror of his friends. Among them, probably, were the female correlatives of the men who had come to chat with Mr. Franks. She prayed he might not treat her to company. "You see I want to do the pretty thing," he went on. "I want to treat you, by Jove,

as I'd treat a queen! I can't thrust you all alone into a hotel, and I can't put up at one with you, — can I?"

"I'm not in a position now to be fastidious," said Nora. "I sha'n't object to going alone."

"No, no!" he cried, with a flourish of his hand. "I'll do for you what I'd do for my own sister. I'm not one of your pious boys, but I know the decencies. I live in the house of a lady who lets out rooms, — a very nice little woman; she and I are great cronies; I'm sure you'll like her. She'll make you as snug as you ever were with our friend Roger! A female companion for a lonely girl is never amiss, you know. She's a first-rate little woman. You'll see!"

Nora's heart sank, but she assented. They re-entered their carriage, and a drive of moderate length brought them to a brown-stone dwelling of the third order of gentility, as one may say, stationed in a cheap and serried row. In a few moments, in a small tawdry front parlor, Nora was introduced to George's hostess, the nice little woman, Mrs. Paul by name. Nice enough she seemed, for Nora's comfort. She was youngish and fair, plump and comely, with a commendable air of remote widowhood. She was a trifle too loving on short acquaintance, perhaps; but, after all, thought Nora, who was she now, to complain of that? When the two women had gone up stairs, Fenton put on his hat, — he could never meditate without it (he had written that last letter to Nora with his beaver resting on the bridge of his nose), — and paced slowly up and down the narrow entry, chewing the end of a cigar, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground. In ten minutes Mrs. Paul reappeared. "Well, sir," she cried, "what does all this mean?"

"It means money, if you'll not scream so loud," he answered. "Come in here." They went into the parlor and remained there for a couple of hours with closed doors. At last Fenton came forth and left the house. He walked along the street, humming gen-

tly to himself. Dusk had fallen ; he stopped beneath a lighted lamp at the corner, looked up and down a moment, and then exhaled a deep, an almost melancholy sigh. Having thus purged his conscience, he proceeded to business. He consulted his watch ; it was five o'clock. An empty hack rolled by ; he called it and got in, breathing the motto of great spirits, "Confound the expense !" His business led him to visit successively several of the upper hotels. Roger, he argued, starting immediately in pursuit of Nora, would have taken the first train from Boston, and would now have been more than an hour in town. Fenton could, of course, proceed only by probabilities ; but according to these, Roger was to be found at one of the establishments aforesaid. Fenton knew his New York, and, from what he knew of Roger, he believed him to be at the Brevoort House. Here, in fact, he found his name freshly registered. He would give him time, however ; he would take time himself. He stretched his long legs awhile on one of the divans in the hall. At last Roger appeared, strolling gloomily down the corridor, with his eyes on the ground. For a moment Fenton scarcely recognized him. He was pale and grave ; distress had already made him haggard. Fenton observed that, as he passed, people stared at him. He walked slowly to the street door ; whereupon Fenton, fearing he might lose him, followed him, and stood for a moment behind him. Roger turned suddenly, as if from an instinct of the other's nearness, and the two faced each other. Those dumb eyes of Roger's for once were eloquent. They glowed like living coals.

X.

The good lady who enjoyed the sin-
ecure of being mother-in-law to Mrs.
Keith passed on that especial Sunday
an exceptionally dull evening. Her
son's widow was oppressed and preoc-
upied, and took an early leave. Mrs.

Keith's first question on reaching home
was whether Nora had left her room.
On learning that she had quitted the
house alone, after dark, Mrs. Keith
made her way, stirred by vague conjec-
ture, to the empty chamber, where, of
course, she speedily laid her hands on
those two testamentary notes of which
mention has been made. In a moment
she had read the one addressed to her-
self. Perturbed as she was, she yet
could not repress an impulse of intelli-
gent applause. Ah, how character plays
the cards ! how a fine girl's very errors
set her off ! If Roger longed for Nora
to-day, who could measure the morrow's
longing ? He might enjoy, however,
without waiting for the morrow, this
refinement of desire. In spite of the
late hour, Mrs. Keith repaired to his
abode, armed with the other letter,
deeming this, at such a moment, a
more gracious course than to send for
him. The letter Roger found to be
brief but pregnant. "Dear Roger," it
ran, "I learned this afternoon the se-
cret of all these years, — too late for our
happiness. I have been blind ; you
have been too forbearing, — generous
where you should have been narrowly
just. I never dreamed of what this
day would bring. Now, I must leave
you ; I can do nothing else. This is
no time to thank you for these years,
but I shall live to do so yet. Dear
Roger, get married, and send me your
children to teach. I shall live by
teaching. I have a family, you know ;
I go to N. Y. to-night. I write this on
my knees, imploring you to be happy.
One of these days, when I have learned
to be myself again, we shall be better
friends than ever. I beg you solemnly
not to follow me."

Mrs. Keith sat with her friend half
the night in contemplation of this pro-
digious fact. For the first time in her
knowledge of him she saw Roger vio-
lent, — violent with horror and self-cen-
sure, and vain imprecation of circum-
stance. But as the hours passed, she
noted that effect of which she had had
prevision : the intenser heat of his
passion, the need to answer act with

act. He spoke of Nora with lowered tones, with circumlocutions, as some old pagan of an unveiled goddess. Consistency is a jewel; Mrs. Keith maintained in the teeth of the event that she had given sound advice. "She 'll have you yet," she said, "if you let her alone. Take her at her word, — don't follow her. Let her knock against the world a little, and she 'll make you a better wife for this very escapade."

This philosophy seemed to Roger too stoical by half; to sit at home and let Nora knock against the world was more than he could undertake. "Wife or no wife," he said, "I must bring her back. I'm responsible for her to Heaven. Good God! think of her afloat in that horrible city with that rascal of a half-cousin — her 'family' she calls him! — for a pilot!" He took, of course, the first train to New York. How to proceed, where to look, was a hard question; but to linger and waver was agony. He was haunted, as he went, with dreadful visions of what might have befallen her; it seemed to him that he had hated her till now.

Fenton, as he recognized him, seemed a comfortable sight, in spite of his detested identity. He was better than uncertainty. "You have news for me!" Roger cried. "Where is she?"

Fenton looked about him at his leisure, feeling, agreeably, that now *he* held the cards. "Gently," he said. "Had n't we better retire?" Upon which Roger, grasping his arm with grim devotion, led him to his own bedroom. "I rather hit it," George went on. "I'm not the fool you once tried to make me seem."

"Where is she, — tell me that!" Roger demanded.

"Allow me, dear sir," said Fenton, settling himself in spacious vantage. "If I've come here to oblige you, you must let me take my own way. You don't suppose I've rushed to meet you out of pure gratitude! I owe it to my cousin, in the first place, to say that I've come without her knowledge."

"If you mean only to torture me," Roger answered, "say so outright. Is she well? is she safe?"

"Safe? the safest woman in the city, sir! A delightful home, maternal care!"

Roger wondered whether Fenton was making horrible sport of his trouble; he turned cold at the thought of maternal care of his providing. But he cautioned himself to lose nothing by arrogance. "I thank you extremely for your kindness. Nothing remains but that I should see her."

"Nothing indeed! You're very considerate. You know that she particularly objects to seeing you."

"Possibly! But that's for her to say. I claim the right to take the refusal from her own lips."

Fenton looked at him with an impudent parody of compassion. "Don't you think you've had refusals enough? You must enjoy 'em!"

Roger turned away with an imprecation, but he continued to swallow his impatience. "Mr. Fenton," he said, "you have not come here, I know, to waste words, nor have I to waste temper. You see before you a desperate man. Come, make the most of me! I'm willing, I'm delighted, to be fleeced! You'll help me, but not for nothing. Name your terms."

It is odd how ugly a face our passions, our projects may wear, reflected in other minds, dressed out by other hands. Fenton scowled and flinched, all but repudiated. To save the situation as far as possible, he swaggered. "Well, you see," he answered, "my assistance is worth something. Let me explain how much. You'll not guess! I know your story; Nora has told me everything, — everything! We've had a great talk, I can tell you! Let me give you a little hint of my story, — and excuse egotism! You proposed to her; she refused you. You offered her money, luxury, a position. She knew you, she liked you enormously, yet she refused you flat! Now reflect on this."

There was something revolting to

Roger in seeing his adversary profaning these sacred mysteries; he protested. "I *have* reflected, abundantly. You can tell me nothing. Her affections," he added, stiffly, to make an end of it, "were pre-engaged."

"Exactly! You see how that complicates matters. Poor, dear little Nora!" And Fenton gave a twist to his mustache. "Imagine, if you can, how a man placed as I am feels toward a woman, — toward *the* woman! If he reciprocates, it's love, it's passion, it's what you will, but it's common enough! But when he does n't repay her in kind, when he can't, poor devil, it's — it's — upon my word," cried Fenton, slapping his knee, "it's chivalry!"

For some moments Roger failed to appreciate the astounding purport of these observations; then, suddenly, it dawned upon him. "Do I understand you," he asked, in a voice gentle by force of wonder, "that *you* are the man?"

Fenton squared himself in his chair. "You've hit it, sir. I'm the man, — the happy, the unhappy man. Damn it, sir, it's not my fault!"

Roger stood lost in tumultuous silence; Fenton felt his eyes penetrating him to the core. "Excuse me," said Roger, at last, "if I suggest your giving me some slight evidence of this extraordinary fact!"

"Evidence? is n't there evidence enough and to spare? When a young girl gives up home and friends and fortune and — and reputation, and rushes out into the world to throw herself into a man's arms, you may make a note of her preference, I think! But if you'll not take my word, you may leave it! I may look at the matter once too often, let me tell you! I admire Nora with all my heart; I worship the ground she treads on; but I confess I'm afraid of her; she's too good for me; she was meant for a finer gentleman than I! By which I don't mean *you*, of necessity. But you have been good to her, and you have a claim. It has been cancelled, in a measure; but you wish

to re-establish it. Now you see that I stand in your way; that if I had a mind to, I might stand there forever! Hang it, sir, I'm playing the part of a saint. I have but a word to say to settle my case, and yours too! But I have my eye on a lady neither so young nor so pretty as my cousin, but whom I can marry with a better conscience, for she expects no more than I can give her. Nevertheless, I don't answer for myself. A man is n't a saint by the week! Talk about conscience when a beautiful girl sits gazing at you through a mist of tears! O, you have yourself to thank for it all! A year and a half ago, if you had n't treated me like a sharper, Nora would have been content to treat me like a cousin. But women have a fancy for an outlaw. You turned me out of doors, and Nora's heart went with me. It has followed me ever since. Here I sit with my ugly face and hold it in my hand. As I say, I don't quite know what to do with it. You propose an arrangement, I inquire your terms. A man loved is a man listened to. If I were to say to Nora to-morrow, 'My dear girl, you've made a mistake. You're in a false position. Go back to Mr. Lawrence directly, and then we'll talk about it!' she'd look at me a moment with those eyes of hers, she'd sigh, she'd gather herself up like a queen on trial for treason, remanded to prison, — and she'd march to your door. Once she's within it, it's your own affair. That's what I can do. Now what can you do? Come, something handsome!"

Fenton spoke loud and fast, as if to deepen and outstrip possible self-contempt. Roger listened amazedly to this prodigious tissue of falsity, impudence and greed, and at last, as Fenton paused, and he seemed to see Nora's image blushing piteously beneath this heavy mantle of dishonor, his disgust broke forth. "Upon my word, sir," he cried, "you go too far; you ask too much. Nora in love with you, — you who have n't the grace even to lie decently! Tell me she's ill, she's lost, she's dead; but don't tell me she

can fancy you for a moment an honest man ! ”

Fenton rose and stood for a moment, glaring with anger at his vain self-exposure. For an instant, Roger expected a tussle. But Fenton deemed that he could deal harder vengeance than by his fists. “ Very good ! ” he cried. “ You ’ve chosen. I don’t mind your words ; you’re a fool at best, and of course you’re twenty times a fool when you’re put out by a disagreeable truth. But you’re not such a fool, I guess, as not to repent ! ” And Fenton made a rather braver exit than you might have expected.

Roger’s recent vigil with Mrs. Keith had been hideous enough ; but he was yet to learn that a sleepless night may contain deeper possibilities of suffering. He had flung back Fenton’s words, but they returned to the charge. When once the gate is opened to self-torture, the whole army of fiends files in. Before morning he had fairly out-Fentoned Fenton. There he tossed, himself a living instance, if need were, of the furious irresponsibility of passion ; loving in the teeth of reason, of hope, of justice almost, in blind obedience to a reckless personal need. Why, if *his* passion scorned counsel, was Nora’s bound to take it ? We love as we must, not as we should ; and she, poor girl, had bowed to the common law. In the morning he slept awhile for weariness, but he awoke to a world of agitation. If Fenton’s tale was true, and if, at Mrs. Keith’s instigation, his own suspicions had done Hubert wrong, he would go to Hubert, pour out his woes, and demand aid and comfort. He must move to find rest. Hubert’s lodging was high up town ; Roger started on foot. The weather was perfect ; one of those happy days of February which seem to snatch a mood from May, — a day when any sorrow is twice a sorrow. All winter was a-melting ; you heard on all sides, in the still sunshine, the raising of windows ; on the edges of opposing house-tops rested a vault of vernal blue. Where was she hidden, in the vast bright

city ? Hideous seemed the streets and houses and crowds which made gross distance of their nearness. He would have beggared himself for the sound of her voice, though her words might damn him. When at last he reached Hubert’s dwelling a sudden sense of all that he risked checked his steps. Hubert, after all, and Hubert alone, was a possible rival, and it would be sad work to put the torch in his hands ! So he turned heavily back to the Fifth Avenue and kept his way to the Park. Here, for some time he walked about, heeding, feeling, seeing nothing but that garish nature mocked his unsunned soul. At last he sat down on a bench. The delicious mildness of the air almost sickened him. It was some time before he perceived through the mist of his thoughts that two ladies had descended from a carriage hard by, and were approaching his bench, — the only one near at hand. One of these ladies was of great age and evidently infirm ; she came slowly, leaning on her companion’s arm ; she wore a green shade over her eyes. The younger lady, who was in the prime of youth and beauty, supported her friend with peculiar tenderness. As Roger rose to give them place, he dimly observed on the young lady’s face a movement of recognition, a smile, — the smile of Miss Sandys ! Blushing slightly, she frankly greeted him. He met her with the best grace at his command, and felt her eyes, as he spoke, scanning the trouble in his aspect. “ There is no need of my introducing you to my aunt,” she said. “ She has lost her hearing, and her only pleasure is to bask in the sun.” She turned and helped this venerable invalid to settle herself on the bench, put a shawl about her, and satisfied her feeble needs with filial solicitude. At the end of ten minutes of commonplace talk, relieved however by certain mutual glances of a subtler complexion, Roger felt the presence of this fine woman closing about him like some softer moral climate. At last these sympathetic eye-beams resolved themselves, on Miss Sandys’s

part, into speech. "You 're either very unwell, Mr. Lawrence, or very unhappy."

Roger hesitated an instant, under the empire of that stubborn aversion to complaint which, in his character, was half modesty and half philosophy. But Miss Sandys seemed to sit there eying him so like some Muse of friendship that he answered simply, "I'm unhappy!"

"I was afraid it would come!" said Miss Sandys. "It seemed to me when we met, a year ago, that your spirits were too good for this life. You know you told me something which gives me the right—I was going to say, to be interested; let me say, at least, to be compassionate."

"I hardly remember what I told you. I only know that I admired you to a degree which may very well have loosened my tongue."

"O, it was about the charms of another you spoke! You told me about the young girl to whom you had devoted yourself."

"I was dreaming then; now I'm awake!" Roger hung his head and poked the ground with his stick. Suddenly he looked up, and she saw that his eyes were filled with tears. "O Miss Sandys," he cried, "you've stirred deep waters! Don't question me. I'm ridiculous with disappointment and sorrow!"

She gently laid her hand on his arm. "Let me hear it all! I assure you I can't go away and leave you sitting here the same image of suicidal despair I found you."

Thus urged, Roger told his story. In the clear still air of her attention, it seemed to assume to his own vision a larger and more palpable outline. As he talked, he worked off the superficial disorder of his grief. He was forcibly struck, for the first time, with his own great charity; the silent respect of his companion's gaze seemed to attest it. When he came to speak of this dark contingency of Nora's love for her cousin, he threw himself frankly upon Miss Sandys's pity, upon her wisdom.

"Is such a thing possible?" he asked. "Do you believe it?"

She raised her eyebrows. "You must remember that I know neither Miss Lambert nor her kinsman. I can hardly risk a judgment; I can only say this, that the general effect of your story is to diminish my esteem for women, to elevate my opinion of men."

"O, except Nora on one side, and Fenton on the other! Nora's an angel!"

Miss Sandys gave a vexed smile. "Possibly! You're a man, and you ought to have loved a woman. Angels have a good conscience guaranteed them; they may do what they please! If I should except any one, it would be Mr. Hubert Lawrence. I met him the other evening."

"You think it's Hubert then?" Roger demanded mournfully.

Miss Sandys broke into a warm laugh which seemed to Roger to sound the emancipation of his puzzled spirit. "For an angel, Miss Lambert has n't lost her time on earth! But don't ask me for advice, Mr. Lawrence; at least not now and here. Come and see me to-morrow, or this evening. Don't regret having spoken; you may believe at least that the burden of your grief is shared. It was too miserable that at such a time you should be sitting here alone, feeding upon your own heart."

These seemed to Roger rich words; they lost nothing on the speaker's lips. She was indeed admirably beautiful; her face, softened by intelligent pity, was lighted by a gleam of tender irony of his patience. Was he, after all, stupidly patient, ignobly fond? There was in Miss Sandys something singularly assured and complete. Nora, in momentary contrast, seemed a flighty school-girl. He looked about him, vaguely invoking the bright empty air, longing for rest, yet dreading forfeiture. He left his place and strolled across the dull-colored turf. At the base of a tree, on its little bed of sparse raw verdure, he suddenly spied the first violet

of the year. He stooped and picked it; its mild firm tint was the color of friendship. He brought it back to Miss Sandys, who now had risen with her companion and was preparing to return to the carriage. He silently offered her the violet, — a mere pin's head of bloom; a passionate throb of his heart had told him that this was all he could offer her. She took it with a sober smile; it seemed pale beneath her deep eyes. "We shall see you again?" she said.

Roger felt himself blushing to his brows. He had a vision on either hand of an offered cup, — the deep-hued wine of illusion, — the bitter draught of constancy. A certain passionate instinct answered, — an instinct deeper than his wisdom, his reason, his virtue, — deep as his love. "Not now," he said. "A year hence!"

Miss Sandys turned away and stood for a full moment as motionless as some sculptured statue of renunciation. Then, passing her arm caressingly round her companion, "Come, dear aunt," she murmured; "we must go." This little address to the stone-deaf dame was her single tribute to confusion. Roger walked with the ladies to their carriage and silently helped them to enter it. He noted the affectionate tact with which Miss Sandys adjusted her movements to those of her companion. When he lifted his hat, his friend bowed, as he fancied, with an air of redoubled compassion. She had but imagined his prior loss, — she knew his present one! "Ah, she would make a wife!" he said, as the carriage rolled away. He stood watching it for some minutes; then, as it wheeled round a turn, he was seized with a deeper, sorer sense of his impotent idleness. He would go to Hubert to accuse him, if not to appeal to him.

XI.

Nora, relieved of her hostess's company, turned the key in her door and went through certain motions me-

chanically suggestive of her being at rest and satisfied. She unpacked her little bag and repaired her disordered toilet. She took out her writing-materials and prepared to compose a letter to Miss Murray. But she had not written many words before she lapsed into sombre thought. Now that she had seen George again and judged him, she was coming rapidly to feel that to have exchanged Roger's care for his care was, for the time, to have outraged Roger. It may have been needful, but it was none the less a revolting need. But it should pass quickly! She took refuge again in her letter and begged for an immediate reply. From time to time, as she wrote, she heard a step in the house, which she supposed to be George's; it somehow quickened her pen and the ardor of her petition. This was just finished when Mrs. Paul reappeared, bearing a salver charged with tea and toast, — a gracious attention, which Nora was unable to repudiate. The lady took advantage of it to open a conversation. Mrs. Paul's overtures, as well as her tea and toast, were the result of her close conference with Fenton; but though his instructions had made a very pretty show as he laid them down, they dwindled sensibly in the vivid glare of Nora's mistrust. Mrs. Paul, nevertheless, seated herself bravely on the bed and rubbed her plump pretty hands like the best little woman in the world. But the more Nora looked at her, the less she liked her. At the end of five minutes she had conceived a horror of her. It seemed to her that she had met just such women in reports of criminal trials. She had wondered what the heroines of these tragedies were like. Why, like Mrs. Paul, of course! They had her comely stony face, her false smile, her little tulle cap, which seemed forever to discredit coquetry. And here, in her person, sat the whole sinister sisterhood on Nora's bed, calling the young girl "my dear," wanting to take her hand and draw her out! With a defiant flourish, Nora addressed her

letter with Miss Murray's honest title : "I should like to have this posted, please," she said.

"Give it to me, my dear ; I'll attend to it," said Mrs. Paul ; and straightway read the address. "I suppose this is your old schoolmistress. Mr. Fenton told me all about it." Then, after turning the letter for a moment, "Keep it over a day !"

"Not an hour," said Nora, with decision. "My time is precious."

"Why, my dear," cried Mrs. Paul, "we shall be delighted to keep you a month."

"You're very good. You know I've my living to make."

"Don't talk about that ! I make *my* living, — I know what it means ! Come, let me talk to you as a friend. Don't go too far. Suppose, now, you repent ? Six months hence, it may be too late. If you leave him lamenting too long, he'll marry the first pretty girl he sees. They always do, — a man refused is just like a widower. They're not so faithful as the widows ! But let me tell you it's not every girl that gets such a chance ; if I'd had it, I would n't have split hairs ! He'll love you the better, you see, for your having led him a little dance. But he must n't dance too long ! Excuse my breaking out this way ; but Mr. Fenton and I, you see, are great friends, and I feel as if his cousin was my cousin. Take back this letter and give me just one word to post, — *Come !* Poor little man ! You must have a high opinion of men, my dear, to think you had n't drawn a prize !"

If Roger had wished for a proof that sentiment survived in Nora's mind, he would have found it in the disgust she felt at hearing Mrs. Paul undertake his case. She colored with her sense of the defilement of sacred things. George, surely, for an hour, at least, might have kept her story intact. "Really, madam," she answered, "I can't discuss this matter. I'm extremely obliged to you." But Mrs. Paul was not to be so easily baffled. Poor Roger, roaming helpless and hopeless, would have

been amazed to hear how warmly his cause was a-pleading. Nora, of course, made no attempt to argue the case. She waited till the lady had exhausted her eloquence, and then, "I'm a very obstinate person," she said ; "you waste your words. If you go any further I shall feel persecuted." And she rose, to signify that Mrs. Paul might do likewise. Mrs. Paul took the hint, but in an instant she had turned about the hard reverse of her fair face, in which defeated self-interest smirked horribly. "Bah ! you're a silly girl !" she cried ; and swept out of the room. Nora, after this, determined to avoid a second interview with George. Her bad headache furnished a sufficient pretext for escaping it. Half an hour later he knocked at her door, quite too loudly, she thought, for good taste. When she opened it, he stood there, excited, angry, ill-disposed. "I'm sorry you're ill," he said ; "but a night's rest will put you right. I've seen Roger."

"Roger ! he's here ?"

"Yes, he's here. But he don't know where you are. Thank the Lord you left him ! he's a brute !" Nora would fain have learned more, — whether he was angry, whether he was suffering, whether he had asked to see her ; but at these words she shut the door in her cousin's face. She hardly dared think of what offered impertinence this outbreak of Fenton's was the rebound. Her night's rest brought little comfort. Time seemed not to cancel her disturbing thoughts, but to multiply them. She wondered whether Roger had supposed George to be her appointed mediator, and asked herself whether it was not her duty to see him once again and bid him a respectfully personal farewell. It was a long time after she rose before she could bring herself to leave her room. She had a vague hope that if she delayed, her companions might have gone out. But in the dining-room, in spite of the late hour, she found George gallantly awaiting her. He had apparently had the discretion to dismiss Mrs. Paul to the background, and apologized for her absence by saying that

she had breakfasted long since and had gone to market. He seemed to have slept off his wrath and was full of brotherly *bonhomie*. "I suppose you'll want to know about Roger," he said, when they were seated at breakfast. "He had followed you directly, in spite of your solemn request; but not out of pure affection, I think. The little man's mad. He expects you to back down and come to him on your knees, — beg his pardon and promise never to do it again. Pretty terms to marry a man on, for a woman of spirit! But he does n't know his woman, does he, Nora? Do you know what he intimated? indeed, he came right out with it! That you and I want to make a match! That you're in love with me, Miss, and ran away to marry me. That we expected him to forgive us and endow us with a pile of money. But he'll not forgive us, — not he! We may starve, we and our brats, before he looks at us. Much obliged! We shall thrive, for many a year, as brother and sister, sha' n't we, Nora? and need neither his money nor his pardon!"

In reply to this speech, Nora sat staring in pale amazement. "Roger thought," she at last found words to say, "that it was to marry *you* I refused him, — to marry *you* I came to New York?"

Fenton, with seven-and-twenty years of impudence at his back, had received in his day snubs and shocks of various shades of intensity; but he had never felt in his face so chilling a blast of reprobation as this cold disgust of Nora's. We know that the scorn of a lovely woman makes cowards brave; it may do something towards making knaves honest men. "Upon my word, my dear," he cried, "I'm sorry I hurt your feelings. It's rough, but it's so!"

Nora wished in after years she had been able to laugh at this disclosure; to pretend, at least, to a mirth she so little felt. But she remained almost sternly silent, with her eyes on her plate, stirring her tea. Roger, mean-

while, was walking about under this miserable error! Let him think anything but that! "What did you reply," she asked, "to this — to this —"

"To this handsome compliment? I replied that I only wished it were true; but that I feared I had no such luck! Upon which he told me to go to the Devil — in a tone which implied that he did n't much care if you went with me."

Nora listened to this speech in sceptical silence. "Where is Roger?" she asked at last.

Fenton shot her a glance of harsh mistrust. "Where is he? What do you want to know that for?"

"Where is he, please?" she simply repeated. And then, suddenly, she wondered how and where it was the two men had happened to meet. "Where did you find him?" she went on. "How did it happen?"

Fenton drained his cup of tea at one long gulp before he answered. "My dear Nora," he said, "it's all very well to be modest, it's all very well to be proud; but take care you're not ungrateful! I went purposely to look him up. I was convinced he would have followed you, — as I supposed, to beg and beg and beg again. I wanted to say to him, 'She's safe, she's happy, she's in the best hands. Don't waste your time, your words, your hopes. Give her rope. Go quietly home and leave things to me. If she turns homesick, I'll let you know.' You see I'm frank, Nora; that's what I meant to say. But I was received with this broadside. I found a perfect bluster of injured vanity. 'You're her lover, she's your mistress, and be d— to both of you!'"

That George lied Nora did not distinctly say to herself, for she lacked practice in this range of incrimination. But she as little said to herself that this could be the truth. "I'm not ungrateful," she answered, firmly. "But where was it?"

At this, George pushed back his chair. "Where — where? Don't you believe me? Do you want to go and

ask him if it's true? What are you, anyway? Nora, who are you, where are you? Have you put yourself into my hands or not?" A certain manly indignation was now kindled in his breast; he was equally angry with Roger, with Nora, and with himself; fate had offered him an overdose of contumely, and he felt a reckless, savage impulse to wring from the occasion that compliment to his force which had been so rudely denied to his delicacy. "Are you using me simply as a vulgar tool? Don't you care for me the least little bit? Let me suggest that for a girl in your — your ambiguous position, you are too proud, by several shades. Don't go back to Roger in a hurry! You're not the unspotted maiden you were but two short days ago. Who am I, what am I, to the people whose opinion you care for? A very low fellow, madam; and yet with me you've gone far to cast your lot. If you're not prepared to do more, you should have done less. Nora, Nora," he went on, breaking into a vein none the less revolting for being more ardent, "I confess I don't understand you! But the more you puzzle me the more you fascinate me; and the less you like me the more I love you. What has there been, anyway, between you and Lawrence? Hang me if I can understand! Are you an angel of purity, or are you the most audacious of flirts?"

She had risen before he had gone far. "Spare me," she said, "the necessity of hearing your opinions or answering your questions. Be a gentleman! Tell me, I once more beg of you, where Roger is to be found?"

"Be a gentleman!" was a galling touch. He had gone too far to be a gentleman; but in so far as a man means a bully, he might still be a man. He placed himself before the door. "I refuse the information," he said. "I don't mean to have been played with, to have been buffeted hither by Roger and thither by you! I mean to make something out of all this. I mean to request you to remain quietly in

this room. Mrs. Paul will keep you company. You did n't treat her overwell, yesterday; but, in her way, she's quite as strong as you. Meanwhile I shall go to our friend. 'She's locked up tight,' I'll say; 'she's as good as in jail. Give me five thousand dollars and I'll let her out.' Of course he'll drop a hint of the law. 'O, the law! not so fast. Two can play at that game. Go to a magistrate and present your case. I'll go straight to the 'Herald' office and demand a special reporter and the very biggest headings. That will rather take the bloom off your meeting.' The public don't mind details, Nora; it looks at things in the gross; and the gross here *is* gross, for *you*! It won't hurt me!"

"Heaven forgive you!" murmured Nora, for all response to this explosion. It made a hideous whirl about her; but she felt that to advance in the face of it was her best safety. It sickened rather than frightened her. She went to the door. "Let me pass!" she said.

Fenton stood motionless, leaning his head against the door, with his eyes closed. She faced him a moment, looking at him intently. He seemed hideous. "Coward!" she cried. He opened his eyes at the sound; for an instant they met hers; then a burning blush blazed out strangely on his dead complexion; he strode past her, dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands. "O God!" he cried. "I'm an ass!"

Nora made it the work of a single moment to reach her own room and fling on her bonnet and shawl, of another to descend to the hall door. Once in the street, she never stopped running till she had turned a corner and put the house out of sight. She went far, hurried along by the ecstasy of relief and escape, and it was some time before she perceived that this was but half the question, and that she was now quite without refuge. Thrusting her hand into her pocket to feel for her purse, she found that she had left it in her room. Stunned and sickened.

as she was already, it can hardly be said that the discovery added to her grief. She was being precipitated toward a great decision; sooner or later made little difference. The thought of seeing Hubert Lawrence now filled her soul. That, after what had passed between them, she should so sorely need help, and yet not turn to him, seemed as great an outrage against his professions as it was an impossibility to her own heart. Reserve, prudence, mistrust, had melted away; she was conscious only of her trouble, of his ardor, and of their nearness. His address she well remembered, and she neither paused nor faltered. To say even that she reflected would be to speak amiss, for her longing and her haste were one. Between them both, you may believe, it was with a beating heart that she reached his door. The servant admitted her without visible surprise (for Nora wore, as she conceived, the air of some needy parishioner), and ushered her into the little sitting-room which, with an adjoining chamber, constituted his apartments. As she crossed the threshold, she perceived, with something of regret and relief, that he was not alone. He was sitting somewhat stiffly, with folded arms, facing the window, near which, before an easel, stood a long-haired gentleman of foreign and artistic aspect, giving the finishing touches to a portrait in crayons. Hubert was in position for a likeness of his handsome face. When Nora appeared, his handsome face remained for a moment a blank; the next it turned most eloquently pale. "Miss Lambert!" he cried.

There was such a tremor in his voice that Nora felt that, for the moment, she must have self-possession for both. "I interrupt you," she said, with excessive deference.

"We are just finishing!" Hubert answered. "It's my portrait, you see. You must look at it." The artist made way for her before the easel, laid down his implements, and took up his hat and gloves. She looked mechanically

at the picture, while Hubert accompanied him to the door, and they talked awhile about another sitting and about a frame which was to be sent home. The portrait was clever, but superficial; better looking at once, and worse looking than Hubert, — elegant, effeminate, and unreal. An impulse of wonder passed through her mind that she should happen just then to find him engaged in this odd self-reproduction. It was a different Hubert that turned and faced her as the door closed behind his companion, the real Hubert, with a vengeance! He had gained time; but surprise, admiration, conjecture, a broad hint of dismay, wrought bright confusion on his brow. Nora had dropped into the chair vacated by the artist; and as she sat there with clasped hands, she felt the young man reading the riddle of her shabby dress and her excited face. For him, too, she was the real Nora. Dismay began to prevail in his questioning eyes. He advanced, pushed towards her the chair in which he had been posturing, and, as he seated himself, made a half-movement to offer his hand; but before she could take it, he had begun to play with his watch-chain. "Nora," he asked, "what is it?"

What was it, indeed? What was her errand, and in what words could it be told? An utter weakness had taken possession of her, a sense of having reached the goal of her journey, the term of her strength. She dropped her eyes on her shabby skirt, and passed her hand over it with a gesture of eloquent simplicity. "I've left Roger," she said.

Hubert made no answer, but his silence somehow seemed to fill the room. He sunk back in his chair, still looking at her with startled eyes. The fact intimidated him; he was amazed and confused; yet he felt he must say something, and in his confusion he uttered a gross absurdity: "Ah, with his consent?"

The sound of his voice was so grateful to her that, at first, she hardly heeded his words. "I'm alone," she

added, "I'm free." It was after she had spoken, as she saw him, growing, to his own sense, infinitely small in the large confidence of her gaze, rise in a perfect agony of impotence and stand before her, stupidly staring, that she felt he had neither taken her hand, nor dropped at her feet, nor divinely guessed her trouble; that, in fact, his very silence was a summons to tell her story and to justify herself. Her presence there was either a rapture or a shame. Nora felt as if she had taken a jump, and was learning in mid-air that the distance was tenfold what she had imagined. It is strange how the hinging-point of great emotions may rest on an instant of time. These instants, however, seem as ages, viewed from within; and in such a reverberating moment Nora felt the spiritual substructure of a passion melting from beneath her feet, crumbling and crashing into the gulf on whose edge she stood. But her shame at least should be brief. She rose and bridged this dizzy chasm with some tragic counterfeited smile. "I've come—I've come—" she began and faltered. It was a vast pity some great actress had not been there to note upon the tablets of her art the light, all-eloquent tremor of tone with which she transposed her embarrassment into the petition, "Could you lend me a little money?"

Hubert was simply afraid of her. At his freest and bravest, he would have shrunk from being thus peremptorily brought to the point; and as matters stood, he felt all the more miserably paralyzed. For him, too, this was a vital moment. All his falsity, all his levity, all his egotism and sophism, seemed to crowd upon him and accuse him in deafening chorus; he seemed, under some glaring blue sky, to stand in the public stocks for all his pleasant sins. It was with a vast sense of relief that he heard her ask this simple favor. Money? Would money buy his release? He took out his purse and grasped a roll of bills; then suddenly he was overwhelmed by a sense of his cruelty. He flung the thing on

the floor and passed his hands over his face. "Nora, Nora," he cried, "say it outright; I disappoint you!"

He had become, in the brief space of a moment, the man she once had loved; but if he was no longer the rose, he stood too near it to be wantonly bruised. Men and women alike need in some degree to respect those they have suffered to wrong them. She stooped and picked up the *porte-monnaie*, like a beggar-maid in a ballad. "A very little will do," she said. "In a day or two I hope to be independent."

"Tell me at least what has happened!" he cried.

She hesitated a moment. "Roger has asked me to be his wife." Hubert's head swam with the vision of all that this simple statement embodied and implied. "I refused," Nora added, "and, having refused, I was unwilling to live any longer on his—on his—" Her speech at the last word melted into silence, and she seemed to fall a-musing. But in an instant she recovered herself. "I remember your once saying that you would have liked to see me poor and homeless. Here I am! You ought at least," she added with a laugh, "to pay for the exhibition!"

Hubert abruptly drew out his watch. "I expect here this moment," he said, "a young lady of whom you may have heard. She is to come and see my portrait. I'm engaged to her. I was engaged to her five months ago. She's rich, pretty, charming. Say but a single word, that you don't despise me, that you forgive me, and I'll give her up, now, here, forever, and be anything you'll take me for,—your husband, your friend, your slave!" To have been able to make this speech gave Hubert immense relief. He felt almost himself again.

Nora fixed her eyes on him, with a kind of unfathomable gentleness. "You're engaged, you *were* engaged? How strangely you talk about giving up! Give her my compliments!" It seemed, however, that Nora was to have the chance of offering them personally. The door was thrown open and ad-

mitted two ladies whom Nora vaguely remembered to have seen. In a moment she recognized them as the persons whom, on the evening she had gone to hear Hubert preach, he had left her, after the sermon, to conduct to their carriage. The younger one was decidedly pretty, in spite of a nose a trifle too aquiline. A pair of imperious dark eyes, as bright as the diamond which glittered in each of her ears, and a nervous capricious rapidity of motion and gesture, gave her an air of girlish *brusquerie*, which was by no means without charm. Her mother's aspect, however, testified to its being as well to enjoy this charm at a distance. She was a stout, coarse-featured, good-natured woman, with a jaded, submissive expression, and seemed to proclaim by a certain bulky languor, as she followed in her daughter's wake, the subserviency of matter to mind. Both ladies were dressed to the utmost limits of the occasion, and savored potently of New York. They came into the room staring frankly at Nora, and overlooking Hubert with gracious implication of his being already one of the family. The situation was a trying one, but he faced it as he might.

"This is Miss Lambert," he said, gravely; and then with an effort to conjure away confusion with a jest, waving his hand toward his portrait, "This is the Rev. Hubert Lawrence!"

The elder lady moved toward the picture, but the other came straight to Nora. "I've seen you before!" she cried defiantly, and with defiance in her fine eyes. "And I've heard of you too! Yes, you're certainly very handsome. But pray, what are you doing here?"

"My dear child!" said Hubert, imploringly, and with a burning side-glance at Nora. If he had been in the pillory before, it was not till now that the rain of missiles had begun.

"My dear Hubert," said the young lady, "what is she doing here? I have a right to know. Have you come running after him even here? You're a wicked girl. You've done me a

wrong. You've tried to turn him away from me. You kept him in Boston for weeks, when he ought to have been here; when I was writing to him day after day to come. I heard all about it! I don't know what's the matter with you. I thought you were so very well off! You look very poor and unhappy, but I must say what I think!"

"My own darling, be reasonable!" murmured her mother. "Come and look at this beautiful picture. There's no deceit on *that* brow!"

Nora smiled charitably. "Don't attack me," she said. "If I ever wronged you, I was quite unconscious of it, and I beg your pardon now."

"Nora," murmured Hubert, piteously, "spare me!"

"Ah, does he call you Nora?" cried the young lady. "The harm's done, madam! He'll never be what he was. You've changed, Hubert!" And she turned passionately on her *fiancé*. "You know you are! You talk to me, but you think of her. And what is the meaning of this visit? You're both vastly excited; what have you been talking about?"

"Mr. Lawrence has been telling me about you," said Nora; "how pretty, how charming, how gentle you are!"

"I'm not gentle!" cried the other. "You're laughing at me! Was it to talk about my prettiness you came here? Do you go about alone, this way? I never heard of such a thing. You're shameless! do you know that? But I'm very glad of it; because once you've done this for him, he'll not care for you. That's the way with men. And I'm not pretty either, not as you are! You're pale and tired; you've got a horrid dress and shawl, and yet you're beautiful! Is that the way I must look to please you?" she demanded, turning back to Hubert.

Hubert, during this spiteful *tirade*, had stood looking as dark as thunder, and at this point he broke out fiercely, "Good God, Amy! hold your tongue. I command you."

Nora, gathering her shawl together,

gave Hubert a glance. "She loves you," she said, softly.

Amy stared a moment at this vehement adjuration; then she melted into a smile and turned in ecstasy to her mother. "Good, good!" she cried. "That's how I like him. I shall have my husband yet."

Nora left the room; and, in spite of her gesture of earnest deprecation, Hubert followed her down stairs to the street door. "Where are you going?" he asked in a whisper. "With whom are you staying?"

"I'm alone," said Nora.

"Alone in this great city? Nora, I *will* do something for you."

"Hubert," she said, "I never in my life needed help less than at this moment. Farewell." He fancied for an instant that she was going to offer him her hand, but she only motioned him to open the door. He did so and she passed out.

She stood there on the pavement, strangely, almost absurdly, free and light of spirit. She knew neither whither she should turn nor what she should do, yet the fears which had haunted her for a whole day and night had vanished. The sky was blazing blue overhead; the opposite side of the street was all in sun; she hailed the joyous brightness of the day with a kind of answering joy. She seemed to be in the secret of the universe. A nursery-maid came along, pushing a baby in a perambulator. She stooped and greeted the child, and talked pretty nonsense to it with a fervor which left the young woman staring. Nurse and child went their way, and Nora lingered, looking up and down the empty street. Suddenly a gentleman turned into it from the cross-street above. He was walking fast; he had his hat in his hand, and with his other hand he was passing his handkerchief over his forehead. As she stood and watched him draw near, down the bright vista of the street, there came upon her a singular and altogether nameless sensation, strangely similar to one she had felt a couple of years before, when a

physician had given her a dose of ether. The gentleman, she perceived, was Roger; but the short interval of space and time which separated them seemed to expand into a throbbing immensity and eternity. She seemed to be watching him for an age, and, as she did so, to be swinging through the whole circle of emotion and the full realization of being. Yes, she was in the secret of the universe, and the secret of the universe was, that Roger was the only man in it who had a heart. Suddenly she felt a palpable grasp. Roger stood before her, and had taken her hand. For a moment he said nothing; but the touch of his hand spoke loud. They stood for an instant scanning the change in each other's faces. "Where are you going?" said Roger, at last, imploringly.

Nora read silently in his haggard furrows the whole record of his passion and grief. It is a strange truth that they seemed the most beautiful things she had ever looked upon; the sight of them was delicious. They seemed to whisper louder and louder that secret about Roger's heart.

Nora collected herself as solemnly as one on a death-bed making a will; but Roger was still in miserable doubt and dread. "I've followed you," he said, "in spite of that request in your letter."

"Have you got my letter?" Nora asked.

"It was the only thing you had left me," he said, and drew it, creased and crumpled, out of his pocket.

She took it from him and tore it slowly into a dozen pieces, never taking her eyes off his own. "Don't try and forget that I wrote it," she said. "My destroying it now means more than that would have meant."

"What does it mean, Nora?" he asked, in hardly audible tones.

"It means that I'm a wiser girl to-day than *then*. I know myself better, I know you better. O Roger!" she cried, "it means everything!"

He passed her hand through his arm and held it there against his heart,

while he stood looking hard at the pavement, as if to steady himself amid this great convulsion of things. Then raising his head, "Come," he said; "come!"

But she detained him, laying her other hand on his arm. "No; you must understand first. If I'm wiser now, I've learnt wisdom at my cost. I'm not the girl you proposed to on Sunday. I feel — I feel *dishonored*!" she said, uttering the word with a vehemence which stirred his soul to its depths.

"My own poor child!" he murmured, staring.

"There's a young girl in that house," Nora went on, "who will tell you that I'm shameless!"

"What house? what young girl?"

"I don't know her name. Hubert is engaged to her."

Roger gave a glance at the house behind them, as if to fling defiance and oblivion upon all that it suggested and contained. Then turning to Nora with

a smile of consummate tenderness: "My dear Nora, what have *we* to do with Hubert's young girls?"

Roger, the reader will admit, was on a level with the occasion, — as with every other occasion which subsequently presented itself.

Mrs. Keith and Mrs. Lawrence are very good friends. On being complimented on possessing the confidence of so charming a woman as Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Keith has been known to say, opening and shutting her fan, "The fact is, Nora is under a very peculiar obligation to me." Another of Mrs. Keith's sayings may perhaps be appositely retailed, — her answer, one evening, to an inquiry as to Roger's age: "Twenty-five — *seconde jeunesse*." Hubert Lawrence, on the other hand, has already begun to pass for an elderly man. Mrs. Hubert, however, preserves the balance. She is wonderfully fresh, and, with time, has grown stout, like her mother, though she has nothing of the jaded look of that excellent lady.

H. James Jr.

SHASTA.

WE escaped the harvesting season of 1870. I try to believe all its poetry is not forever immolated under the strong wheels of that pastoral Juggernaut of our day, the steam-reaper. But whatever stirring rhythm may to-day measure time with the quick fire-breath of reaping-machines shall await a more poetic pen than this. Some modern Virgil, coming along the boundless wheat-plain, may perhaps sing you bucolic phrases of the new iron age; but he will soon see his mistake, as will you. The harvest-home, with its Longfellow mellowness of atmosphere, or even those ideally colored barns of Eastman Johnson's, with corn and girls and some of the lingering personal relationship between crops and human hands;

all that is tradition here, not even memory.

It is quite as well. These people are more germane with enterprise and hurry, and with the winding-up drink at some vulgar tavern when the hired hands are paid off, and gather to have "a real nice time with the boys."

This was over. The herds of men had poured back to their cities and wandered away among distant mines as far as their earnings would carry them.

A few standard bummers, who awoke from their "nice time" penniless, still lingered in pathetic humiliation around the scene of their labor, rather heightening that air of sleep which now pervaded every ranch in the Sacramento valley.

We quitted the hotel at Chico with relief, gratefully turning our backs upon the Chinamen whose cookery had spoiled our two days' peace. Mr. James Freeman Clarke will have to make out a better case for Confucius, or else these fellows were apostate. But they were soon behind us, a straight dusty avenue leading us past clusters of ranches into a quiet expanse of level land, and beneath the occasional shadow of roadside oaks. Miles of harvested plain lay close shaven in monotonous Naples-yellow, stretching on, soft and vague, losing itself in a gray, half-luminous haze. Now and then, through more transparent intervals, we could see the brown Sierra feet walling us in to eastward, their oak-clad tops fainter and fainter as they rose into the sky. Directly overhead hung an arch of pale blue, but a few degrees down the hue melted into golden gray. Looming through the mist before us rose sombre forms of trees, growing in processions along the margins of snow-fed streams which flow from the Sierra across the Sacramento River. Through these silent sleepy groves the seclusion is perfect. You come in from blinding sun-scorched plains to the great aged oaks, whose immense breadth of bough seems outstretched with effort to shade more and more ground.

Alders and cottonwoods line the stream banks; native grapes in tropical profusion drape the shores, and hang in trailing curtains from tree to tree. Here and there glimpses open into dark thickets. The stream comes into view between walls of green. Evening sunlight, broken with shadow, falls over rippling shallows; still expanses of deep pool reflect blue from the zenith, and flow on into dark-shaded coves beneath overhanging verdure. Vineyards and orchards gather themselves pleasantly around ranch-houses.

Men and women are dull, unrelieved; they are all alike. The eternal flatness of landscape, the monotony of endlessly pleasant weather, the scarcely varying year, the utter want of anything unfore-

seen, and absence of all surprise in life, are legible upon their quiet uninteresting faces. They loaf through eleven months to harvest one. Individuality is wanting. The same kind of tiresome ranch-gossip you hear at one table spreads itself over listening acres to the next.

The great American poet, it may confidently be predicted, will not book his name from the Sacramento valley. The people, the acres, the industry, seem to be created solely to furnish vulgar fractions in the census. It was not wholly fancy that detected in the grapes something of the same flatness and sugary insipidity which characterized the girls I chatted with on certain piazzas.

What an antipode is the condition of sterile poverty in the farm-life of the East! Frugality, energy, self-preserving mental activity, contrast sharply with the contented lethargy of this commonplace opulence. Mile after mile stretches on, in recurring succession of wheat-land and vineyard, oak-grove and dusty shabbiness of graceless ranch-buildings, flanking our way on either side, until at last the undulations of the foot-hills are reached, and the first signs of vigorous life are observed in the trees. Attitude and consciousness are displayed in the lordly oaks which cluster upon brown hillsides. The Sacramento, which through the slumberous plain had flowed in a still deep current, reflecting only the hot haze and motionless forms of the trees upon its banks, here courses along with the ripple of life, displaying through its clear waters boulders and pebbles swept down from the higher mountains.

Our road, ascending through sunny valleys and among rolling oak-clad hills, at length reaches the level of the pines, and climbing to a considerable crest descends through a fine coniferous forest into the deeply wooded valley of the Pitt. Lifted high against the sky, ragged hills of granite and limestone limit the view. The river, through a sharp rocky cañon, has descended from

the volcanic plains of Northeastern California, cutting its way across the sea of hills which represents the Sierra Nevada, and falling toward the west in a series of white rapids.

Our camp in the cool mountain air banished the fatigues of weary miles ; night, under the mountain stars, gave us refreshing sleep ; and, from the morning we crossed Pitt Ferry, we dated a new life.

In a deep gorge between lofty pine-clad walls we came upon the McCloud, a brilliantly pure stream, wearing its way through lava rocks, and still bearing the ice-chill of Shasta. Dark feathery firs stand in files along the swift river. Oaks, with lustrous leaves, rise above hill-slopes of red and brown. Numbers of Indian camps are posted here. I find them picturesque ; low conical huts, opening upon small smoking fires attended by squaws. Numberless salmon, split and drying in rows upon light scaffoldings, make their light red conspicuous amid the generally dingy surroundings.

These Indian faces are fairly good-natured, especially when young. I visited one camp, upon the left river-bank, finding Madam at home seated by her fireside engaged in maternal duties. I am almost afraid to describe the squalor and grotesque hideousness of her person. She was emaciated and scantily clad in a sort of short petticoat, shaggy, unkempt hair overhanging a pair of wild wolf's eyes. The ribs and collar-bone stood out as upon an anatomical specimen ; hard black flesh clung in formless masses upon her body and arms. Altogether she had the appearance of an animated mummy. Her child, a mere amorphous roll, clung to her, and emphasized, with cubbish fatness, the wan shrunken form of its mother, looking like some ravenous leech which was draining the woman's very blood. Shuddering, I hurried away to observe the husband.

The "buck" was spearing salmon a short distance down stream, his naked form poised upon a beam which pro-

jected over the river, his eyes riveted, and spear uplifted, waiting for the prey: sunlight, streaming down in broken masses through trees, fell brilliantly upon his muscular shoulder and tense, compact thigh, glancing now and then across rigid arms and the polished point of his spear. The swift dark water rushed beneath him, flashing upon its surface a shimmering reflection of his red figure. Cast in bronze, he would have made a companion for Quincy Ward's Indian hunter ; and better than a companion, for in his wolfish sinew and panther muscle there was not, so far as I could observe, that free Greek suppleness which is so fine a feature in Mr. Ward's statue ; though Ajax, disguised as an American Indian, might be a better name for that great and powerful piece of sculpture.

A day's march brought us from McCloud to the Sacramento,—here a small stream, with banks fringed by a pleasing variety of trees and margins graceful with water-plants.

Northward for two days we followed closely the line of the Sacramento River,—now descending along slopes to its bed, where the stream played among picturesque rocks and boulders, and again climbing by toilsome ascents into the forest a thousand feet up on the cañon wall, catching glimpses of towering ridges of pine-clad Sierra above, and curves of the foaming river deep in the blue shadow beneath us.

More and more, as the woods became darkened with mountain pine, the air freshened by northern life gave us the inspiration of altitude.

At last, through a notch to the northward, rose the conical summit of Shasta, its pale rosy lavas enamelled with ice. Body and base of the great peak were hidden by intervening hills, over whose smooth rolls of forest green the bright blue sky and the brilliant Shasta summit were sharp and strong. From that moment the peak became the centre of our life. From every crest we strained our eyes forward, as now and then, either through forest vistas the incandescent snow greeted

us, or from some high summit the opening cañon walls displayed grander and grander views of the great volcano. It was sometimes, after all, a pleasure to descend from these cool heights, with the *impression* of the mountain upon our minds, to the cañon bottom, where, among the endlessly varying bits of beautiful detail, the mental strain wore off.

When our tents were pitched at Sisson's, while a picturesque haze floated up from southward, we enjoyed the grand uncertain form of Shasta with its heaven-piercing crest of white, and wide placid sweep of base, full of lines as deeply reposeful as a Greek temple. Its dark head lifted among the fading stars of dawn, and strongly set upon the arch of coming rose, appealed to our emotions; but best we liked to sit at evening near Munger's easel, watching the great lava cone glow with light almost as wild and lurid as if its crater still streamed.

Watkins thought it "photographic luck" that the mountain should so have draped itself with mist as to defy his camera. Palmer stayed at camp to make observations in the coloring of meerschaums at fixed altitudes, and to watch now and then the station barometer.

Shasta from Sisson's is a broad triple mountain, the central summit being flanked on the west by a large and quite perfect crater whose rim reaches about twelve thousand feet altitude. On the west a broad shoulder-like spur juts from the general slope. The cone rises from its base eleven thousand feet in one sweep.

A forest of tall, rich pines surrounds Strawberry Valley, and the little group of ranches near Sisson's. Under this high sky, and a pure quality of light, the whole varied foreground of green and gold stretches out toward the rocky mountain base in charming contrast. Brooks from the snow thread their way through open meadow, while overhead waves a tent-work of willows, silvery and cool.

Shasta, as a whole, is the single cone

of an immense extinct volcano. It occupies almost precisely the axial line of the Sierra Nevada; but the range, instead of carrying its great wave-like ridge through this region, breaks down in the neighborhood of Lassen's Butte, and for eighty miles northward is represented only by low confused masses of mountain cut through and through by the cañons of the McCloud, Pitt, and Sacramento.

A broad volcanic plain, interrupted here and there by inconsiderable chains, occupies the country east of Scott's Mountain. From this general plain, whose altitude is from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred feet, rises Mount Shasta. About its base cluster hillocks of a hundred little volcanoes, but they are utterly inconspicuous under the shadow of the great peak. The volcanic plain-land is partly overgrown by forest, and in part covers itself with fields of grass or sage. Riding over it in almost any part the one great point in the landscape is the cone of Shasta; its crest of solid white, its vast altitude, the pale-gray or rosy tints of its lavas, and the dark girdle of forest which swells up over cañon-carved foot-hills, give it a grandeur equalled by hardly any other American mountain.

September 11th found the climbers of our party, — S. F. Emmons, Frederick A. Clark, Albert B. Clark, Mr. Sisson, the pioneer guide of the region, and myself, — mounted upon our mules, heading for the crater cone over rough rocks and among the stunted firs and pines which mark the upper limit of forest growth. The morning was cool and clear, with a fresh north wind sweeping around the volcano and bringing in its descent the invigorating cold of the snow region. When we had gone as far as our mules could carry us, threading their difficult way among piles of lava, we dismounted and made up our packs of beds, instruments, food, and fuel for a three days' trip, turned the animals over to George and John, our two muleteers, bade them good day, and with Sisson, who was to accompany us up the first descent,

struck out on foot. Already above vegetation, we looked out over all the valley south and west, observing its arabesque of forest, meadow, and chaparral, the files of pines which struggled up almost to our feet, and just below us the volcano slope strewn with red and brown wreck and patches of shrunken snow-drift.

Our climb up the steep western crater slope was slow and tiresome, quite without risk or excitement. The footing, altogether of lodged *débris*, at times gave way provokingly, and threw us out of balance. Once upon the spiry pinnacles which crown the crater rim, a scene of wild power broke upon us. The round crater-bowl, about a mile in diameter and nearly a thousand feet deep, lay beneath us, its steep, shelving sides of shattered lava mantled in places to the very bottom by fields of snow.

We clambered along the edge toward Shasta, and came to a place where for a thousand feet it was a mere blade of ice, sharpened by the snow into a thin, frail edge, upon which we walked in cautious balance, a misstep likely to hurl us down into the chaos of lava blocks within the crater.

Passing this, we reached the north edge of the rim, and from a rugged mound of shattered rock looked down into a gorge between us and the main Shasta. There, winding its huge body along, lay a glacier, riven with sharp, deep crevasses yawning fifty or sixty feet wide, the blue hollows of their shadowed depth contrasting with the brilliant surfaces of ice.

We studied its whole length from the far, high Shasta crest down in winding course, deepening its cañon more and more as it extends, crowding past our crater cone, and at last terminating in bold ice-billows and a wide belt of hilly moraine. The surface over half of its length is quite clean, but directly opposite us occurs a fine ice cascade; there its entire surface is cut with transverse crevasses, which have a general tendency to curve downward; and all this dislocation is ac-

companied by a freight of lava blocks which shoot down the cañon walls on either side, bounding out all over the glacier.

In a later trip, while Watkins was making his photographic views, I climbed about, going to the edges of some crevasses and looking over into their blue vaults, where icicles overhang and a whispered sound of waterflow comes up faintly from beneath.

From a point about midway across where I had climbed and rested upon the brink of an ice-cliff, the glacier below me breaking off into its wild pile of cascade blocks and *sérac*, I looked down over all the lower flow, broken with billowy upheavals, and bright with bristling spires of sunlit ice. Upon the right rose the great cone of Shasta, formed of chocolate-colored lavas, its sky-line a single curved sweep of snow cut sharply against a deep blue sky. To the left the precipices of the lesser cone rose to the altitude of twelve thousand feet, their surfaces half-jagged ledges of lava and half-irregular sheets of ice. From my feet the glacier sank rapidly between volcanic walls, and the shadow of the lesser cone fell in a dark band across the brilliantly lighted surface. Looking down its course, my eye ranged over sunny and shadowed zones of ice, over the gray, boulder region of the terminal moraine; still lower, along the former track of ancient and grander glaciers, and down upon undulating pine-clad foot-hills descending in green steps, and reaching out like promontories into the sea of plain which lay outspread nine thousand feet below, basking in the half-tropical sunshine, its checkered green fields and orchards ripening their wheat and figs.

Our little party separated, each going about his labor. The Clarks, with theodolite and barometer, were engaged on a pinnacle over on the western crater-edge. Mr. Sisson, who had helped us thus far with a huge pack-load of wood, now said good by, and was soon out of sight on his homeward tramp. Emmons and I geologized about the

rim and interior slope, getting at last out of sight of one another.

In mid-crater sprang up a sharp cone several hundred feet high, composed of much shattered lava, and indicating doubtless the very latest volcanic activity. At its base lay a small lakelet, frozen over with rough black ice. Far below us, cold, gray banks and floating flocks of vapor began to drift and circle about the lava slopes, rising higher at sunset, till they quite enveloped us, and at times shut out the view.

Later we met for bivouac, spread our beds upon small *débris* under the lee of a mass of rock on the rim, and built a little camp-fire, around which we sat closely. Clouds still eddied about us, opening now wide rifts of deep blue sky, and then glimpses of the Shasta summit glowing with evening light, and again views down upon the far earth, where sunlight had long faded, leaving forest and field and village sunken in purple gloom. Through the old broken crater lip, over foreground of pallid ice and sharp black lava rocks, the clouds whirled away, and, yawning wide, revealed an objectless expanse, out of which emerged dim mountain-tops, for a moment seen, then veiled. Thus, in the midst of clouds, I found it extremely interesting to watch them and their habits. Drifting slowly across the crater-bowl I saw them float over and among the points of cindery lava, whose savage forms contrasted wonderfully with the infinite softness of their texture.

I found it strange and suggestive that fields of perpetual snow should mantle the slopes of an old lava caldron, that the very volcano's throat should be choked with a pure little lakelet, and sealed with unmelting ice. That power of extremes, which held sway over lifeless nature before there were human hearts to experience its crush, expressed itself with poetic eloquence. Had Lowell been in our bivouac, I know he must have felt again the power of his own perfect figure of

"Burned-out craters healed with snow."

It was a wild moment. Wind smiting in shocks against the rock beside us, flaring up our little fire, and whirling on with its cloud-freight into the darkening crater gulf.

We turned in; the Clarks together, Emmons and I in our fur bags. Upon cold stone our bed was anything but comfortable, angular fragments of trachyte finding their way with great directness among our ribs and under our shoulder-blades, keeping us almost awake in that despairing semi-consciousness where dreams and thoughts tangle in tiresome confusion.

Just after midnight, from sheer weariness, I arose, finding the sky cloudless, its whole black dome crowded with stars. A silver dawn over the slope of Shasta brightened till the moon sailed clear. Under its light all the rugged topography came out with unnatural distinctness, every impression of height and depth greatly exaggerated. The empty crater lifted its rampart into the light. I could not tell which seemed most desolate, that dim moonlit rim with pallid snow-mantle and gaunt crags, or the solid black shadow which was cast downward from southern walls, darkening half the bowl. From the silent air every breath of wind or whisper of sound seemed frozen. Naked lava slopes and walls, the high gray body of Shasta with ridge and gorge, glacier and snow-field, all cold and still under the icy brightness of the moon, produced a scene of Arctic terrible-ness such as I had never imagined. I looked down, eagerly straining my eyes, through the solemn crater's lip, hoping to catch a glimpse of the lower world; but far below, hiding the earth, stretched out a level plain of cloud upon which the light fell cold and gray as upon a frozen ocean.

I scrambled back to bed, and happily to sleep, a real, sound, dreamless repose.

We breakfasted some time after sunrise, and were soon under way with packs on our shoulders.

The day was brilliant and cloudless, the cold still air full of life and inspira-

tion. Through its clear blue the Shasta peak seemed illusively near, and we hurried down to the saddle which connects our cone with the peak, and across the head of a small tributary glacier, and up over the first *débris* slopes. It was a slow, tedious three hours' climb over stones which lay as steeply as loose material possibly can, up to the base of a red trachyte spur; then on up a gorge, and out upon a level mountain shoulder, where were considerable flats covered with deep ice. To the north it overflows in a much crevassed tributary of the glacier we had studied below.

Here we rested, and hung the barometer from Clark's tripod.

The further ascent lies up a long scoria ridge of loose red pumiceous rock for seven or eight hundred feet, then across another level step curved with rugged ice, and up into a sort of corridor between two steep, much broken, and stained ridges. Here in the hollow are boiling sulphurous springs and hot earth. We sat down by them, eating our lunch in the lee of some stones.

A short, rapid climb brought us to the top; four hours and thirty minutes working time from our crater bivouac.

There is no reason why any one of sound wind and limb should not, after a little mountaineering practice, be able to make the Shasta climb. There is nowhere the shadow of danger and never a real piece of mountain climbing, — climbing, I mean, with hands and feet, — no scaling of walls or labor involving other qualities than simple muscular endurance. The fact that two young girls have made the ascent proves it a comparatively easy one. Indeed, I have never reached a corresponding altitude with so little labor and difficulty. Whoever visits California, and wishes to depart from the beaten track of Yosemite scenes, could not do better than come to Strawberry Valley and get Mr. Sisson to pilot him up Shasta.

When I ask myself to-day what were the sensations on Shasta, they render

themselves into three, — geography, shadows, and uplifted isolation.

After we had walked along a short curved ridge which forms the summit, representing, as I believe, all that remains of the original crater, it became my occupation to study the view.

A singularly transparent air revealed every plain and peak till the earth's curvature rolled them under remote horizons. The whole great disk of world outspread beneath wore an aspect of glorious cheerfulness. The cascade range, a roll of blue forest land, stretched northward, surmounted at intervals by volcanoes; the lower, like symmetrical Mount Pitt, bare and warm with rosy lava colors; those farther north lifting against the pale horizon-blue solid white cones upon which strong light rested with brilliance. It seemed incredible that we could see so far toward the Columbia River, almost across the State of Oregon, but there stood Pitt, Jefferson, and the Three Sisters in unmistakable plainness. Northeast and east spread those great plains out of which rise low lava chains, and a few small, burned-out volcanoes, and there, too, were the group of Klamath and Goose Lakes lying in mid plain glassing the deep upper violet. Farther and farther from our mountain base in that direction the greenness of forest and meadow fades out into rich mellow brown, with warm cloudings of sienna over bare lava hills, and shades, as you reach the eastern limit, in pale ash and lavender and buff, where stretches of level land slope down over Madelin plains into Nevada deserts. An unmistakable purity and delicacy of tint, with transparent air and paleness of tone, give all desert scenes the aspect of water-color drawings. Even at this immense distance I could see the gradual change from rich, warm hues of rocky slope, or plain overspread with ripened vegetation, out to the high pale key of the desert.

Southeast the mountain spurs are smoothed into a broad glacis, densely

overgrown with chaparral, and ending in open groves around plains of yellow grass.

A little farther begin the wild cañon-curved piles of green mountains which represent the Sierras, and afar, towering over them, eighty miles away, the lava dome of Lassen's Peak stands up bold and fine. South, the Sacramento cañon cuts down to unseen depths, its deep trough opening a view of the California plain, — a brown, sunny expanse, over which loom in vanishing perspective the coast-range peaks. West of us, and quite around the semi-circle of view, stretches a vast sea of ridges, chains, peaks, and sharp walls of cañons, as wild and tumultuous as an ocean storm. Here and there above the blue billows rise snow-crests and shaggy rock-chains, but the topography is indistinguishable. With difficulty I could trace for a short distance the Klamath cañon course, recognizing Siskiyou peaks where Professor Brewer and I had been years before; but in that broad area no further unravelling was possible. So high is Shasta, so dominant above the field of view, that we looked over it all as upon a great shield which rose gently in all directions to the sky.

Whichever way we turned the great cone fell off from our feet in dizzying abruptness. We looked down steep slopes of *névé*, on over shattered ice-wreck, where glaciers roll over cliffs, and around the whole broad massive base carved deeply through its lava trusts in straight cañons.

These flutings of ancient and grand-er glaciers are flanked by long straight moraines, for the most part bare, but reaching down part way into the forest. It is interesting to observe that those on the north and east, by greater massiveness and length, indicate that in former days the glacier distribution was related to the points of compass about as it is now. What volumes of geographical history lay in view! Old mountains uplifted; volcanoes built upon the plain of fiery lava; the chill of ice and wearing force of torrent, writ-

ten in glacier-gorge and water-carved cañon!

I think such vastness of prospect now and then extremely valuable in itself; it forcibly widens one's conception of country, driving away such false notion of extent or narrowing idea of limitation as we get in living on lower plains.

I never tire of overlooking these great wide fields, studying their rich variety, and giving myself up to the expansion which is the instant and lasting reward. In presence of these vast spaces and all but unbounded outlook, the hours hurry by with singular swiftness. Minutes or miles are nothing; days and degrees seem best fitted for one's thoughts. So it came sooner than I could have believed that the sun neared its setting, sinking into a warm, bright stratum of air. The light stretched from north to south, reflecting itself with an equal depth all along the east, until a perfect ring of soft, glowing rose edged the whole horizon. Over us the ever dark heaven hung near and flat. Light swept eastward across the earth, every uplift of hill-ridge or solitary cone warm and bright with its reflections, and from each object upon the plains, far and near, streamed out dense, sharp shadows, slowly lengthening their intense images. We were far enough lifted above it all to lose the ordinary landscape impression, and reach that extraordinary effect of black-and-bright topography seen upon the moon through a telescope.

Afar in the north, bars of blue shadow streamed out from the peaks, tracing themselves upon rosy air. All the eastern slope of Shasta was of course in dark shade, the gray glacier forms, broken ridges of stone, and forest all dim and fading. A long cone of cobalt-blue — the shadow of Shasta — fell strongly defined over the bright plain, its apex darkening the earth a hundred miles away. As the sun sank, this gigantic spectral volcano rose on the warm sky till its darker form stood huge and terrible over the whole east. It was in-

tensely distinct at the summit, just as far-away peaks seen against the east in evening always arc, and faded at base as it entered the stratum of earth mist.

Grand and impressive we had thought Shasta when studying it in similar light from the plain; infinitely more impressive was this phantom volcano as it stood overshadowing the land and slowly fading into night.

Before quitting the ridge, Fred Clark and I climbed together out upon the highest pinnacle, a trachyte needle rising a few feet above the rest, and so small we could barely balance there together; but we stood a moment and waved the American flag, looking down over our shoulders eleven thousand feet.

A fierce wind blew from the southwest, coming in gusts of great force. Below, we could hear it beat surf-like upon the crags. We hurried down to the hot-spring flat, and just over the curve of its southern descent made our bivouac. Even here the wind howled merciless and cold.

We turned to and built of lava blocks a square pen about two and a half feet high, filled the chinks with pebbles, and banked it with sand. I have seen other brown-stone fronts more imposing than our Shasta home, but I have rarely felt more grateful to four walls than to that little six-by-six pen. I have not forgotten that through its chinks the sand and pebbles pelted us all night, nor was I oblivious when sudden gusts toppled over here and there a good-sized rock upon our feet. When we sat up for our cup of coffee, which Clark artistically concocted over the scanty and economical fire, the walls sheltered our backs; and for that we were thankful, even if the wind had full sweep at our heads and stole the very draught from our lips, whirling it about north forty east by compass, in the form of an infinitesimal spray. The zephyr, as we courteously called it, had a fashion of dropping vertically out of the sky upon our fire and leaving a clean hearth. For the space of a few moments after these

meteorological jokes there was a lively gathering of burning knots from among our legs and coats and blankets.

There are times when the extreme of discomfort so overdoes itself as to extort a laugh and put one in the best of humor. This tempest descended to so many absurd personal tricks altogether beneath the dignity of a reputable hurricane, that at last it seemed to us a sort of furious burlesque.

Not so the cold; that commanded entire respect, whether carefully abstracting our animal heat through the bed of gravel on which we lay, or brooding over us hungry for those pleasant little waves of motion which, taking Tyndall for granted, radiated all night long, in spite of wildcat bags, from our unwilling particles. I abominate thermometers at such times. Not one of my set ever owned up the real state of things. Whenever I am nearly frozen and conscious of every indurated bone, that bland little instrument is sure to read twenty or thirty degrees above any unprejudiced estimate. Lying there and listening to the whispering sands that kindly drifted, ever adding to our cover, and speculating as to any further possible meteorological affliction, was but indifferent amusement, from which I escaped to a slumber of great industry. We lay like sardines, hoping to encourage animal heat, but with small success.

The sunrise effect, with all its splendor, I find it convenient to leave to some future traveller. I shall be generous with him, and say nothing of that hour of gold. It had occurred long before we awoke, and many precious minutes were consumed in united appeals to one another to get up and make coffee. It was horridly cold and uncomfortable where we were, but no one stirred. How natural it is under such circumstances to

"rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of" !

I lay musing on this, finding it singular that I should rather be there stiff and cold while my like-minded comrades appealed to me, than to get

up and comfort myself with camp-fire and breakfast. We severally awaited developments.

At last Clark gave up and made the fire, and he has left me in doubt whether he loved cold less or coffee more.

Digging out our breakfast from drifted sand was pleasant enough, nor did we object to excavating the frozen shoes, but the mixture of disintegrated trachyte discovered among the sugar, and the manner in which our brown-stone front had blown over and flattened out the family provisions, was received by us as calamity.

However, we did justice to Clark's coffee, and socially toasted our bits of meat, while we chatted and ate zestfully portions not too freely brecciated with lava sand. I have been at times all but morbidly aware of the power of local attachment, finding it absurdly hard to turn the key on doors I have entered often and with pleasure. My own early home, though in other hands, holds its own against greater comfort, larger cheer; and a hundred times, when our little train moved away from grand old trees or willow-shaded springs by mountain camps, I have felt all the pathos of nomadism, from the Aryan migration down.

As we shouldered our loads and took to the ice-field, I looked back on our modest edifice, and for the first time left my camp with gay relief.

Elation of success and the vital mountain air lent us their quickening impulse. We tramped rapidly across the ice-field and down a long spur of red trachyte, which extended in a southerly course around the head of a glacier. It was our purpose to descend the southern slope of the mountain, to a camp which had been left there awaiting us. The declivity in that direction is more gentle than by our former trail, and had besides the merit of lying open to our view almost from the very start. It was interesting, as we followed the red trachyte spur, to look down to our left upon *névé* of the McCloud glacier. From its very head, dislocation and crevasses

had begun, the whole mass moving away from the wall, leaving a deep gap between ice and rock. In its further descent this glacier pours over such steep cascades, and is so tortuous among the lava crags that we could only see its beginning. To avoid those great pyramidal masses which sprung fully a thousand feet from the general flank of the mountain, we turned to the right and entered the head of one of those long, eroded glacier cañons which are scored down the slope. The ridges from both sides had poured in their freight of *débris* until the cañon was one mass of rock fragments of every conceivable size and shape. Here and there considerable masses of ice and relics of former glaciers lay up and down the shaded sides, and, as we descended, occupied the whole broad bottom of the gorge. We congratulated ourselves when the steep upper *débris* slope was passed and we found ourselves upon the wavy ice of the old glacier. Numerous streams flowed over its irregular face, losing themselves in the cracks and reappearing among the accumulation of boulders upon its surface. Here and there glacier-tables of considerable size rose above the general level, supported on slender ice-columns. As the angle here was very steep, we amused ourselves by prying these off their pedestals with our alpenstocks, and watching them slide down before us.

More and more the ice became burdened with rocks until at last it wholly disappeared under accumulation of moraine. Over this, for a half-mile, we tramped, thinking the glacier ended; but in one or two depressions I again caught sight of the ice, which led me to believe that a very large portion of this rocky gorge may be underlain by old glacial remains.

Tramping over this unstable moraine, where melting ice had left the boulders in every state of uncertain equilibrium, we were greatly fatigued, and at last, the strain telling seriously on our legs, we climbed over a ridge to the left of our amphitheatre into the

next cañon, which was very broad and open, with gentle, undulating surface diversified by rock plateaus and fields of glacier sand. Here, by the margin of a little snow-brook, and among piles of immense *débris*, Emmons and I sat down to lunch, and rested until our friends came up.

A few scanty bunches of Alpine plants began to deck the gray earth and gradually to gather themselves in bits of open sward, here and there decorated with delicate flowers. Near one little spring meadow we came upon gardens of a pale yellow flower with an agreeable aromatic perfume, and after another mile of straining on among erratic boulders and over the thick-strewn rock of the old moraines, we came to the advanced guard of the forest. Battle-twisted and gnarled old specimens of trees, of rugged, muscular trunk, and scanty, irregular branch, they showed in every line and color a life-long struggle against their enemies, the avalanche and cold. Gathering closer they grew in groves separated by long, open, grassy glades, the clumps of trees twisting their roots among the glacier blocks. For a long time we followed the pathway of an avalanche. To the right and left of us, upon considerable heights, the trees were sound and whole, and preserved, even at their ripe age, the health of youth. But down the straight pathway of the valley every tree had been swept away, the prostrate trunks lying here and there, half buried in drifts of sand and rock. Here, over the whole surface, a fresh young growth of not more than six or seven years old has sprung up,

and begun a hopeless struggle for ground which the snow claims for its own. Before us opened winding avenues through forest; green meadows spread their pale, fresh herbage in sunny beauty. Along the little stream which, after a mile's musical cascades, we knew flowed past camp, tender green plants and frail mountain flowers edged our pathway. All was still and peaceful with the soft brooding spirit of life. The groves were absolutely alive like ourselves, and drinking in the broad affluent light in their silent, beautiful way. Back over sunny tree-tops, the great cone of rock and ice loomed in the cold blue; but we gladly turned away and let our hearts open to the gentle influence of our new world.

There, at last, as we tramped over a knoll, were the mules dozing in sunshine or idling about among trees, and there that dear blue wreath floating up from our camp-fire and drifting softly among boughs of overhanging fir.

I always feel a strange renewal of life when I come down from one of these climbs; they are with me points of departure more marked and powerful than I can account for upon any reasonable ground. In spite of any scientific labor or presence of fatigue, the lifeless region, with its savage elements of sky, ice, and rock, grasps one's nature, and, whether he will or no, compels it into a stern, strong accord. Then, as you come again into softer air, and enter the comforting presence of trees, and feel the grass under your feet, one fetter after another seems to unbind from your soul, leaving it free, joyous, grateful!

Clarence King.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

IX.

QUEBEC.

ISABEL hurried out upon the forward promenade, where all the other passengers seemed to be assembled, and beheld a vast bulk of gray and purple rock, swelling a hundred and fifty feet up from the mists of the river, and taking the early morning light warm upon its face and crown. Black-hulked, red-chimneyed Liverpool steamers, gay river-craft and ships of every sail and flag, filled the stream athwart which the ferries sped their swift traffic-laden shuttles; a lower town clung to the foot of the rock, and crept, populous and picturesque, up its sides; from the massive citadel on its crest flew the red banner of Saint George, and along its brow swept the gray wall of the famous, heroic, beautiful city, overtopped by many a gleaming spire and antique roof.

Whoever was worthy to see held his breath at the sight, and slowly out of our work-day, business-suited, modern world the vessel steamed up to this city of an olden time and another ideal, — to her who was a lady from the first, devout and proud and strong, and who still, after two hundred and fifty years, keeps perfect the image and memory of the feudal past from which she sprung. Upon her height she sits unique; and when you say Quebec, having once beheld her, you invoke a sense of mediæval strangeness and of beauty which the name of no other city could intensify.

As they drew near the steamboat wharf they saw, swarming over a broad square, a market beside which the Bonsecours Market would have shown common as the Quincy, and up the odd wooden-sidewalked street stretched an aisle of carriages and those high-swung calashes, which are to Quebec what the gondolas are to Venice. But

VOL. XXVIII. — NO. 170.

the hand of destiny was upon our tourists, and they rode up town in an omnibus. They were going to the dear, dirty old Hotel Musty in — Street, without which Quebec is but thought of with a pang. It is now closed, and Prescott Gate, through which they drove into the Upper Town, has been demolished since the summer of last year. Swiftly whirled along the steep winding road, by those Quebec horses which expect to gallop up hill, whatever they do going down, they turned a corner of the broken weed-grown rock, and shot in under the low arch of the gate, pierced with smaller doorways for the foot-passengers. The gloomy masonry dripped with damp, the doors were thickly studded with heavy iron spikes; old cannon, thrust endwise into the ground at the sides of the gate, protected it against passing wheels. Why did not some semi-forbidding commissary of police, struggling hard to overcome his native politeness, appear and demand their passports? The illusion was otherwise perfect, and it needed but this touch. How often in the adored Old World, which we so love and disapprove, had they driven in through such gates at that morning hour! On what perverse pretext, then, was it not some ancient town of Normandy?

“Put a few enterprising Americans in here, and they’d soon rattle this old wall down, and let in a little fresh air!” said a patriotic voice at Isabel’s elbow, and continued to find fault with the narrow, irregular streets, the huddling gables, the quaint roofs, through which and under which they drove on to the hotel.

As they dashed into a broad open square, “Here is the French Cathedral; there is the Upper Town Market; yonder are the Jesuit Barracks!” cried Basil; and they had a passing glimpse of gray stone towers at one

side of the square, and a low, massive yellow building at the other, and, between the two, long ranks of carts, and fruit and vegetable stands, protected by canvas awnings and broad umbrellas. Then they dashed round the corner of a street, and drew up before the hotel door. The low ceilings, the thick walls, the clumsy wood-work, the wandering corridors, gave the hotel all the desired character of age, and its slovenly state bestowed an additional charm. In another place they might have demanded neatness, but in Quebec they would almost have resented it. By a chance they had the best room in the house, but they held it only till certain people who had engaged it by telegraph should arrive in the hourly expected steamer from Liverpool; and, moreover, the best room at Hotel Musty was consolingly bad. The house was very full, and the Ellisons (who had come on with them from Montreal) were bestowed in less state only on like conditions.

The travellers all met at breakfast, which was admirably cooked, and well served, with the attendance of those swarms of flies which infest Quebec, and especially infested the old Musty House in summer. It had, of course, the attraction of broiled salmon, upon which the traveller breakfasts every day as long as he remains in Lower Canada; and it represented the abundance of wild berries in the Quebec market; and it was otherwise a breakfast worthy of the appetites that honored it.

There were not many other Americans besides themselves at this hotel, which seemed, indeed, to be kept open to oblige such travellers as had been there before, and could not persuade themselves to try the new Hotel St. Louis, whither the vastly greater number resorted. Most of the faces our tourists saw were English or English-Canadian, and the young people from Omaha, who had got here by some chance, were scarcely in harmony with the place. They appeared to be a bridal party, but which of the two sisters, in buff linen clad from head to

foot, was the bride was never known. Both were equally free with the husband, and he was impartially fond of both: it was quite a family affair.

For a moment Isabel harbored the desire to see the city in company with Miss Ellison; but it was only a passing weakness. She remembered directly the coolness between friends which she had seen caused by objects of interest in Europe, and she wisely deferred a more intimate acquaintance till it could have a purely social basis. After all, nothing is so tiresome as continual exchange of sympathy, or so apt to end in mutual dislike, — except gratitude. So the ladies parted friends till dinner, and drove off in separate carriages.

As in all other show cities, there is a routine at Quebec for travellers who come on Saturday and go on Monday, and few depart from it. Our friends necessarily, therefore, drove first to the citadel. It was raining one of those cold rains by which the scarce-banished winter reminds the Canadian fields of his nearness even in midsummer, though between the bitter showers the air was sultry and close; and it was just the light in which to see the grim strength of the fortress next strongest to Gibraltar in the world. They passed a heavy iron gateway, and up through a winding lane of masonry to the gate of the citadel, where they were delivered into the care of Private Joseph Drakes, who was to show them all parts of the place open to curiosity. But, a citadel which has never stood a siege, or been threatened by any danger more serious than Fenianism, soon becomes, however strong, but a dull piece of masonry to the civilian; and our tourists more rejoiced in the crumbling fragment of the old French wall which the English destroyed than in all they had built; and they valued the latter work chiefly for the glorious prospects of the St. Lawrence and its mighty valleys which it commanded. Advanced into the centre of an amphitheatre inconceivably vast, that enormous beak of rock overlooks the narrow angle of the river

and then, in every direction, immeasurable stretches of gardened vale, and wooded upland, till all melts into the purple of the encircling mountains. Far and near are lovely white villages nestling under elms, in the heart of fields and meadows; and everywhere the long, narrow, accurately divided farms stretch downward to the river-shores. The best roads on the continent make all this beauty and richness accessible; each little village boasts some natural wonder in stream, or lake, or cataract; and this landscape, magnificent beyond any in Eastern America, is historical and interesting beyond all others. Hither came Jacques Cartier three hundred and fifty years ago, and wintered on the low point there by the St. Charles; here, nearly a century after, but still fourteen years before the landing at Plymouth, Champlain founded the missionary city of Quebec; round this rocky beak came sailing the half-piratical armament of the Calvinist Kirks in 1629, and seized Quebec in the interest of the English, holding it three years; in the Lower Town, yonder, first landed the coldly welcomed Jesuits, who came with the returning French and made Quebec forever eloquent of their zeal, their guile, their heroism; at the foot of this rock lay the fleet of Sir William Phipps, governor of Massachusetts, and vainly assailed it in 1698; in 1759 came Wolfe and embattled all the region, on river and land, till at last the bravely defended city fell into his dying hand on the Plains of Abraham; here Montgomery laid down his life at the head of the boldest and most hopeless effort of our War of Independence.

Private Joseph Drakes, with the generosity of an enemy expecting drink-money, pointed out the sign-board on the face of the crag commemorating Montgomery's death; and then showed them the officers' quarters and those of the common soldiers, not far from which was a line of hang-dog fellows drawn up to receive sentence for divers small misdemeanors, from an officer whose blond whiskers drooped Dun-

drearily from his fresh English cheeks. There was that immense difference between him and the men in physical grandeur and beauty, which is so notable in all the aristocratically ordered military services of Europe, and which makes the rank seem of another race from the file. Private Drakes saluted his superior, and visibly deteriorated in his presence, though his breast was covered with medals, and he had fought England's battles in every part of the world. It was a gross injustice, the triumph of a thousand years of wrong; and it was touching to have Private Drakes say that he expected in three months to begin life for himself, after twenty years' service of the Queen; and did they think he could get anything to do in the States? He scarcely knew what he was fit for, but he thought — to so little in him came the victories he had helped to win in the Crimea, in China, and in India — that he could take care of a gentleman's horse and work about his place. He looked inquiringly at Basil, as if he might be a gentleman with a horse to be taken care of and a place to be worked about, and made Basil regret that he was not a man of substance enough to provide for Private Drakes and Mrs. Drakes and the brood of Ducklings, who had been shown to him stowed away in one of those cavernous rooms in the earthworks where the married soldiers have their quarters. His regret enriched the reward of Private Drakes's service, — which perhaps answered one of Private Drakes's purposes, if not his chief aim. He promised to come to the States upon the pressing advice of Isabel, who, speaking from her own large experience, declared that everybody got on there; and he bade our friends an affectionate farewell as they drove away to the Plains of Abraham.

The fashionable suburban cottages and places of Quebec are on the St. Louis Road leading northward to the old battle-ground and beyond it; but these face chiefly towards the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles, and lofty

hedges and shrubbery hide them in an English seclusion from the highway ; so that the visitor may uninterruptedly meditate whatever emotion he will for the scene of Wolfe's death as he rides along. His loftiest emotion will want the noble height of that heroic soul, who must always stand forth in history a figure of beautiful and singular distinction, admirable alike for the sensibility and daring, the poetic thoughtfulness, and the martial ardor that mingled in him and taxed his feeble frame with tasks greater than it could bear. The whole story of the capture of Quebec is full of romantic splendor and pathos. Her fall was a triumph for all the English-speaking race, and to us Americans, long scourged by the cruel Indian wars plotted within her walls or sustained by her strength, such a blessing as was hailed with ringing bells and blazing bonfires throughout the Colonies ; yet now we cannot think without pity of the hopes extinguished and the labors brought to naught in her overthrow. That strange colony of priests and soldiers, of martyrs and heroes, of which she was the capital, willing to perish for an allegiance to which the mother-country was indifferent, and fighting against the armies with which England was prepared to outnumber the whole Canadian population, is a magnificent spectacle ; and Montcalm laying down his life to lose Quebec is not less affecting than Wolfe dying to win her. The heart opens towards the soldier who recited, on the eve of his costly victory, the *Elegy* in a Country Churchyard which he would "rather have written than beat the French to-morrow" ; but it aches for the defeated general, who, hurt to death, answered, when told how brief his time was, "So much the better ; then I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

In the city for which they perished their fame has never been divided. The English have shown themselves very generous victors ; perhaps nothing could be alleged against them, but that they were victors. A shaft

common to Wolfe and Montcalm celebrates them both in the Governor's Garden ; and in the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent a tablet is placed, where Montcalm died, by the same conquerors who raised to Wolfe's memory the column on the battle-field.

A dismal prison covers the ground where the hero fell, and the monument stands on the spot where Wolfe breathed his last, on ground lower than the rest of the field ; the friendly hollow that sheltered him from the fire of the French dwarfs his monument ; yet this is sufficient, and the simple inscription, "Here died Wolfe victorious," gives it a dignity which many cubits of added stature could not bestow. One of those bitter showers, which had interspersed the morning's sunshine, drove suddenly across the open plain, and our tourists comfortably sentimentalized the scene behind the close-drawn curtains of their carriage. Here a whole empire had been lost and won, Basil reminded Isabel ; and she said, "Only think of it !" and looked to a wandering fold of her skirt, upon which the rain beat through a rent of the curtain.

Do I pitch the pipe too low ? We poor honest men are at a sad disadvantage ; and now and then I am minded to give a loose to fancy, and attribute something really grand and fine to my people, in order to make them worthier the reader's respected acquaintance. But again, I forbid myself in a higher interest ; and I am afraid that even if I were less virtuous, I could not exalt their mood upon a battle-field ; for of all things of the past a battle is the least conceivable. I have heard men who fought in many battles say that the recollection was all like a dream to them ; and what can the merely civilian imagination do on the Plains of Abraham, with the fact that there, more than a century ago, certain thousands of Frenchmen marched out, on a bright September morning, to kill and maim as many Englishmen ? This ground so green and soft with grass beneath the feet, was it once torn

with shot and soaked with the blood of men? Did they lie here in ranks and heaps, the miserable slain, for whom tender hearts away yonder over the sea were to ache and break? Did the wretches that fell wounded stretch themselves here, and writhe beneath the feet of friend and foe, or crawl away for shelter into little hollows, and behind bushes and fallen trees? Did he, whose soul was so full of noble and sublime impulses, die here, shot through like some ravening beast? The loathsome carnage, the shrieks, the hellish din of arms, the cries of victory,—I vainly strive to conjure up some image of it all now; and God be thanked, horrible spectre! that, fill the world with sorrow as thou wilt, thou still remainest incredible in its moments of sanity and peace. Least credible of all art thou on the old battle-fields, where the mother of the race denies thee with breeze and sun and leaf and bird and every blade of grass! The red stain in Basil's thought yielded to the rain sweeping across the pasture-land from which it had long since faded, and the words on the monument, "Here died Wolfe victorious," did not proclaim his bloody triumph over the French, but his self-conquest, his victory over fear and pain and love of life. Alas! when shall the poor, blind, stupid world honor those who renounce self in the joy of their kind, equally with those who devote themselves through the anguish and loss of thousands? So old a world, and groping still!

The tourists were better fitted for the next occasion of sentiment, which was at the Hôtel Dieu, whither they went after returning from the battle-field. It took all the mal-address of which travellers are masters to secure admittance, and it was not till they had rung all manner of wrong bells, and misunderstood many soft nun-voices speaking French through grated doors, and set divers sympathetic spectators doing ineffectual services, that they at last found the proper entrance, and were answered in English that the porter would ask if they might see the

chapel. They hoped to find there the skull of Brébeuf, one of those Jesuit martyrs who perished long ago for the conversion of a race that has perished, and whose relics they had come, fresh from their reading of Parkman, with some vague and patronizing intention to revere. An elderly sister with a pale, kind face led them through a ward of the hospital into the chapel, which they found in the expected taste, and exquisitely neat and cool, but lacking the martyr's skull. They asked if it were not to be seen. "Ah, yes, poor Père Brébeuf!" sighed the gentle sister, with the tone and manner of having lost him yesterday; "we had it down only last week, showing it to some Jesuit fathers; but it's in the convent now, and is n't to be seen." And there mingled apparently in her regret for Père Brébeuf a confusing sense of his actual state as a portable piece of furniture. She would not let them praise the chapel. It was very clean, yes, but there was nothing to see in it. She deprecated their compliments with many shrugs, but she was pleased; for when we renounce the pomps and vanities of this world, we are pretty sure to find them in some other,—if we are women. She, good and pure soul, whose whole life was given to self-denying toil, had yet something angelically coquettish in her manner, a spiritual-worldliness which was the clarified likeness of this-worldliness. O, had they seen the Hôtel Dieu at Montreal? Then (with a vivacious wave of the hands) they would not care to look at this, which by comparison was nothing. Yet she invited them to go through the wards if they would, and was clearly proud to have them see the wonderful cleanliness and comfort of the place. There were not many patients, but here and there a wan or fevered face looked at them from its pillow, or a weak form drooped beside a bed, or a group of convalescents softly talked together. They came presently to the last hall, at the end of which sat another nun, beside a window that gave a view of the busy port, and beyond it the

landscape of village-lit plain and forest-darkened height. On a table at her elbow stood a rose-tree on which hung two only pale tea-roses, so fair, so perfect, that Isabel cried out in wonder and praise. Ere she could prevent it, the nun, to whom there had been some sort of presentation, gathered one of the roses, and with a shy grace offered it to Isabel, who shrank back a little as from too costly a gift. "Take it," said the first nun, with her pretty French accent; while the other, who spoke no English at all, beamed a placid smile; and Isabel took it. The flower, lying light in her palm, exhaled a delicate odor, and a thrill of exquisite compassion for it trembled through her heart, as if it had been the white, cloistered life of the silent nun: with its pallid loveliness, it was as a flower that had taken the veil. It could never have uttered the burning passion of a lover for his mistress; the nightingale could have found no thorn on it to press his aching poet's heart against; but sick and weary eyes had dwelt gratefully upon it; at most it might have expressed, like a prayer, the nun's stainless love of some favorite saint in paradise. Cold, and pale, and sweet,—was it indeed only a flower, this cloistered rose of the Hôtel Dieu?

"Breathe it," said the gentle Gray Sister; "sometimes the air of the hospital offends. Not us, no; we are used; but you come from the outside." And she gave her rose for this humble use as lovingly as she devoted herself to her lowly cares.

"It is very little to see," she said at the end; "but if you are pleased, I am very glad. Good by, good by!" She stood with her arms folded, and watched them out of sight with her kind, coquettish little smile, and then the mute, blank life of the nun resumed her.

From Hôtel Dieu to Hotel Musty it was but a step; both were in the same street; but our friends fancied themselves to have come an immense distance when they sat down at an

early dinner there, amidst the clash of crockery and cutlery, and looked round upon all the profane travelling world assembled. Their regard presently fixed upon one company which monopolized a whole table, and were defined from the other diners by peculiarities as marked as those of the *Sœurs Grises* themselves. There were only two men among some eight or ten women; one of the former had a bad amiable face, with eyes full of a merry deviltry; the other, clean shaven and dark, was demure and silent as a priest. The ladies were of various types, but of one effect, with large rolling eyes, and faces that somehow regarded the beholder as from a distance, and with an impartial feeling for him as for an element of publicity. One of them, who caressed a lapdog with one hand while she served herself with the other, was, as she seemed to believe, a blonde; she had pale blue eyes, and her hair was cut in front so as to cover her forehead with a straggling sandy-colored fringe. She had an English look, and three or four others, with dark complexion and black, unsteady eyes, and various abandon of back-hair, looked like Cockney hours of Jewish blood; while two of the lovely company were clearly of our own nation, as was the young man with the reckless laughing face. The ladies were all dressed and jewelled with a kind of broad effectiveness, which was to the ordinary style of society what scene-painting is to painting, and might have borne close inspection no better. They all seemed the best-humored people in the world, and on the kindest terms with each other. The waiters shared their pleasant mood, and served them affectionately, and were now and then invited to join in the gay talk which babbled on over dislocated aspirates, and filled the air with a sentiment of vagabond enjoyment, of the romantic freedom of violated convention, of something Gil-Blasian, almost picaresque.

If they had needed explanation it would have been given by the announcement in the office of the hotel

that a troupe of British blondes were then appearing in Quebec for one week only.

After dinner they took possession of the parlor, and while one strummed fitfully upon the ailing hotel piano, the rest talked, and talked shop, of course, as all of us do when several of a trade are got together.

"W'at," said the eldest of the dark-faced, black-haired British blondes of Jewish race, — "w'at are we going to give at Montreal?"

"We're going to give 'Pygmalion,' at Montreal," answered the British blonde of American birth, good-humoredly burlesquing the erring *k* of her sister.

"But we cahn't, you know," said the lady with the fringed forehead; "Hagnes is gone on to New York, and there's nobody to do Wenus."

"Yes, you know," demanded the first speaker, "oo's to do Wenus?"

"Bella's to do Wenus," said a third.

There was an outcry at this, and "'Ow ever would she get herself up for Wenus?" and "W'at a guy she'll look!" and "Nonsense! Bella's too 'eavy for Wenus!" came from different lively critics; and the debate threatened to become too intimate for the public ear, when one of their gentlemen came in and said, "Charley don't seem so well this afternoon." On this the chorus changed its note, and at the proposal, "Poor Charley, let's go and cheer 'im hup a bit," the whole good-tempered company trooped out of the parlor together.

Our tourists meant to give the rest of the afternoon to that sort of aimless wandering to and fro about the streets which seizes a foreign city unawares, and best develops all its charm of strangeness. So they went out and took their fill of Quebec with appetites keen through long fasting from the quaint and old, and only sharpened by Montreal. The crooked up-and-down hill streets; the thoroughly French domestic architecture of a place that thus denied having been English for a

hundred years; the *porte-cochères* beside every house; the French names upon the doors, and the oddity of the bell-pulls; the rough-paved, rattling streets; the shining roofs of tin, and the universal dormer-windows; the littleness of the private houses, and the greatness of the high-walled and garden-girdled convents; the breadths of weather-stained city wall, and the shaggy cliff beneath; the batteries, with their guns peacefully staring through loopholes of masonry, and the red-coated sergeants flirting with nursery-maids upon the carriages, while the children tumbled about over the pyramids of shot and shell; the sloping market-place before the cathedral, where yet some remnant of the morning's traffic lingered under canvas canopies, and where Isabel bought a bouquet of marigolds and asters of an old woman peasant enough to have sold it in any market-place of Europe; the small, dark shops beyond the quarter invaded by English retail trade; the movement of all the strange figures of cleric and lay and military life; the sound of a foreign speech prevailing over the English; the encounter of other tourists, the passage back and forth through the different city gates; the public wooden stairways, dropping flight after flight from the Upper to the Lower Town; the bustle of the port, with its commerce and shipping and seafaring life huddled close in under the hill; the many desolate streets of the Lower Town, as black and ruinous as the last great fire left them; the marshy meadows beyond, memorable of Recollets and Jesuits, of Cartier and Montcalm; — all these things were inexpressibly dear to their souls.

They went to the chapel of the Seminary at Laval University, and admired the Le Brun, and the other paintings of less merit, but equal interest through their suggestion of a whole dim religious world of paintings; and then they spent half an hour in the cathedral, not so much in looking at the Crucifixion by Vandyck which is there, as in revelling amid the familiar *rococo*

splendors of the temple. Every swaggering statue of a saint, every rope-dancing angel, every cherub of those that on the carven and gilded clouds above the high altar float

"Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,"

was precious to them; the sacristan dusting the sacred properties with a feather brush, and giving each shrine a business-like nod as he passed, was as a long-lost brother; they had hearts of aggressive tenderness for the young girls and old women who stepped in for a half-hour's devotion, and for the men with bourgeois or peasant faces, who stole a moment from affairs and crops, and gave it to the saints. There was nothing in the place that need remind them of America, and its taste was exactly that of a thousand other churches of the eighteenth century. They could easily have believed themselves in the farthest Catholic South, but for the two great porcelain stoves that stood on either side of the nave near the entrance, and that vividly reminded them of the possibility of cold.

In fact, Quebec is a little painful in this and other confusions of the South and North, and one never quite reconciles himself to them. The Frenchmen, who expected to find there the climate of their native land, and ripen her wines in as kindly a sun, have perpetuated the image of home in so many things, that it goes to the heart with a painful emotion to find the sad, oblique light of the North upon them. As you ponder upon some characteristic aspect of Quebec, — a bit of street with heavy stone houses, opening upon a stretch of the city wall, with a Lombardy poplar rising slim against it, — you say to your satisfied soul, "Yes, it is the real thing!" and then all at once a sense of that northern sky strikes in upon you, and makes the reality a mere picture. The sky is blue, the sun is often fiercely hot; you could not perhaps prove that the pathetic radiance is not an efflux of your own consciousness that summer is but hanging over the land, briefly poising on wings that flit

at the first dash of rain, and that will soon vanish in long retreat before the snow. But somehow, from without or from within, that light of the North is there.

It lay saddest, our travellers thought, upon the little circular garden near Durham Terrace, where every brightness of fall flowers abounded, — marigold, coxcomb, snap-dragon, dahlia, hollyhock, and sunflower. It was a substantial and hardy efflorescence, and they fancied that fainter-hearted plants would have pined away in that garden, where the little fountain, leaping up into the bleak light, fell back again with a musical shiver. The consciousness of this latent cold, of winter only held in abeyance by the bright sun, was not deeper even in the once magnificent, now neglected Governor's Garden, where there was actually a rawness in the late afternoon air, and whither they were strolling for the view from its height, and to pay their duty to the obelisk placed there to the common fame of Wolfe and Montcalm. The sounding Latin inscription celebrates the royal governor-general who erected it almost as much as the heroes to whom it was raised; but these spectators did not begrudge the space given to his praise, for so fine a thought merited praise. It enforced again the idea of a kind of posthumous friendship between Wolfe and Montcalm, which gives their memory its strange distinction, and unites them, who fell in fight against each other, as closely as if they had both died for the same cause.

Some lasting dignity seems to linger about the city that has once been a capital; and this odor of fallen nobility belongs to Quebec, which was a capital in the European sense, with all the advantages of a small vice-regal court, and its social and political intrigues, in the French times. Under the English, for a hundred years it was the centre of Colonial civilization and refinement, with a governor-general's residence and a brilliant, easy, and delightful society, to which the large garrison of former days gave gayety and romance.

The honors of a capital, first shared with Montreal and Toronto, now rest with half-savage Ottawa ; and the garrison has dwindled to a regiment of rifles, whose presence would hardly be known, but for the natty serjeants lounging, stick in hand, about the streets and courting the nurse-maids. But in the days of old there were scenes of carnival pleasure in the Governor's Garden, and there the garrison band still plays once a week, when it is filled by the fashion and beauty of Quebec, and some semblance of the past is recalled. It is otherwise a lonesome, indifferently tended place, and on this afternoon there was no one there but a few loafing young fellows of low degree, French and English, and children that played screaming from seat to seat and path to path and over the too-heavily shaded grass. In spite of a conspicuous warning that any dog entering the garden would be destroyed, the place was thronged with dogs unmolested and apparently in no danger of the threatened doom. The seal of a disagreeable desolation was given in the legend rudely carved upon one of the benches, "Success to the Irish Republic!"

The morning of the next day our tourists gave to hearing mass at the French cathedral, which was not different, to their heretical senses, from any other mass, except that the ceremony was performed with a very full clerical force, and was attended by an uncommonly devout congregation. With Europe constantly in their minds, they were bewildered to find the worshippers not chiefly old and young women, but men also of all ages and of every degree, from the neat peasant in his Sabbath-day best to the modish young Quebecker, who spread his handkerchief on the floor to save his pantaloons during supplication. There was fashion and education in large degree among the men, and there was in all a pious attention to the function in poetical keeping with the origin and history of a city which the zeal of the Church had founded.

A magnificent beadle, clothed in a gold-laced coat and bearing a silver staff, bowed to them when they entered, and, leading them to a pew, punched up a kneeling peasant, who mutely resumed his prayers in the aisle outside, while they took his place. It appeared to Isabel very unjust that their curiosity should displace his religion ; but she consoled herself by making Basil give a shilling to the man who, preceded by the shining beadle, came round to take up a collection. The peasant could have given nothing but copper, and she felt that this restored the lost balance of righteousness in their favor. There was a sermon, very sweetly and gracefully delivered by a young priest of singular beauty, even among clergy whose good looks are so notable as those of Quebec ; and then they followed the orderly crowd of worshippers out, and left the cathedral to the sacristan and the odor of incense.

They thought the type of French-Canadian better here than at Montreal, and they particularly noticed the greater number of pretty young girls. All classes were well dressed ; for though the best dressed could not be called stylish according to the American standard, as Isabel decided, and had only a provincial gentility, the poorest wore garments that were clean and whole. Everybody, too, was going to have a hot Sunday dinner, if there was any truth in the odors that steamed out of every door and window ; and this dinner was to be abundantly garnished with onions, for the dullest nose could not err concerning that savor.

Numbers of tourists, of a nationality that showed itself superior to every distinction of race, were strolling vaguely, and not always quite happily about ; but they made no impression on the proper local character, and the air throughout the morning was full of the sentiment of Sunday in a Catholic city. There was the apparently meaningless jangling of bells, with profound hushes between, and then more jubilant jangling, and then deeper silence ; there

was the devout trooping of the crowds to the churches; and there was the beginning of the long afternoon's lounging and amusement with which the people of that faith reward their morning's devotion. Little stands for the sale of knotty apples and choke-cherries and cakes and cider sprang magically into existence after service, and people were already eating and drinking at them. The carriage-drivers resumed their chase of the tourists, and the unvoiceful stir of the new week had begun again. Quebec, in fact, is but a pantomimic reproduction of France; it is as if two centuries in a new land, amidst the primeval silences of nature and the long hush of the Northern winters, had stilled the tongues of the lively folk and made them taciturn as we of a graver race. They have kept the ancestral vivacity of manner; the elegance of the shrug is intact; the talking hands take part in dialogue; the agitated person will have its share of expression. But the loud and eager tone is wanting, and their dumb show mystifies the beholder almost as much as the Southern architecture under the slanting Northern sun. It is not America; if it is not France, what is it?

Of the many beautiful things to see in the neighborhood of Quebec, our wedding-journeymen were in doubt on which to bestow their one precious afternoon. Should it be Lorette, with its cataract and its remnant of bleached and fading Hurons, or the Isle of Orleans with its fertile farms and its primitive peasant life, or Montmorenci, with its unrivalled fall and its long drive through the beautiful village of Beauport? Isabel chose the last, because Basil had been there before, and it had to it the poetry of the wasted years in which she did not know him. She had possessed herself of the journal of his early travels, among the other portions and parcels recoverable from the dreadful past, and from time to time on this journey she had read him passages out of it, with mingled sentiment and irony, and, whether she was mocking or admiring, equally to

his confusion. Now, as they smoothly bowled away from the city, she made him listen to what he had written of the same excursion long ago.

It was, to be sure, a sad farrago of sentiment about the village and the rural sights, and especially a girl tossing hay in the field. Yet it had touches of nature and reality, and Basil could not utterly despise himself for having written it. "Yes," he said, "life was then a thing to be put into pretty periods; now it's something that has risks and averages, and may be insured."

There was regret, fancied or expressed, in his tone, that made her sigh, "Ah! if I'd only had a *little* more money, you might have devoted yourself to literature"; for she was a true Bostonian in her honor of our poor craft.

"Yes, you're greatly to blame," answered her husband, "but I forgive you. So many pine away in unrequited affection for the Muse, — even of those who give all their time and money to her, — that I'm very well satisfied to be going back to my applications and policies to-morrow."

To-morrow? The word struck cold upon her. Then their wedding journey would begin to end to-morrow! So it would, she owned with another sigh; and yet it seemed impossible.

"There, ma'am," said the driver, rising from his seat and facing round, while he pointed with his whip towards Quebec, "that's what we call the Silver City."

They looked back with him at the city, whose thousands of tinned roofs, rising one above the other from the water's edge to the citadel, were all a splendor of argent light in the afternoon sun. It was indeed as if some magic had clothed that huge rock, base and steepy flank and crest, with a silver city. They gazed upon the marvel with cries of joy that satisfied the driver's utmost pride in it, and Isabel said, "To live there, there in that Silver City, in perpetual sojourn! To be always going to go on a morrow that

never came! To be forever within one day of the end of a wedding journey that never ended!"

From far down the river by which they rode came the sound of a cannon, breaking the Sabbath repose of the air. "That's the gun of the Liverpool steamer, just coming in," said the driver.

"O," cried Isabel, "I'm thankful we're only to stay one night more, for now we shall be turned out of our nice room by those people who telegraphed for it!"

There is a continuous village along the St. Lawrence from Quebec, almost to Montmorenci; and they met crowds of villagers coming from the church as they passed through Beauport. But Basil was dismayed at the change that had befallen them. They all had their Sunday's best on, and the women, instead of wearing the peasant costume in which he had first seen them, were now dressed as if out "Harper's Bazar" of the year before. He anxiously asked the driver if the broad straw hats and the bright sacks and kirtles were no more. "O, you'd see them on week-days, sir," was the answer, "but they're not so plenty any time as they used to be." He opened his store of facts about the *habitans*, whom he praised for every virtue,—for thrift, for sobriety, for neatness, for amiability; and his words ought to have had the greater weight, because he was of the Irish race, between which and the Canadians there is no kindness lost. But all the looks of the people corroborated him, and as for the little houses, open-doored beside the way, with the pleasant faces at window and portal, they were miracles of picturesqueness and cleanliness. From each the owner's slim domain, narrowing at every successive division among the abundant generations, runs back to hill or river in well-defined lines, and beside the cottage is a garden of pot-herbs, bordered with a flame of bright autumn flowers; somewhere in decent seclusion grunts the fattening pig, which is to enrich all those peas and onions for

the winter's broth; there is a cheerfulness of poultry about the barns; I dare be sworn there is always a small girl driving a flock of decorous ducks down the middle of the street; and of the priest with a book under his arm, passing a wayside shrine, what possible doubt? The houses, which are all of one model, are built by the peasants themselves with the stone which their land yields more abundantly than any other crop, and are furnished with galleries and balconies to catch every ray of the fleeting summer, or perhaps only to remember the long-lost ancestral summers of Normandy. At every moment, in passing through this ideally neat and pretty village, our tourists must think of the lovely poem of which all French Canada seems but a reminiscence and illustration. It was Grand Pré, not Beauport; and they paid an eager homage to the beautiful genius which has touched those simple village aspects with an undying charm, and which, whatever the land's political allegiance, is there perpetual Seigneur.

The village, stretching along the broad interval of the St. Lawrence, grows sparser as you draw near the Falls of Montmorenci, and presently you drive past the grove shutting from the road the country-house in which the Duke of Kent spent some merry days of his jovial youth, and come in sight of two lofty towers of stone,—monuments and witnesses of the tragedy of Montmorenci.

Once a suspension-bridge, built sore-against the will of the neighboring *habitans*, hung from these towers high over the long plunge of the cataract. But one morning of the fatal spring after the first winter's frost had tried the hold of the cable on the rocks, an old peasant and his wife with their little grandson set out in their cart to pass the bridge. As they drew near the middle the anchoring wires suddenly lost their grip upon the shore, and whirled into the air; the bridge crashed under them, and they were launched from its height upon the verge of the fall and thence plunged, two hundred

and fifty feet, into the ruin of the abyss.

The *habitans* rebuilt their bridge of wood upon low stone piers, so far up the river from the fall that whoever fell from it would yet have many a chance for life; and it would have been a *casus belli* to offer to replace the fallen structure, which, in the belief of all faithful Christians, clearly belonged to the numerous bridges built by the Devil, in times when the Devil did not call himself a civil engineer.

The driver, with just unction, recounted the sad tale as he halted his horses on the bridge; and as his passengers looked down the rock-fretted brown torrent towards the fall, Isabel seized the occasion to shudder that ever she had set foot on that suspension-bridge below Niagara, and to prove to Basil's confusion that her doubt of the bridges between the Three Sisters was not a case of nerves, but an instinctive wisdom concerning the unsafety of all bridges of that design.

From the gap opening into the grounds about the fall two or three little French boys, whom they had not the heart to forbid, ran noisily before them with cries in their sole English, "This way, sir!" and led toward a weather-beaten summer-house that tottered upon a projecting rock above the verge of the cataract. But our tourists shook their heads, and turned away for a more distant and less dizzy enjoyment of the spectacle, though any commanding point was sufficiently chasmal and precipitous. The lofty bluff was scooped inward from the St. Lawrence in a vast irregular semicircle, with cavernous hollows, one within another, sinking far into its sides, all naked from foot to crest or meagrely wooded here and there with evergreen. From the central brink of these gloomy purple chasms the foamy cataract launched itself, and like a cloud

"Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem."

I say a cloud, because I find it already said to my hand, as it were, in a pretty verse, and because I must needs liken

Montmorenci to something that is soft and light. Yet a cloud does not represent the glinting of the water in its downward swoop; it is like some broad slope of sun-smitten snow; but snow is coldly white and opaque, and this has a creamy warmth in its luminous mass; and so, there hangs the cataract unsaid as before. It is a mystery that anything so grand should be so lovely, that anything so tenderly fair in whatever aspect should yet be so large that one glance fails to comprehend it all. The rugged wildness of the cliffs and hollows about it is softened by its gracious beauty, which half redeems the vulgarity of the timber-merchant's uses in setting the river at work in his saw-mills and choking its outlet into the St. Lawrence with rafts of lumber and rubbish of slabs and shingles. Nay, rather, it is alone amidst these things, and the eye takes note of them by a separate effort.

Our tourists sank down upon the turf that crept with its white clover to the edge of the precipice, and gazed dreamily upon the fall, filling their vision with its exquisite color and form. Being wiser than I, they did not try to utter its loveliness; they were content to feel it, and the perfection of the afternoon, whose low sun slanting over the landscape gave, under that pale, greenish-blue sky, a pensive sentiment of autumn to the world. The crickets cried amongst the grass; the hesitating chirp of birds came from the tree overhead; a shaggy colt left off grazing in the field and came up to stare at them; their little guides having found that these people had no pleasure in the sight of small boys scuffling on the verge of a precipice, threw themselves also down upon the grass and crooned a long, long ballad in a mournful minor key about some maiden whose name was La Belle Adeline. It was a moment of unmixed enjoyment for every sense, and through all their being they were glad; which considering, they ceased to be so, with a deep sigh, as one reasoning that he dreams must presently awake. They never could

have an emotion without desiring to analyze it; but perhaps their rapture would have ceased as swiftly, even if they had not tried to make it a fact of consciousness.

"If there were not dinner after such experiences as these," said Isabel, as they sat at table that evening, "I don't know what would become of one. But dinner unites the idea of pleasure and duty, and brings you gently back to earth. You *must* eat, don't you see, and there's nothing disgraceful about what you're obliged to do; and so — it's all right."

"Isabel, Isabel," cried her husband, "you have a wonderful mind, and its workings always amaze me. But be careful, my dear; be careful. Don't work it too hard. The human brain, you know; delicate organ."

"Well, you understand what I mean; and I think it's one of the great charms of a husband, that you're not forced to express yourself to him. A husband," continued Isabel, sententiously, poising a bit of meringue between her thumb and finger, — for they had reached that point in the repast, — "a husband is almost as good as another woman!"

In the parlor they found the Ellisons, and exchanged the history of the day with them.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Ellison, at the end, "it's been a pleasant day enough, but what of the night? You've been turned out, too, by those people who came on the steamer, and who might as well have stayed on board to-night; have you got another room?"

"Not precisely," said Isabel, "we have a coop in the fifth story, right under the roof."

Mrs. Ellison turned energetically upon her husband and cried in tones of reproach, "Richard, Mrs. March has a room!"

"A coop, she *said*," retorted that amiable Colonel, "and we're too good for that. The clerk is keeping us in suspense about a room, because he means to surprise us with something palatial at the end. It's his joking way."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Ellison. "Have you seen him since dinner?"

"I have made life a burden to him for the last half-hour," returned the Colonel, with the kindest smile.

"O Richard," cried his wife, in despair of his amendment, "you would n't make life a burden to a mouse!" And having nothing else for it, she laughed, half in sorrow, half in foudness.

"Well, Fanny," the Colonel irrelevantly answered, "put on your hat and things, and let's all go up to Durham Terrace for a promenade. I know our friends want to go. It's something worth seeing; and by the time we get back, the clerk will have us a perfectly sumptuous apartment."

Nothing, I think, more enforces the illusion of Southern Europe in Quebec than the Sunday-night promenading on the Durham Terrace. This is the ample space on the brow of the cliff to the left of the citadel, the noblest and most commanding position in the whole city, which was formerly occupied by the old castle of Saint Louis, where dwelt the brave Count Frontenac and his splendid successors of the French *régime*. The castle went the way of Quebec by fire some forty years ago, and Lord Durham levelled the site and made it a public promenade. A stately arcade of solid masonry supports it on the brink of the rock, and an iron parapet encloses it; there are a few seats to lounge upon, and some idle old guns for the children to clamber over and play with. A soft twilight had followed the day, and there was just enough obscurity to hide from a willing eye the Northern and New World facts of the scene, and to bring into more romantic relief the citadel dark against the mellow evening, and the people gossiping from window to window across the narrow streets of the Lower Town. The Terrace itself was densely thronged, and there was a constant coming and going of the promenaders, who each formally paced back and forth upon the planking for a certain time, and then went quietly home, giving

place to the new arrivals. They were nearly all French, and they were not generally, it seemed, of the first fashion, but rather of middling condition in life; the English, being represented here only by a few young fellows and now and then a red-faced old gentleman with an Indian scarf trailing from his hat. There were some fair American costumes and faces in the crowd, but it was essentially Quebecian. The young girls walking in pairs, or with their lovers, had the true touch of provincial unstylishness, the young men the ineffectual excess of the second-rate Latin dandy; their elders the rich inelegance of a *bourgeoisie* in their best. A few better-figured *avocats* or *notaires* (their profession was as unmistakable as if they had carried their well-polished brass doorplates upon their breasts) walked and gravely talked with each other. The non-American character of the scene was not less vividly marked in the fact that each person dressed according to his own taste and frankly indulged private preferences in shapes and colors. One of the promenaders was in white, even to his canvas shoes; another, with yet bolder individuality, appeared in perfect purple. It had a strange, almost portentous effect when these two startling figures met as friends and joined each other in the promenade with linked arms; but the evening was already beginning to darken round them, and presently the purple comrade was merely a sombre shadow beside the glimmering white.

The valleys and the heights now vanished; but the river defined itself by the varicolored lights of the ships and steamers that lay, dark, motionless bulks, upon its broad breast; the lights of Point Levis swarmed upon the other shore; the Lower Town, a hundred feet below them, stretched an alluring mystery of clustering roofs and lamplit windows and dark and shining streets around the mighty rock, mural-crowned. Suddenly a long arch brightened over the northern horizon; the tremulous flames of the aurora, pal-

lid violet or faintly tinged with crimson, shot upward from it, and played with a weird apparition and evanescence to the zenith. While the strangers looked, a gun boomed from the citadel, and the wild sweet notes of the bugle sprang out upon the silence.

Then they all said, "How perfectly in keeping everything has been!" and sauntered back to the hotel.

The Colonel went into the office to give the clerk another turn on the rack, and make him confess to a hidden apartment somewhere, while Isabel left her husband to Mrs. Ellison in the parlor, and invited Miss Kitty to look at her coop in the fifth story. As they approached, light and music and laughter stole out of an open door next hers, and Isabel, distinguishing the voices of the theatrical ladies, divined that this was the sick-chamber, and that they were again cheering up the afflicted member of their troupe. Some one was heard to say, "Well, 'ow do you feel now, Charley?" and a sound of subdued swearing responded, followed by more laughter, and the twanging of a guitar, and a snatch of song, and a stir of feet and dresses as for departure.

The two listeners shrank together, and, "Dear!" cried Isabel, "what shall we do?"

"Go back," said Miss Ellison, boldly, and back they ran to the parlor, where they found Basil and the Colonel and his wife in earnest conclave. The Colonel, like a shrewd strategist, was making show of a desperation more violent than his wife's, who was thus naturally forced into the attitude of moderating his fury.

"Well, Fanny, that's all he can do for us; and I do think it's the most outrageous thing in the world! It's real mean!"

Fanny perceived a bold parody of her own denunciatory manner, but just then she was obliged to answer Isabel's eager inquiry whether they had got a room yet. "Yes, a room," she said, "with two beds. But what are we to do with one room? That clerk—I

don't know what to call him" — ("Call him a hotel-clerk, my dear ; you can't say anything worse," interrupted her husband) — "seems to think the matter perfectly settled."

"You see, Mrs. March," added the Colonel, "he's able to bully us in this way because he has the architecture on his side. There is n't another room in the house."

"Let me think a moment," said Isabel. She had taken a fancy to these people from the first, and in the last hour they had all become very well acquainted ; now she said, "I'll tell you : there are two beds in our room also ; we ladies will take one room, and you gentlemen the other !"

"Mrs. March, I bow to the superiority of the Boston mind," said the Colonel, while his females civilly protested and consented ; "and I might almost hail you as our preserver. If ever you come to Milwaukee, — which is the centre of the world, as Boston is, — we — I — shall be happy to have you call at my place of business. — I did n't commit myself, did I, Fanny ? — I am sometimes hospitable to excess, Mrs. March," he said, to explain his aside. "And now, let us reconnoitre. Lead on, madam, and the gratitude of the houseless stranger will follow you."

The whole party explored both rooms, and the ladies decided to keep Isabel's. The Colonel was despatched to see that all the wraps and traps of his party were sent to this number, and Basil went with him. The things came long before the gentlemen returned, but the ladies happily employed the time in talking over the excitements of the day, and in saying from time to time, "So very kind of you, Mrs. March," and "I don't know what we should have done," and "Don't speak of it, please," and "I'm sure it's a great pleasure to me."

In the room adjoining theirs, where the invalid actor lay, and where lately there had been minstrelsy and apparently dancing for his entertainment, there was now comparative silence. Two women's voices talked together,

and now and then a guitar was touched by a wandering hand. Isabel had just put up her handkerchief to conceal her first yawn, when the gentlemen, odorous of cigars, returned to say good night.

"It's the second door from this, is n't it, Isabel ?" asked her husband.

"Yes, the second door. Good night."

"Good night."

The two men walked off together ; but in a minute afterwards they had returned and were knocking tremulously at the closed door.

"O, what has happened ?" chorussed the ladies in woful tune, seeing a certain wildness in the faces that confronted them.

"We don't know !" answered the others in as fearful key, and related how they had found the door of their room ajar, and a bright light streaming into the corridor. With the heedlessness of their sex they did not stop to ponder this fact, but pushed the door wide open, when they saw seated before the mirror a bewildering figure, with dishevelled locks wandering down the back, and in dishabille expressive of being quite at home there, which turned upon them a pair of pale blue eyes, under a forehead remarkable for the straggling fringe of hair that covered it. They professed to have remained transfixed at the sight and to have noted a like dismay on the visage before the glass, ere they summoned strength to fly. These facts Colonel Ellison gave at the command of his wife, with many protests and insincere delays amidst which only the curiosity of his hearers prevented them from rending him in pieces.

"And what do you suppose it was ?" demanded his wife, with forced calmness, when he had at last made an end of the story and his abominable hypocrisies.

"Well, I think it was a mermaid."

"A mermaid !" said his wife, scornfully. "How do you know ?"

"It had a comb in its hand, for one thing ; and besides, my dear, I hope I know a mermaid when I see it."

"Well," said Mrs. Ellison, "it was

no mermaid, it was a mistake; and I'm going to see about it. Will you go with me, Richard?"

"No money could induce me! If it's a mistake, it is n't proper for me to go; if it's a mermaid, it's dangerous."

"O you coward!" said the intrepid little woman to a hero of all the fights on Sherman's march to the sea; and presently they heard her attack the mysterious enemy with a lady-like courage, claiming the invaded chamber. The foe replied with like civility, saying the clerk had given her that room with the understanding that another lady was to be put there with her, and she had left her door unlocked to admit her. The watchers with the sick man next door appeared and confirmed this speech; a feeble voice from the bedclothes swore to it.

"Of course," added the invader, "if I'd known 'ow it really was, I never would 'ave listened to such a thing, never. And there is n't another 'ole in the 'ouse to lay me 'ead," she concluded.

"Then it's the clerk's fault," said Mrs. Ellison, glad to retreat unharmed; and she made her husband ring for the guilty wretch, a pale, quiet young Frenchman, whom the united party, sallying into the corridor, began to bully in one breath, the lady in dishabille vanishing as often as she remembered it, and reappearing whenever some strong point of argument or denunciation occurred to her.

The clerk, who was the Benjamin of his wicked tribe, threw himself upon their mercy and confessed everything: the house was so crowded, and he had been so crazed by the demands upon him, that he had understood Colonel Ellison's application to be for a bed for the young lady in his party, and he had done the very best he could. If the lady there — she vanished again — would give up the room to the two gentlemen, he would find her a place with the housekeeper. To this the lady consented without difficulty, and the rest dispersing, she kissed one of

the sick man's watchers with "Is n't it a shame, Bella?" and flitted down the darkness of the corridor. The rooms upon it seemed all, save the two assigned our travellers, to be occupied by ladies of the troupe; their doors successively opened, and she was heard explaining to each as she passed. Then all was still.

"Richard," said Mrs. Ellison, when in Isabel's room they had briefly celebrated these events, "I should think you 'd hate to leave us alone up here."

"I do; but you can't think how I hate to go off alone. I wish you 'd come part of the way with us, ladies; I do, indeed. Leave your door unlocked, at any rate."

This prayer, uttered at parting outside the room, was answered from within by a sound of turning keys and sliding bolts, and a low thunder as of bureaux and washstands rolled against the door. "The ladies are fortifying their position," said the Colonel to Basil, and the two returned to their own chamber. "I don't wish any intrusions," he said, instantly shutting himself in, "my nerves are too much shaken now. What an awfully mysterious old place this Quebec is, Mr. March! I'll tell you what: it's my opinion that this is an enchanted castle, and if my ribs are not walked over by a muleteer in the course of the night, it's all I ask."

In this and other discourse recalling the famous adventure of Don Quixote, the Colonel beguiled the labor of disrobing, and had got as far as his boots, when there came a startling knock at the door. With one boot in his hand and the other on his foot, the Colonel limped forward. "I suppose it's that clerk has sent to say he's made some other mistake," and he flung wide the door, and then stood motionless before it, dumbly staring at a figure on the threshold, — a figure with the fringed forehead and pale blue eyes of her whom they had so lately turned out of that room.

Shrinking behind the side of the doorway, "Excuse me, gentlemen,"

she said, with a dignity that recalled their scattered senses, "but will you 'ave the goodness to look if my beads are on your table? O thanks, thanks, thanks!" she continued, showing her face and one hand, as Basil blushing advanced with a string of heavy black beads, piously adorned with a large cross. "I'm sure, I'm greatly obliged to you, gentlemen, and I hask a thousand pardons for troublin' you. Good night, gentlemen," she said with a severity of tone that left them abashed and culpable.

"Now, see here," said the Colonel, with a huge sigh as he closed the door again, and this time locked it, "I should like to know how long this sort of thing is to be kept up? Because, if it's to be regularly repeated during the night, I'm going to dress again." Nevertheless, he finished undressing and got into bed, where he remained for some time silent. Basil put out the light. "O, I'm sorry you did that, my dear fellow," said the Colonel; "but never mind, it was an idle curiosity, no doubt. It's my belief that in the landlord's extremity of bed-linen, I've been put to sleep between a pair of tablecloths; and I thought I'd like to look. It seems to me that I make out a checkered pattern on top and a flowered or arabesque pattern underneath. I wish they had given me mates. It's pretty hard having to sleep between *odd* tablecloths. I shall complain to the landlord of this in the morning. I've never had to sleep between *odd* tablecloths at *any* hotel before."

The Colonel's voice seemed scarcely to have died away upon Basil's drowsing ear, when suddenly the sounds of music and laughter from the invalid's room startled him broad awake. The sick man's watchers were coquetting with some one who stood in the little court-yard five stories below. A certain breadth of repartee was naturally allowable at that distance; the lover avowed his passion in ardent terms, and the ladies mocked him with the same freedom, now and then totally neglecting him while they sang a snatch

of song to the twanging of the guitar, or talked professional gossip, and then returning to him with some tormenting expression of tenderness.

All this, abstractly speaking, was nothing to Basil; yet he could recollect few things intended for his pleasure that had given him more satisfaction. He thought, as he glanced out into the moonlight on the high-gabled silvery roofs around and on the gardens of the convents and the towers of the quaint city, that the scene wanted nothing of the proper charm of Spanish humor and romance, and he was as grateful to those poor souls as if they had meant him a favor. Their love-making was the last touch of a comedy, that he could hardly accept as reality, it was so much more like something seen upon the stage. But above all, he was pleased with the natural eventlessness of the whole adventure, which was in perfect agreement with his taste; and just as his reveries began to lose shape in dreams, he was aware of an absurd pride in the fact that all this could have happened to him in our commonplace time and hemisphere. "Why," he thought, "if I were a student in Alcalá, what better —"

But there he fell asleep.

X.

HOMEWARD AND HOME.

The travellers all met at breakfast and duly discussed the adventures of the night; and for the rest, the forenoon passed rapidly and slowly with Basil and Isabel, as regret to leave Quebec, or the natural impatience of travellers to be off, overcame them. Isabel spent part of it in shopping, for she had found some small sums of money and certain odd corners in her trunks still unappropriated, and the handsome stores on the Rue Fabrique were very tempting. She said she would just go in and look; and the wise reader imagines the result. As she knelt over her boxes, trying so to distribute her purchases as to make them look as if

they were old, old things of hers, which she had brought all the way round from Boston with her, a fleeting touch of conscience stayed her hand.

"Basil," she said, "perhaps we'd better declare *some* of these things. What's the duty on those?" she asked, pointing to certain articles.

"I don't know. About a hundred per cent *ad valorem*."

"*C'est à dire* — ?"

"As much as they cost."

"O *then*, dearest," responded Isabel, indignantly, "it *can't* be wrong to smuggle! I won't declare a thread!"

"That's very well for you, whom they won't ask. But what if they ask *me* whether there's anything to declare?"

Isabel looked at her husband and hesitated. Then she replied in terms that I am proud to record in honor of American womanhood: "You must n't fib about it, Basil" (heroically), "I couldn't respect you if you did" (tenderly); "but" (with decision) "*you must slip out of it some way!*"

The ladies of the Ellison party, to whom she put the case in the parlor, agreed with her perfectly. They also had done a little shopping in Quebec, and they meant to do more at Montreal before they returned to the States. Mrs. Ellison was disposed to look upon Isabel's compunctions as a kind of treason to the sex, to be forgiven only because so quickly repented.

The Ellisons were going up the Saguenay before coming on to Boston, and urged our friends hard to go with them. "No, that must be for another time," said Isabel. "Mr. March has to be at home by a certain day; and we shall just get back in season." Then she made them promise to spend a day with her in Boston, and the Colonel coming to say that he had a carriage at the door for their excursion to Lorette, the two parties bade good by with affection and many explicit hopes of meeting soon again.

"What do you think of them, dearest?" demanded Isabel, as she sallied

out with Basil for a final look at Quebec.

"The young lady is the nicest; and the other is well enough, too. She is a good deal like you, but with the sense of humor left out. You've only enough to save *you*."

"Well, her husband is jolly enough for both of them. He's funnier than you, Basil, and he has n't any of your little languid airs and affectations. I don't know but I'm a bit disappointed in my choice, darling; but I dare say I shall work out of it. In fact, I don't know but the Colonel is a little *too* jolly. This drolling everything is rather fatiguing." And having begun, they did not stop till they had taken their friends to pieces. Dismayed then, they hastily reconstructed them, and said that they were among the pleasantest people they ever knew, and they were really very sorry to part with them, and they should do everything to make them have a good time in Boston.

They were sauntering towards Durham Terrace, where they leaned long upon the iron parapet and blest themselves with the beauty of the prospect. A tender haze hung upon the landscape and subdued it till all the scene was as a dream before them. As in a dream the river lay, and dream-like the shipping moved or rested on its deep, broad bosom. Far off stretched the happy fields with their dim white villages; farther still the mellow heights melted into the low hovering heaven. The tinned roofs of the Lower Town twinkled in the morning sun; around them on every hand, on that Monday forenoon when the States were stirring from ocean to ocean in feverish industry, drowsed the gray city within her walls, from the flag-staff of the citadel hung the red banner of Saint George in sleep.

Their hearts were strangely and deeply moved. It seemed to them that they looked upon the last stronghold of the Past, and that afar off to the southward they could hear the marching hosts of the invading Present; and as no young and loving soul can relin-

quish old things without a pang, they sighed a long, mute farewell to Quebec.

Next summer they would come again, yes ; but, ah me ! every one knows what next summer is !

Part of the burlesque troupe rode down in the omnibus to the Grand Trunk Ferry with them, and were good-natured to the last. The young fellow with the bad amiable face came in a calash, and refused to overpay the driver with a gay decision that made him Basil's envy till he saw his tribulation in getting the troupe's luggage checked. There were forty pieces, and it always remained a mystery, considering the small amount of clothing necessary to those people on the stage, what could have filled their trunks. The young man and the two English blondes of American birth found places in the same car with our tourists, and enlivened the journey with their frolics. When the young man pretended to fall asleep, they wrapped his golden curly head in a shawl, and vexed him with many thumps and thrusts, till he bought a brief truce with a handful of almonds ; and the ladies having no other way to eat them, one of them saucily snatched off her shoe, and cracked them hammerwise with the heel. It was all so pleasant that it ought to have been all right ; and in their merry world of outlawry perhaps things are not so bad as we like to think them.

The country into which the train plunges as soon as Quebec is out of sight is very stupidly savage, and our friends had little else to do but to watch the gambols of these poor players, till they came to the river St. Francis, whose wandering loveliness the road follows through an infinite series of soft and beautiful landscapes, and finds every where glassing in its smooth current the elms and willows of its gentle shores. At one place, where its calm broke into foamy rapids, there was a huge saw-mill, covering the stream with logs and refuse, and the banks with whole cities of lumber ; which also they ac-

cepted as no mean elements of the picturesque. They clung the most tenderly to all traces of the peasant life they were leaving. When some French boys came aboard with wild raspberries to sell in little birch-bark canoes, they thrilled with pleasure, and bought them, but sighed then, and said, "What thing characteristic of the local life will they sell us in Maine when we get there ? A section of pie poetically wrapt in a broad leaf of the squash-vine, or pop-corn in its native tissue-paper, and advertising the new Dollar Store in Portland ?" They saw the quaintness vanish from the farm-houses ; first the dormer-windows, then the curve of the steep roof, then the steep roof itself. By and by they came to a store with a Grecian portico and four square pine pillars. They shuddered and looked no more.

The guiltily dreaded examination of baggage at Island Pond took place at nine o'clock, without costing them a cent of duty or a pang of conscience. At that charming station the trunks are piled higgledy-piggledy into a room beside the track, where a few inspectors with stifling lamps of smoky kerosene await the passengers. There are no porters to arrange the baggage, and each lady and gentleman digs out his box, and opens it before the lordly inspector, who stirs up its contents with an unpleasant hand and passes it. He makes you feel that you are once more in the land of official insolence, and that, whatever you are collectively, you are nothing personally. Isabel, who had sent her husband upon this business with quaking meekness of heart, experienced the bold indignation of virtue at his account of the way people were made their own baggage-smashers, and would not be amused when he painted the vile terrors of each husband as he tremblingly unlocked his wife's store of contraband.

The morning light showed them the broad elmy meadows of western-looking Maine ; and the Grand Trunk brought them, of course, an hour behind time into Portland. All break-

fastless they hurried aboard the Boston train on the Eastern Road, and all along that line (which is built to show how uninteresting the earth can be when she is *ennuyée* of both sea and land), Basil's life became a struggle to construct a meal from the fragmentary opportunities of twenty different stations where they stopped five minutes for refreshments. At one place he achieved two cups of shameless chick-ory, at another three sardines, at a third a dessert of elderly bananas.

"Home again, home again, from a foreign shore,"

they softly sang as the successive courses of this feast were disposed of.

The drouth and heat, which they had briefly escaped during their sojourn in Canada, brooded sovereign upon the tiresome landscape. The red granite rocks were as if red-hot; the banks of the deep cuts were like ash-heaps; over the fields danced the sultry atmosphere; they fancied that they almost heard the grasshoppers sing above the rattle of the train. When they reached Boston at last, they were dustier than most of us would like to be a hundred years hence. The whole city was equally dusty; and they found the trees in the square before their own door gray with dust. The bit of Virginia-creeper planted under the window hung shrivelled upon its trellis.

But Isabel's aunt met them with a refreshing shower of tears and kisses in the hall, throwing a solid arm about each of them. "O you dears!" the good soul cried, "you don't know how anxious I've been about you; so many accidents happening all the time. I've never read the 'Evening Transcript' till the next morning, for fear I should find your names among the killed and wounded."

"O aunty, you're too good, always!" whimpered Isabel; and neither of the women took note of Basil, who said, "Yes, it's probably the only thing that preserved our lives."

The little tinge of discontent, which had colored their sentiment of return

faded now in the kindly light of home. Their holiday was over, to be sure, but their bliss had but begun; they had entered upon that long life of holidays which is happy marriage. By the time dinner was ended they were both enthusiastic at having got back, and taking their aunt between them walked up and down the parlor with their arms round her massive waist, and talked out the gladness of their souls.

Then Basil said he really must run down to the office that afternoon, and he issued all aglow upon the street. He was so full of having been long away and of have just returned, that he unconsciously tried to impart his mood to Boston, and the dusty composure of the street and houses, as he strode along, bewildered him. He longed for some familiar face to welcome him, and in the horse-car into which he stepped he was charmed to see an acquaintance. This was a man for whom ordinarily he cared nothing, and whom he would perhaps rather have gone out upon the platform to avoid than have spoken to; but now he plunged at him with effusion, and wrung his hand, smiling from ear to ear.

The other remained coldly unaffected, after a first start of surprise at his cordiality, and then reviled the dust and heat. "But I'm going to take a little run down to Newport, to-morrow, for a week," he said. "By the way, you look as if *you* needed a little change. Are n't you going anywhere this summer?"

"So you see, my dear," observed Basil, when he had recounted the fact to Isabel at tea, "our travels are incommunicably our own. We had best say nothing about our little jaunt to other people, and they won't know we've been gone. Even if we tried, we could n't make our wedding-journey theirs."

She gave him a great kiss of recompense and consolation. "Who wants it," she demanded, "to be Their Wedding Journey?"

W. D. Howells.

CHICAGO.

MEN said at vespers : "All is well!"
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:
"The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new, the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city!—from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shrivelled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous!

John G. Whittier.

GENERAL BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN IN MASSACHUSETTS.

SINCE the close of the war and the settlement of the reconstruction problems by Congress, the American people have not been able to decide upon any political issues worth contending about. Various attempts have been made to concentrate opinion in relation to reform in taxation, in the civil service, and so on, but thus far without any success. The chief obstacle in the way seems to consist in the fact that the rewards of political and legislative life, not only in the shape of salaries, but in the shape of jobs and contracts, have brought into public notice a sort of men who care little about government or the principles of government, and are only anxious how they may best serve themselves, their personal retainers, or the corporations which they represent. Some of these men, and on the whole the most dangerous of them, because they are the most knowing, are men who also have some political training and experience in the management of affairs. It is unnecessary to mention the names of senators and representatives, in the Middle States and the West, who represent this tendency towards personal instead of political government. The Republican quarrels in the State of New York illustrate it. Too much of that which gives rise to complaint in the state of affairs at the national capital has its origin and is kept alive by the fact that the Republican administration, having little to do but pay the national debt and enforce the anti-Ku-klux and anti-polygamy laws, has become a personal administration, and not a political one. An episode in this history of the personal tendency in our governmental affairs may well attract our attention for a few moments.

General B. F. Butler, a man of brains, a man of wealth, a man of large political experience and with an extensive fol-

lowing, recently undertook by sheer personal effort to wrest from the Republican party of Massachusetts its nomination for governor. In giving an account of his campaign it will be only necessary to bear in mind the condition of affairs which we have outlined, and not at all important to try and analyze his motives. It will not always do, even, to take it for granted that a public hero is himself able to analyze and describe, in speech or letter, the springs of his own action. For instance, General Butler told the people of Springfield, in his first speech, that after bringing the Ku-klux Bill to enactment, he saw "a Presidential Congress" coming. "Now in such a Congress," added the General, "no great measures are ever carried through, nothing that will endure is ever done; nothing but intriguing for the Presidential office, Cabinet offices, and other places, and passing the appropriation bills." He thought, as he says, that he could be spared from such a Congress. In this desperate state of political *ennui* (if the General had analyzed his own emotions correctly), his friends fortuitously found him. They placed a copy of the census in his way, and his eye chanced to observe certain figures showing a diminution in the agricultural population and resources of the Commonwealth. At the right moment his friends approached him. They said, "Come now, won't you run for governor?" "Dear me!" said General Butler, "why should I run for governor? Will that make me live any longer in history? Shall I not live as long in history now as Governor Gardner? Will making me governor make me any bigger, or any less? And as for the salary, would that be any temptation? Well," said he, finally, "I don't want to be governor." The Weird Sisters never argue; they decree. Came the stern answer, "Well, you *will* be governor."

So it was "arranged" that questions should be asked and answers given publicly; and "head-quarters" were established, and the campaign was opened. Now Mr. Wendell Phillips, about the 1st of July, informed an "interviewer" from the office of a New York newspaper, that to his knowledge, in the middle of the previous winter, General Butler's decisive plan was to run for governor; and he added, "I think he intends to run on a joint Republican and Labor platform, as Governor Geary is thinking of doing in Pennsylvania." The platform which General Butler finally laid down was just this, and therefore we may well believe that the information thus given as to his intentions, nearly six months before, was substantially correct.

It did not take him long to equip himself for his enterprise. He sent to the State House for documents relating to the public charities, the prisons, compulsory education, and the truant system, and prepared for the impending debate. His quick eye had made itself fully acquainted, long before, with the political situation in Massachusetts, and this was exceedingly favorable to him. Let us for a moment describe it. In 1864 the Republicans gave 75,000 majority to President Lincoln. In 1865 and 1866 they gave their State ticket a majority of 50,000. In 1867 began the trouble with the prohibitory law, which reduced their majority in that year to about 30,000. This issue was of course thrust aside in 1868, and General Grant received about 70,000 majority, although the Democrats gave Mr. Adams over 63,000 votes. The partial re-enactment of the prohibitory law, which had been repealed after the election of 1867, and the organization of a Labor party, reduced the Republican vote in 1869 to 74,000; the Democrats obtaining 48,000 and the Labor party 13,000. The next year Mr. Phillips, the candidate of the Labor party and of the new Prohibitory party (dissatisfied because their statute was not wholly re-enacted and enforced), received about 22,000,

the Democrats held their own, and the Republicans got 79,000. If General Butler could combine the Labor-Reformers and friends of the prohibitory law with his own personal retainers, and persuade a few thousand other Republicans that he was just the man to reunite the party, and satisfy for the time being all the discontented ones, he had more than a fair chance to be nominated. Of course, he must make the most of the discontent which already existed, and which grew mainly out of the two questions of liquor selling and the hours of labor. He accordingly saw fit to say that the party had driven out of its ranks the Prohibitionists and the "Reformers," and to make proclamation of himself as the only man who would or could bring the flown voters back and make Massachusetts again the strongest of the Republican States.

We have thus indicated what must have been and what was the drift of General Butler's speeches. But he allowed himself to be beguiled into a series of assaults upon some of the influential newspapers of Massachusetts, and, indeed, upon the press generally. He began at Springfield on the 24th of August. The City Hall was packed, it having been announced that he would give the newspapers a piece of his mind. He attacked several of them in the name of injured innocence. John Brown was dragged from his grave and made to appear as a client of General Butler's in entering a complaint against one of the editors of the "Republican," of that city. If the history which the General insinuated in this speech is to be credited, he would seem to have been an original John Brown man in 1859, and Mr. F. B. Sanborn an enemy in a very thin disguise. Miss Dickinson was invoked against a Boston journal, which had, as she believed, misrepresented her through a report of one of her lectures; General Butler had been applied to, as counsel, and had, according to his own statement, threatened a lawsuit. Hence the malignant hostility of the newspa-

per. One of the other Boston papers happened to have for one of the trustees of its property a rival candidate for the gubernatorial office. This was sufficient to account for its opposition, which had providentially cropped out not only in editorial articles against General Butler, but in an overcharge of some seven dollars for one of his electioneering paragraphs, passed in the shape of a resolution by the Republicans of Beverly. General Hawley's opposition to him, dating as far back as the congressional contest of 1868 in the Essex district, was attributed to an old score between the two generals, growing out of an alleged "displacement" of Hawley by Butler for "inefficiency" during the war. Perhaps this is worth dwelling on for a moment.

General Butler was at first reported as saying at Springfield that he had "dismissed" General Hawley from command for "cowardice and incompetency." Before the speech was finished, General Hawley telegraphed from Hartford totally and in unsparing phrase denying either his removal or dismissal. It soon appeared that General Butler's language was, "I displaced him from command for inefficiency and incompetency, and he was never seen on the field afterwards." This he repeated at Worcester on the 30th of August: "I say again that I did displace him for inefficiency"; and afterwards he put it in this form: "Mr. Hawley has not denied that I displaced him from command, and I know better than anybody else on earth what I displaced him for." General Hawley immediately showed that his only "displacement" from command was two or three weeks after the capture of Fort Fisher, when, General Foster having reported for duty, and being senior in command to Hawley, the latter was relieved, at his request, from the command of Terry's division, and was ordered to report to General Terry, who made him chief of staff. This was two or three weeks after General Butler had himself been re-

lieved and sent back to Lowell. As to the remark that General Hawley was never seen on the field after General Butler "displaced" him, in point of fact the former served about ten months in the field after the latter left it.

The attack on General Hawley was thus a failure, and was not repeated after the Worcester speech; the criticisms on the Boston newspapers created a transient feeling of amusement among the people who personally knew the editors and publishers; the assaults on the State finances and the management of the public charitable institutions were so speedily answered, that, although they were repeated again and again through the entire month of August, they made little or no permanent impression favorable to the candidate. There remained for him the labor question and the question of the sale of liquors. With the first of these only he dealt at Springfield. And, considering the platform of the Labor party, adopted a month afterwards at Framingham, with its war upon wages and "war upon the whole profit-making system," it is a matter of surprise that General Butler, with his moderate ideas, could ever have been a satisfactory candidate for such a party. For the General's remarks on labor were, as the phrase is, "eminently conservative." About all that can be detached from the column which he devoted to this topic is a defence of legislation to restrict the hours of labor in factories. Let us, said he, by doing justice to the workingmen, win them back to the Republican ranks, and win Democrats also to our side. Many Republicans had said the same thing, and had not suspected they were saying anything very startling. Mr. William Gray, a leading manufacturer of Boston, a representative of "capital," if there be one, had argued before a legislative committee in favor of a ten-hour law, and the Republican majority had passed such a bill in the House of Representatives; and yet no genuine friend of this legislation had supposed that its

failure in the Senate was any excuse for a new party. Strikes the General considered "illogical" and "incompatible with the dignity and power of the American workingmen," — a sentiment worthy of a mill-owner. The ballot, on the other hand, he considered "the most powerful of all weapons, when well handled," — a sentiment worthy of a candidate for governor. The general tone of the candidate's remarks on the labor question ought to have satisfied the "Reformers" that they were destined to get little help from General Butler, beyond that "disturbance in the Republican party" which so enchanted Mr. Phillips at Salisbury, at the prospect of his nomination; and they should have been prepared for the course he took after his defeat. The ballot having failed him, he ought not to have been expected to fall back on the illogical and undignified strike. At Worcester, after dealing with the newspapers again, and returning, with the ill-fortune we have described, to the attack on General Hawley, the question of the prohibitory law was taken up. And from this time to the end, — from Worcester to Attleborough, — it formed a principal topic of the General's speeches. He would enforce the law "fully, impartially, precisely as the law of Heaven falls upon all men equally"; and when he told the city of Lawrence, and the city of Lynn, and twenty other cities and towns, that he would never enforce a law to prevent Bridget O'Flaherty from selling liquor in a cellar to eke out her washing wages, and release the Tremont House and the Parker House from prosecutions, the applause is said to have been invariably "tremendous," and the orator's satisfaction supreme. The echoes reached the Parker House and the Tremont House, and were taken up there; and the rooms of the Temperance Alliance resounded with cheers.

And so, with no end of brass bands, and with great processionings and multitudinous hand-shakings, the General

proceeded on his way. He spoke at Clinton, and Haverhill, and Fitchburg, and Marlborough, and Milford, and Salisbury, and Natick, and Salem, and Lynn, and Lawrence, and Attleborough, and Athol, and Adams, and New Bedford, and Fall River, and Abington, and Hyde Park, and Ware, and Northampton, and Westfield, and perhaps in other places. His progress was unimpeded. Dr. George B. Loring, one of his competitors for the nomination, conducted the New England Agricultural Fair during one week, and made an oration which people praised for its eloquence and good sense. Mr. Alexander H. Rice returned from the Pacific coast, and his friends quietly organized a movement in his behalf. Mr. Speaker Jewell also became a candidate, and found many supporters. And the western part of the State put forward Mr. William B. Washburn of Greenfield, and gave promise of a pretty general vote for him in the Convention. But no man, in behalf of either of these rivals, followed General Butler. He had the field wholly to himself. Twenty thousand people, perhaps thirty thousand, heard him declaim about the wrongs of Bridget O'Flaherty and denounce the misrepresentations of the press, its correspondents, and reporters; and the political people who felt themselves obliged to read the reports of his speeches, as they appeared every morning, began to fear that they should be finally as weary as those Mohammedan doctors must be, who are said to have read the Koran seventy thousand times. Occasionally, as at Milford, a man would rise, and amidst cheers, hisses, and cat-calls would ask the General some pertinent or impertinent question; but the repartee, which answered the purpose of an answer, was always ready. It required no small degree of courage to stem the tide of one of the General's enthusiastic meetings so far as to criticise or object. Is it any wonder that the candidate at last began to deem himself invincible? As early as the 13th of September, Mr. Phillips — perhaps the only one of our

numerous corps of prophetic orators who never makes a mistake — confidentially said to his hearers, "You need not tell these reporters what I say, but, between you and me, I very little doubt that they will nominate him." And on the 20th the General assured his friends at New Bedford that he had got 180 delegates out of 417; that the 417 were split up, no one of his rivals having more than 70; and that the 180 were men who "mean business." "Now," he added, "you see how you are misled by the newspapers." The newspapers, however, were nearer right than General Butler. Essex elected its delegates early, and he began by carrying Beverly and Marblehead and Newburyport and many smaller places, destroying in a night or two Dr. Loring's hope of electing a majority in his own county. The small towns generally reported themselves the other way. Charlestown, Worcester, Northampton, and Westfield stood out against him; Milford and Fitchburg and Haverhill and Marlborough and Athol and Ware succumbed. Boston was yet to elect. As the day for its caucuses approached, it was seen that some union of the opposition candidates would have to be made, at least as far as the eastern part of the State was concerned. General Butler began to claim a majority of the hundred Boston delegates. If he succeeded in getting them, the impetus he would thereby obtain would, it was thought, be sufficient to insure his triumph in the Convention.

A certain looseness of organization, general and local, which was the natural result of a series of easy victories, had left the Republican party, in many towns and cities, incapable of protecting itself against the incursions into its primary meetings of scores and hundreds of men who had no right there. General Butler's plan for bringing back the fugitive voters of the year before into the party comprehended also bringing them back into the caucuses, to try their hands at controlling the organization itself. When people

asked how Boston would go, it was invariably said that such and such wards, being the strong Republican precincts, would vote for delegates favorable to Mr. Rice; while half a dozen others, in which Labor-Reformers and Democrats were plenty, would go for General Butler because the General's personal friends could easily find Labor-Reformers and Democrats enough to pack the primary meetings and elect Butler delegates; and so a caucus, which at the best is but an imperfect way of concentrating the opinion of a party, was to be made a machine for forcing on the party an opinion which might or might not be its own. To how great an extent this system had been pursued in the places which had chosen Butler delegates, it is impossible to say; but it can hardly be doubted that a large number of men who had no intention to vote the Republican tickets at any rate, and many others who only intended to vote them in case Butler was nominated, had thus intruded their advice and assistance. To many Republicans, members of the National as well as the State organization, having a reasonable degree of faith in the usefulness of both, General Butler, if nominated by Republicans, would be distasteful enough; but General Butler forced on the party by Democrats and pseudo-reformers would be intolerable. Here and there, such men gathered together. They consulted with Mr. Rice and with Mr. Jewell as to the best way of saving the Boston delegations. They remonstrated against the silence of Congressmen and other influential citizens, who were believed to have an interest in the success of the party in 1872, and in the integrity of the organization; Mr. Dawes was the only member of the Massachusetts delegation in the lower house of Congress who had seen fit to oppose General Butler's raid. Mr. Jewell willingly agreed that Mr. Rice should have a clear field in Boston, and in a manly and sensible letter withdrew from the contest, indicating clearly that it was the duty of

Republicans to unite against General Butler. Mr. Sumner wrote and published, in a Boston newspaper, a paragraph declaring distinctly the opposition of himself and Senator Wilson to the General's nomination.

So, gradually, there came a concentration of the anti-Butler opinion; and when the Boston meetings were over, it was found that the General had carried considerably less than one half the delegates. The meeting in Ward Six may as well be described here, for it was often heard of afterwards, and played an important part in the Convention. We are here somewhat embarrassed to know where to turn for a correct account of this model primary meeting. The paper which could print what General Butler called "an obscene libel" on a young lady, and then because he had threatened a lawsuit could pursue him night and day, is not to be trusted. That other organ of personal malignity which had overcharged him seven dollars, may, for aught we know, have instructed its reporter to overcharge his sketch of the caucus in the Sixth Ward. Judge Hoar, chairman of the Committee on Credentials, whose judicial summing we might quote, was clearly incapacitated for forming a sound judgment on the case, for General Butler had opposed the British Treaty. We prefer to take the statement of Mr. Charles K. Whipple, the quietest and most non-political gentleman in Boston, who in a letter to the "National Standard" says: "I found the yells [which he had heard some time before he reached the building] were simply a purposed obstruction to the transaction of any business not favorable to their side. I was told that no chairman had been chosen, and that the tumult had been renewed at every successive attempt to carry on the business of the meeting from the moment it appeared that the candidate of the shouters for the chairmanship was not likely to get a majority. During the hour I remained there, many attempts at business were made, and the forms of motions, amendments, and votes were

gone through; but the racket was such that not a quarter part of the assembly in the crowded ward-room could understand what motions were made. The quietest part of the meeting was during the absence of a delegation which had gone, by vote of the shouters, to seek Collector Russell, and bring him to be chairman." The Collector, by the way, was not to be found. Mr. Whipple says the disturbance did not come from the colored people whom he saw, but from "a gang of white young men" near him, "who had every appearance of acting by prearrangement to disturb the meeting in case their candidates seemed to be in the minority. There were more than a dozen of them who, keeping together through the various fluctuations of the crowd, yelled in concert. . . . They also once or twice arranged themselves in attitude convenient for hustling those in front of them, but did not proceed to that manœuvre while I remained." After an hour or two of turbulence, the meeting broke up, General Butler's friends keeping possession of the ward-room; and two delegations were finally chosen.

Coming up from Fall River on the morning of the 19th of September, General Butler had an opportunity to read the sinister paragraph which that new and most dangerous conspirator, Mr. Sumner, had caused to be inserted in the newspapers of the day. In this the editors represented that they had seen Senator Sumner and Senator Wilson, and were "authorized by them to say" that they "deeply regretted and deplored the extraordinary canvass which General Butler had precipitated upon the Commonwealth, and especially the attacks which he had volunteered against the existing State government and the Republican party of Massachusetts; and that in their opinion his nomination as Governor would be hostile to the best interests of the Commonwealth and of the Republican party." Immediately after the General's arrival in Boston, he proceeded to Mr. Sumner's rooms in the Coolidge House, and found the Sena-

tor busy over his morning work and comfortably chatting with his colleague. Taking the morning paper from his pocket, the General read the paragraph above quoted. "This purports to be by authority," said he; "is this true?" "Yes, General." Turning to Senator Wilson, "Did you concur, sir?" "I did." After a moment's pause, as if he had expected some modification, the General remarked to Mr. Sumner that there was a time when he was lying upon his bed, struck down and suffering. "I called upon you," said he, "to express my sympathy; and now you are co-operating with one who at that time sat down to supper with your assailant. And now you strike *me* a blow on the head." "You are figurative, General," said Senator Sumner; "I have struck you no blow on the head, but have simply stated to the people what I think of your present course. Had you allowed your name to go before the people as other candidates do, according to our usage, I should have quietly waited the action of the Convention. But you have come forward a self-seeker, attacking the Republican party and the existing State government, making war on them for the purpose of elevating yourself. I do not think this is a good example. You are demoralizing the people. Such a system carried out, as it might be by all candidates for office, would be Bedlam again, besides the spoils system with a vengeance." The General here began to insist that his speeches were not correctly reported; but the Senator reminded him that the Springfield and Worcester speeches were evidently written out or revised by himself, and these speeches were enough. Baffled at this point, General Butler brought up his reserves. "This all comes," he retorted, "of your hostility to Grant; I am for him and you are against him. I have foreseen this, but thought it would not come before May; but I am ready for it. You have always been against Grant, and every measure of his administration." "Ah!" said Mr. Sumner, "every measure? Be

good enough, General, to name one." "The San Domingo Treaty." "Waiving the question," said Mr. Sumner, "whether this was an administration measure, be good enough to name another." To this there was no answer. "You are silent, General; please mention one other!" The General remained tranquil. "You are still silent, General Butler! You mention only the San Domingo Treaty, and yet you allege that I have been against every measure of the administration. I ask again for an answer. Now, General," (after a pause,) "have you not been against the Treaty? so that, in opposition to the administration, we are even." General Butler then proceeded to quote certain language which he alleged Mr. Sumner had used in disparagement of the President, adding, "I have an affidavit of it." The Senator said that this matter of obtaining affidavits seemed a little too much according to the practice of the criminal courts. "But," said he, "General, to be frank, do you think any better of General Grant than I do?" No answer. "You are silent, General; you do not answer me. I ask you again, Do you think any better of Grant than I do? I know you do not. This I know." Here Senator Wilson joined in the conversation and it became less pointed, and in a few minutes General Butler took his leave.

The language which he had procured to be taken down and sworn to appeared a day or two after in one of the newspapers friendly to his enterprise, and is chiefly interesting as showing the progress of the detective system in the personal intercourse of members of Congress.

Delegates to the Convention were now rapidly chosen, and General Butler succeeded in Lowell and Gloucester, — in fact, in all his residences. On the 26th of September, the delegates began to rally in great numbers at Worcester. General Butler went up early in the day, and sought an interview with Hon. George F. Hoar, who had been invited to preside. It was soon after

announced that no opposition would be made to Mr. Hoar. Bulletins were posted by Butler's friends, announcing the great strength of their favorite candidate; to which opposition bulletins replied, placing the General far below "anti-Butler" in the scale. In the course of the day conference committees were appointed by the supporters of Messrs. Washburn, Rice, and Loring; and although they came to no union on that day, much was done to concentrate the opposition to General Butler; and his opponents estimated that if they could unite the next day they would be able to cast 630 or more votes against him, out of about 1100 delegates. Butler's friends, on the other hand, claimed 529, with 20 or 30 doubtful, and more to come in; and they counted on his nomination on the second or third ballot, if not on the first. On Wednesday morning there seemed no better prospect of a union between the friends of the anti-Butler candidates. But the General himself stepped in and did what he could to rescue the imperilled cause of his enemies. His own errors in the Convention were not more marked than the consummate generalship of his opponents. Mr. Hoar kept the delegates admirably in order throughout the day. Mr. Dawes began the contest by involving General Butler in a considerable number of controversies, and inducing him to exhibit to the Convention a specimen of those peculiar tactics which had damaged his cause with the best people wherever he had spoken; the demeanor of the candidate, his appeal to the delegates to let "the people" into the already crowded galleries, his attempt at personal leadership of his men, all failed to make an impression in his favor. Meanwhile, Judge E. R. Hoar was put at the head of the Committee on Credentials; capable men attended to the details of the balloting, and everything was made ready for a fair expression of the opinion of the whole assembly. Some seventy or eighty delegates were contested, on one side or the other. The

Committee on Credentials, after debating these questions several hours, gave most of the contested seats to Butler. But in the case of Ward Six, Boston, and the town of Hyde Park, they decided against him. In opposing the report of the committee in these cases, the General made his most conspicuous mistake. The anti-Butler men from Hyde Park were admitted by a nearly unanimous vote. Ward Six came next. Precautions were taken for a careful counting of the votes for and against the report of the committee, and after the parties had been heard, and Judge Hoar had summed up the case for the committee, and Mr. Carter had replied in behalf of the Butler delegation, the vote was taken by counties, one teller being appointed from each party. As the delegates rose, it was easy to see how nearly the estimates of the Butler party and of the other side agreed with the actual result, for it was evident at once that here was a test question of the General's strength. The result was 460 for the admission of the Butler delegates, and 607 against it. The spell was broken, and the pent-up feeling of the brow-beaten delegates burst forth in long-continued and tremendous shouts, which had hardly ceased when Mr. W. W. Rice moved for the appointment of a committee to receive the votes for governor. Mr. A. H. Rice and Dr. Loring had previously, at the right time and with judicious eloquence, withdrawn. The forces converged at the precise moment, and when the committee reported, it was found that Mr. Washburn had received 643 votes; General Butler 464, and that only nine delegates had "scattered." And thus was the prophecy non-fulfilled with which General Butler's friends had beguiled him in that unhappy moment when he returned from Washington, disgusted with Presidential intrigues and burning to reform the politics of the Commonwealth.

These last proceedings, beginning at 7 P. M., lasted until midnight. The time was not grudgingly given, how-

ever, except perhaps by General Butler himself, to whom the vote on the Ward Six case and the subsequent balloting must have seemed a tedious piece of routine. The tremendous applause which, when he entered the hall in the morning, seemed the presage of victory in the Convention and at the polls, now, at the end of the long contest, vexed his ear; and the people who were admitted on his motion to share his triumph seemed to him and to everybody else to enjoy, as well as the delegates, his defeat. He rose, after a moment or two, and announced his purpose to support the nomination and to work inside of the party for those reforms which he had so much at heart. And after making its other nominations, the Convention went its way. As far as the Republican party of Massachusetts was concerned, personal government was repudiated.

General Butler had early proclaimed himself in favor of President Grant's renomination, and in his few cautious

allusions to the senatorial pronouncement against him tried to make it appear, as in the interview at the Coolidge House, that the senior Senator's opposition to the President was the secret of the opposition to *him*. It will not be wise for the administration to conclude that this theory is a correct one. The Republicans of the State, disorganized by long success, divided as to their candidates, with no man before them capable of awakening personal enthusiasm throughout the various sections, united at last upon the man opposed to General Butler who seemed numerically strongest in the Convention, simply because they were determined not to allow their organization to be subverted to the personal will of a personal leader, the representative of nothing but himself and some of the worst tendencies of modern politics. The lesson ought to recall other States to their political duties, and not be lost upon the national administration itself.

"Warrington."

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

XII.

HERE are two portraits in my little collection, before which we will sit to-day and briefly talk together. During the past year we have, month after month, rambled on, conversing in the presence of their likenesses about Pope and Thackeray and Hawthorne and Dickens. This morning we shall hold perhaps our last session together in the "Whispering Gallery"; at any rate it will be some time hence before we resume our gossiping interviews with the portraits on the walls.

This is an original picture of the poet Wordsworth, drawn in crayon a few years before he died. He went up to London on purpose to sit for it, at

the request of Moxon, his publisher, and his friends in England always considered it a perfect likeness of the poet. After the head was engraved, the artist's family disposed of the drawing, and through the watchful kindness of my dear old friend, Mary Russell Mitford, the portrait came across the Atlantic to this house. Miss Mitford said America ought to have on view such a perfect representation of the great poet, and she used all her successful influence in my behalf. So there the picture hangs for anybody's inspection at any hour of the day.

I once made a pilgrimage to the small market-town of Hawkshead, in the valley of Esthwaite, where Words-

worth went to school in his ninth year. The thoughtful boy was lodged in the house of Dame Anne Tyson in 1788; and I had the good fortune to meet a lady in the village street who conducted me at once to the room which the lad occupied while he was a scholar under the Rev. William Taylor, whom he loved and venerated so much. I went into the chamber which he afterwards described in *The Prelude*, where he

"Had lain awake on summer nights to watch
The moon in splendor couched among the leaves
Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood";

and I visited many of the beautiful spots which tradition points out as the favorite haunts of his childhood.

It was true Lake-country weather when I knocked at Wordsworth's cottage door, three years before he died, and found myself shaking hands with the poet at the threshold. His daughter Dora had been dead only a few months, and the sorrow that had so recently fallen upon the house was still dominant there. I thought there was something prophet-like in the tones of his voice, as well as in his whole appearance, and there was a noble tranquillity about him that almost awed one, at first, into silence. As the day was cold and wet, he proposed we should sit down together in the only room in the house where there was a fire, and he led the way to what seemed a common sitting or dining room. It was a plain apartment, the rafters visible, and no attempt at decoration noticeable. Mrs. Wordsworth sat knitting at the fireside, and she rose with a sweet expression of courtesy and welcome as we entered the apartment. As I had just left Paris, which was in a state of commotion, Wordsworth was eager in his inquiries about the state of things on the other side of the channel. As our talk ran mostly in the direction of French revolutions, he soon became eloquent and vehement, as one can easily imagine, on such a theme. There was a deep and solemn meaning in all he had to say about France, which I recall now with added

interest. The subject deeply moved him, of course, and he sat looking into the fire, discoursing in a low monotone, sometimes quite forgetful that he was not alone and soliloquizing. I noticed that Mrs. Wordsworth listened as if she were hearing him speak for the first time in her life, and the work on which she was engaged lay idle in her lap, while she watched intently every movement of her husband's face. I also was absorbed in the man and in his speech. I thought of the long years he had lived in communion with nature in that lonely but lovely region. The story of his life was familiar to me; and I sat as if under the influence of a spell. Soon he turned and plied me with questions about the prominent men in Paris whom I had recently seen and heard in the Chamber of Deputies. "How did Guizot bear himself? What part was De Tocqueville taking in the fray? Had I noticed George Lafayette especially?" America did not seem to concern him much, and I waited for him to introduce the subject, if he chose to do so. He seemed pleased that a youth from a far-away country should find his way to Rydal cottage to worship at the shrine of an old poet.

By and by we fell into talk about those who had been his friends and neighbors among the hills in former years. "And so," he said, "you read Charles Lamb in America?" "Yes," I replied, "and *love* him too." "Do you hear that, Mary?" he eagerly inquired, turning round to Mrs. Wordsworth. "Yes, William, and no wonder, for he was one to be loved everywhere," she quickly answered. Then we spoke of Hazlitt, whom he ranked very high as a prose-writer; and when I quoted a fine passage from Hazlitt's essay on Jeremy Taylor, he seemed pleased at my remembrance of it.

He asked about Inman, the American artist, who had painted his portrait, having been sent on a special mission to Rydal by Professor Henry Reed of Philadelphia, to procure the likeness. The painter's daughter, who accompa-

nied her father, made a marked impression on Wordsworth, and both he and his wife joined in the question, "Are all the girls in America as pretty as she?" I thought it an honor Mary Inman might well be proud of to be so complimented by the old bard. In speaking of Henry Reed, his manner was affectionate and tender.

Now and then I stole a glance at the gentle lady, the poet's wife, as she sat knitting silently by the fireside. This, then, was the Mary whom in 1802 he had brought home to be his loving companion through so many years. I could not help remembering too, as we all sat there together, that when children they had "practised reading and spelling under the same old dame at Penrith," and that they had always been lovers. There sat the woman, now gray-haired and bent, to whom the poet had addressed those undying poems, "She was a phantom of delight," "Let other bands of angels sing," "Yes, thou art fair," and "O, dearer far than life and light are dear." I recalled, too, the "Lines written after Thirty-six Years of Wedded Life," commemorating her whose

"Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome, and as beautiful, — in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy."

When she raised her eyes to his, which I noticed she did frequently, they seemed overflowing with tenderness.

When I rose to go, for I felt that I must not intrude longer on one for whom I had such reverence, Wordsworth said, "I must show you my library, and some tributes that have been sent to me from the friends of my verse." His son John now came in, and we all proceeded to a large room in front of the house, containing his books. Seeing that I had an interest in such things, he seemed to take a real pleasure in showing me the presentation copies of works by distinguished authors. We read together, from many a well-worn old volume, notes in the handwriting of Coleridge and Charles Lamb. I thought he did

not praise easily those whose names are indissolubly connected with his own in the history of literature. It was languid praise, at least, and I observed he hesitated for mild terms which he could apply to names almost as great as his own. I believe a duplicate of the portrait which Inman had painted for Reed hung in the room; at any rate a picture of himself was there, and he seemed to regard it with veneration as we stood before it. As we moved about the apartment, Mrs. Wordsworth quietly followed us, and listened as eagerly as I did to everything her husband had to say. Her spare little figure flitted about noiselessly, pausing as we paused, and always walking slowly behind us as we went from object to object in the room. John Wordsworth, too, seemed deeply interested to watch and listen to his father. "And now," said Wordsworth, "I must show you one of my latest presents." Leading us up to a corner of the room, we all stood before a beautiful statuette which a young sculptor had just sent to him, illustrating a passage in "The Excursion." Turning to me, Wordsworth asked, "Do you know the meaning of this figure?" I saw at a glance that it was

"A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The co-evolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,"

and I quoted the lines. My memory pleased the old man; and as we stood there in front of the figure he began to recite the whole passage from "The Excursion," and it sounded very grand from the poet's own lips. He repeated some fifty lines, and I could not help thinking afterwards, when I came to hear Tennyson read his own poetry, that the younger Laureate had caught something of the strange, mysterious tone of the elder bard. It was a sort of chant, deep and earnest, which conveyed the impression that the reciter had the highest opinion of the poetry.

Although it was raining still, Wordsworth proposed to show me Lady Fleming's grounds, and some other

spots of interest near his cottage. Our walk was a wet one ; but as he did not seem incommoded by it, I was only too glad to hold the umbrella over his venerable head. As we went on, he added now and then a sonnet to the scenery, telling me precisely the circumstances under which it had been composed. It is many years since my memorable walk with the author of "The Excursion," but I can call up his figure and the very tones of his voice so vividly that I enjoy my interview over again any time I choose. He was then nearly eighty, but he seemed hale and quite as able to walk up and down the hills as ever. He always led back the conversation that day to his own writings, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to do so. All his most celebrated poems seemed to live in his memory, and it was easy to start him off by quoting the first line of any of his pieces. Speaking of the vastness of London, he quoted the whole of his sonnet describing the great city, as seen in the morning from Westminster Bridge. When I parted with him at the foot of Rydal Hill, he gave me messages to Rogers and other friends of his whom I was to see in London. As we were shaking hands I said, "How glad your many friends in America would be to see you on our side of the water!" "Ah," he replied, "I shall never see your country, — that is impossible now; but" (laying his hand on his son's shoulder) "John shall go, please God, some day." I watched the aged man as he went slowly up the hill, and saw him disappear through the little gate that led to his cottage door. The ode on "Intimations of Immortality" kept sounding in my brain as I came down the road, long after he had left me.

Since I sat, a little child, in "a woman's school" his poems had been familiar to me. Here is my first school-book, with a name written on the cover by dear old "Marm Sloper," setting forth that the owner thereof is "aged 5." As I went musing along in West-

moreland that rainy morning, so many years ago, little figures seemed to accompany me, and childish voices filled the air as I trudged through the wet grass. My small ghostly companions seemed to carry in their little hands quaint-looking dog's-eared books, some of them covered with cloth of various colors. None of these phantom children seemed to be over six years old, and all were bareheaded, and some of the girls wore old-fashioned pinafores. They were the schoolmates of my childhood, and many of them must have come out of their graves to run by my side that morning in Rydal. I had not thought of them for years. Little Emily R—— read from her book with a chirping lisp : —

"O, what 's the matter? what 's the matter?
What is 't that ails young Harry Gill?"

Mary B—— began : —

"Oft I had heard of Lucy Grey" ;

Nancy C—— piped up : —

" 'How many are you, then,' said I,
' If there are two in heaven? '
The little maiden did reply,
' O master ! we are seven. ' "

Among the group I seemed to recognize poor pale little Charley F——, who they *told* me years ago was laid in St. John's Churchyard after they took him out of the pond, near the mill-stream, that terrible Saturday afternoon. He too read from his well-worn, green-baize-covered book, —

"The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink."

Other white-headed little urchins trotted along *very near* me all the way, and kept saying over and over their Wordsworth ditties of "no tone" till I reached the village inn, and sat down as if in a dream of long-past years.

Two years ago I stood by Wordsworth's grave in the churchyard at Grasmere, and my companion wove a chaplet of flowers and placed it on the headstone. Afterwards we went into the old church and sat down in the poet's pew. "They are all dead and gone now," sighed the gray-headed sexton ; "but I can remember when

the seats used to be filled by the family from Rydal Mount. Now they are all outside there in yon grass."

Make your best bow to that portrait, my young friend, for it is next to seeing Mary Russell Mitford herself as I first saw her, twenty-three years ago, in her geranium-planted cottage at Three-Mile Cross. She sat to John Lucas for that picture in her serene old age, and the likeness is faultless. She had proposed to herself to leave the portrait, as it was her own property, to me in her will; but as I happened to be in England during the latter part of her life, she altered her determination, and gave it to me from her own hands.

Sydney Smith said of a certain quarrelsome person, that his very face was a breach of the peace. The face of that portrait opposite to us is a very different one from Sydney's fighter. Everything that belongs to the beauty of old age you will find recorded in that charming countenance. Serene cheerfulness most abounds, and that is a quality as rare as it is commendable. You will observe that the dress of Miss Mitford in the picture before you is quaint and somewhat antiquated even for the time when it was painted, but a pleasant face is never out of fashion.

An observer of how old age is neglected in America said to me the other day, "It seems an impertinence to be alive after sixty on this side of the globe"; and I have often thought how much we lose by not cultivating fine old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen. Our aged relatives and friends seem to be tucked away, nowadays, into neglected corners, as though it were the correct thing to give them a long preparation for still narrower quarters. For my own part, comely and debonair old age is most attractive; and when I see the "thick silver-white hair lying on a serious and weather-worn face, like moonlight on a stout old tower," I have a strong tendency to lift my hat, whether I know the person or not.

"No spring nor summer beauty has such grace
As I have seen in an autumnal face."

It was a fortunate hour for me when kind-hearted John Kenyon said, as I was leaving his hospitable door in London one summer midnight in 1847, "You must know my friend, Miss Mitford. She lives directly on the line of your route to Oxford, and you must call with my card and make her acquaintance." I had lately been talking with Wordsworth and Christopher North and old Samuel Rogers, but my hunger at that time to stand face to face with the distinguished persons in English literature was not satisfied. So it was during my first "tourification" in England that I came to know Miss Mitford. The day selected for my call at her cottage door happened to be a perfect one on which to begin an acquaintance with the lady of "Our Village." She was then living at Three-Mile Cross, having removed there from Bertram House in 1820. The cottage where I found her was situated on the high road between Basingstoke and Reading; and the village street on which she was then living contained the public-house and several small shops near by. There was also close at hand the village pond full of ducks and geese, and I noticed several young rogues on their way to school were occupied in worrying their feathered friends. The windows of the cottage were filled with flowers, and cowslips and violets were plentifully scattered about the little garden. Miss Mitford liked to have one dog, at least, at her heels, and this day her pet seemed to be constantly under foot. I remember the room into which I was shown was sanded, and a quaint old clock behind the door was marking off the hour in small but very loud pieces. The cheerful old lady called to me from the head of the stairs to come up into her sitting-room. I sat down by the open window to converse with her, and it was pleasant to see how the village children, as they went by, stopped to bow and courtesy. One curly-headed urchin made bold to take off his

well-worn cap, and wait to be recognized as "little Johnny." "No great scholar," said the kind-hearted old lady to me, "but a sad rogue among our flock of geese. Only yesterday the young marauder was detected by my maid with a plump gosling stuffed half-way into his pocket!" While she was thus discoursing of Johnny's peccadilloes, the little fellow looked up with a knowing expression, and very soon caught in his cap a gingerbread dog, which the old lady threw to him from the window. "I wish he loved his book as well as he relishes sweetcake," sighed she, as the boy kicked up his heels and disappeared down the lane.

Her conversation that afternoon, full of anecdote, ran on in a perpetual flow of good-humor, and I was shocked, on looking at my watch, to find I had stayed so long, and had barely time to reach the railway-station in season to arrive at Oxford that night. We parted with the mutual determination and understanding to keep our friendship warm by correspondence, and I promised never to come to England again without finding my way to Three-Mile Cross.

During the conversation that day, Miss Mitford had many inquiries to make concerning her American friends, Miss Catherine Sedgwick, Daniel Webster, and Dr. Channing. Her voice had a peculiar ringing sweetness in it, rippling out sometimes like a beautiful chime of silver bells; and when she told a comic story, hitting off some one of her acquaintances, she joined in with the laugh at the end with great heartiness and *naïveté*. When listening to anything that interested her, she had a way of coming into the narrative with "Dear me, dear me, dear me," three times repeated, which it was very pleasant to hear.

From that summer day our friendship continued, and during other visits to England I saw her frequently, driving about the country with her in her pony-chaise, and spending many happy hours in the new cottage which she afterwards occupied at Swallowfield.

Her health had broken down years before, from too constant attendance on her invalid parents, and she was never certain of a well day. When her father died, in 1842, shamefully in debt (for he had squandered two fortunes not exactly his own, and was always one of the most improvident of men, (belonging to that class of impecunious individuals who seem to have been born insolvent), she said, "Everybody shall be paid, if I sell the gown off my back or pledge my little pension." And putting her shoulder to the domestic wheel, she never flagged for an instant, or gave way to despondency.

She was always cheerful, and her talk is delightful to remember. From girlhood she had known and had been intimate with most of the prominent writers of her time, and her observations and reminiscences were so shrewd and pertinent that I have scarcely known her equal.

Carlyle tells us "nothing so lifts a man from all his mean imprisonments, were it but for moments, as true admiration"; and Miss Mitford admired to such an extent that she must have been lifted in this way nearly all her lifetime. Indeed she erred, if she erred at all, on this side, and overpraised and over-admired everything and everybody whom she regarded. When she spoke of Beranger or Dumas or Hazlitt or Holmes, she exhausted every term of worship and panegyric. Louis Napoleon was one of her most potent crazes, and I fully believe, if she had been alive during the days of his downfall, she would have died of grief. When she talked of Munden and Bannister and Fawcett and Emery, those delightful old actors for whom she had had such an exquisite relish, she said they had made comedy to her a living art full of laughter and tears. How often have I heard her describe John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, and Edmund Kean, as they were wont to electrify the town in her girlhood! With what gusto she reproduced Elliston, who was one of her prime favorites, and tried to make

me, through her representation of him, feel what a flavor there was in the man. Although she had been prostrated by the hard work and increasing anxieties of forty years of authorship, when I saw her she was as fresh and independent as a skylark. She was a good hater as well as a good praiser, and she left nothing worth saving in an obnoxious reputation.

She loathed mere dandies, and there were no epithets too hot for her contempts in that direction. Old beaux she heartily despised, and speaking of one whom she had known, I remember she quoted with a fine scorn this appropriate passage from Dickens: "Ancient, dandified men, those crippled *invalides* from the campaign of vanity, where the only powder was hair-powder, and the only bullets fancy balls."

There was no half-way with her, and she never could have said with M. S., when a certain visitor left the room one day after a call, "If we did not *love* our dear friend Mr. — so much, should n't we hate him tremendously!" Her neighbor, John Ruskin, she thought a more eloquent prose-writer than Jeremy Taylor, and I have heard her go on in her fine way, giving preferences to certain modern poems far above the works of the great masters of song. Pascal says that "the heart has reasons that reason does not know"; and Miss Mitford was a charming exemplification of this wise saying.

Her dogs and her geraniums were her great glories. She used to write me long letters about Fanchon, a dog whose personal acquaintance I had made some time before, while on a visit to her cottage. Every virtue under heaven she attributed to that canine individual; and I was obliged to allow in my return letters, that, since our planet began to spin, nothing comparable to Fanchon had ever run on four legs. I had also known Flush, the ancestor of Fanchon, intimately, and had been accustomed to hear wonderful things of that dog; but Fanchon had graces and genius unique. Miss Mitford would have joined with Hamerton

in his gratitude for canine companionship, when he says, "I humbly thank Divine Providence for having invented dogs, and I regard that man with wondering pity who can lead a dogless life."

Her fondness for rural life, you may well imagine, was almost unparalleled. I have often been with her among the wooded lanes of her pretty country, listening for the nightingales, and on such occasions she would discourse so eloquently of the sights and sounds about us, that her talk seemed to me "far above singing." She had fallen in love with nature when a little child, and had studied the landscape till she knew familiarly every flower and leaf which grows on English soil. She delighted in rural vagabonds of every sort, especially in gypsies; and as they flourished in her part of the country, she knew all their ways, and had charming stories to tell of their pranks and thievings. She called them "the commoners of nature"; and once I remember she pointed out to me on the road a villanous-looking youth on whom she smiled as we passed, as if he had been Virtue itself in footpad disguise. She knew all the literature of rural life, and her memory was stored with delightful eulogies of forests and meadows. When she repeated or read aloud the poetry she loved, her accents were

"Like flowers' voices, if they could but speak."

She *understood* how to enjoy rural occupations and rural existence, and she had no patience with her friend Charles Lamb, who preferred the town. Walter Savage Landor addressed these lines to her a few months before she died, and they seem to me very perfect and lovely in their application: —

"The hay is carried; and the hours
Snatch, as they pass, the linden flow'rs;
And children leap to pluck a spray
Bent earthward, and then run away.
Park-keeper! catch me those grave thieves
About whose frocks the fragrant leaves,
Sticking and fluttering here and there,
No false nor faltering witness bear.
"I never view such scenes as these
In grassy meadow girt with trees,

But comes a thought of her who now
Sits with serenely patient brow
Amid deep sufferings : none hath told
More pleasant tales to young and old.
Fondest was she of Father Thames,
But rambled to Hellenic streams ;
Nor even there could any tell
The country's purer charms so well
As Mary Mitford.

Verse I go forth
And breathe o'er gentle breasts her worth.
Needless the task . . . but should she see
One hearty wish from you and me,
A moment's pain it may assuage, —
A rose-leaf on the couch of Age."

And Harriet Martineau pays her respects to my friend in this wise : " Miss Mitford's description of scenery, brutes, and human beings have such singular merit, that she may be regarded as the founder of a new style ; and if the freshness wore off with time, there was much more than a compensation in the fine spirit of resignation and cheerfulness which breathed through everything she wrote, and endeared her as a suffering friend to thousands who formerly regarded her only as a most entertaining stranger."

What lovely drives about England I have enjoyed with Miss Mitford as my companion and guide ! We used to arrange with her trusty Sam for a day now and then in the open air. He would have everything in readiness at the appointed hour, and be at his post with that careful kind-hearted little maid, the "hemmer of flounces," all prepared to give the old lady a fair start on her day's expedition. Both those excellent servants delighted to make their mistress happy, and she greatly rejoiced in their devotion and care. Perhaps we had made our plans to visit Upton Court, a charming old house where Pope's Arabella Fermor had passed many years of her married life. On the way thither we would talk over "The Rape of the Lock" and the heroine, Belinda, who was no other than Arabella herself. Arriving on the lawn in front of the decaying mansion, we would stop in the shade of a gigantic oak, and gossip about the times of Queen Elizabeth, for it was then the old house was built, no doubt.

Once I remember Miss Mitford

carried me on a pilgrimage to a grand old village church with a tower half covered with ivy. We came to it through laurel hedges, and passed on the way a magnificent cedar of Lebanon. It was a superb pile, rich in painted glass windows and carved oak ornaments. Here Miss Mitford ordered the man to stop, and turning to me with great enthusiasm said, "This is Shiplake Church, where Alfred Tennyson was married !" Then we rode on a little farther, and she called my attention to some of the finest wychelms I had ever seen.

Another day we drove along the valley of the Loddon, and she pointed out the Duke of Wellington's seat of Strathfieldsaye. As our pony trotted leisurely over the charming road, she told many amusing stories of the Duke's economical habits, and she rated him soundly for his money-saving propensities. The furniture in the house she said was a disgrace to the great man, and she described a certain old carpet that had done service so many years in the establishment that no one could tell what the original colors were.

But the mansion most dear to her in that neighborhood was the residence of her kind friends the Russells of Swallowfield Park. It is indeed a beautiful old place, full of historical and literary associations, for there Lord Clarendon wrote his story of the Great Rebellion. Miss Mitford never ceased to be thankful that her declining years were passing in the society of such neighbors as the Russells. If she were unusually ill, they were the first to know of it and come at once to her aid. Little attentions, so grateful to old age, they were always on the alert to offer ; and she frequently told me that their affectionate kindness had helped her over the dark places of life more than once, where without their succor she must have dropped by the way.

As a letter-writer, Miss Mitford has rarely been surpassed. Her "Life, as told by herself in Letters to her

Friends," is admirably done in every particular. Few letters in the English language are superior to hers, and I think they will come to be regarded as among the choicest specimens of epistolary literature. When her friend, the Rev. William Harness, was about to collect from Miss Mitford's correspondents, for publication, the letters she had written to them, he applied to me among others. I was obliged to withhold the correspondence for a reason that existed then; but I am no longer restrained from printing it now. Very soon I hope to collect these letters into a volume and publish them. Miss Mitford's first letter to me was written in 1847, and her last one came only a few weeks before she died, in 1855. I am inclined to think that her correspondence, so full of point in allusions, so full of anecdote and recollections, will be considered among her finest writings. Her criticisms, not always the wisest, were always piquant and readable. She had such a charming humor, and her style was so delightful, that her friendly notes had a relish about them quite their own. In reading some of them you will see that she overrated your kinsman as she did most of her personal friends. You will regard these letters, then, as though they were written to somebody else, and not to your unworthy old uncle. I shall have hard work to place the dates properly, for the good lady rarely took the trouble to put either month or year at the head of her paper.

She began her correspondence with me before I left England after making

her acquaintance, and, true to the instincts of her kind heart, the object of her first letter was to press upon my notice the poems of a young friend of hers, and she was constantly saying good words for unfledged authors who were struggling forward to gain recognition. No one ever lent such a helping hand as she did to the young writers of her country.

The recognition which America, very early in the career of Miss Mitford, awarded her, she never forgot, and she used to say, "It takes ten years to make a literary reputation in England, but America is wiser and bolder, and dares say at once, 'This is fine.'"

Sweetness of temper and brightness of mind, her never-failing characteristics, accompanied her to the last; and she passed on in her usual cheerful and affectionate mood, her sympathies uncontracted by age, narrow fortune, and pain.

A plain substantial cross marks the spot in the old churchyard at Swallowfield, where, according to her own wish, Mary Mitford lies sleeping. It is proposed to erect a memorial in the old parish church to her memory, and her admirers in England have determined, if a sufficient sum can be raised, to build what shall be known as "The Mitford Aisle," to afford accommodation for the poor people who are not able to pay for seats. Several of Miss Mitford's American friends will join in this beautiful object, and a tablet will be put up in the old church commemorating the fact that England and America united in the tribute.

THE PRINCESS BOB AND HER FRIENDS.

SHE was a Klamath Indian. Her title was, I think, a compromise between her claim as daughter of a chief, and gratitude to her earliest white protector, whose name, after the Indian fashion, she had adopted. "Bob" Walker had taken her from the breast of her dead mother at a time when the sincere volunteer soldiery of the California frontier were impressed with the belief that extermination was the manifest destiny of the Indian race. He had with difficulty restrained the noble zeal of his compatriots long enough to convince them that the exemption of one Indian baby would not invalidate this theory. And he took her to his home, — a pastoral clearing on the banks of the Salmon River, — where she was cared for after a frontier fashion.

Before she was nine years old, she had exhausted the scant kindness of the thin, overworked Mrs. Walker. As a playfellow of the young Walkers she was unreliable; as a nurse for the baby she was inefficient. She lost the former in the trackless depths of a redwood forest; she basely abandoned the latter in an extemporized cradle, hanging like a chrysalis to a convenient bough. She lied and she stole, — two unpardonable sins in a frontier community, where truth was a necessity and provisions were the only property. Worse than this, the outskirts of the clearing were sometimes haunted by blanketed tatterdemalions with whom she had mysterious confidences. Mr. Walker more than once regretted his indiscreet humanity; but she presently relieved him of responsibility, and possibly of blood-guiltiness, by disappearing entirely.

When she reappeared, it was at the adjacent village of Logport, in the capacity of housemaid to a trader's wife, who, joining some little culture to considerable conscientiousness, attempted to instruct her charge. But the Princess proved an unsatisfactory pupil to

even so liberal a teacher. She accepted the alphabet with great good-humor, but always as a pleasing and recurring novelty, in which all interest expired at the completion of each lesson. She found a thousand uses for her books and writing materials other than those known to civilized children. She made a curious necklace of bits of slate-pencil, she constructed a miniature canoe from the pasteboard covers of her primer, she bent her pens into fish-hooks, and tattooed the faces of her younger companions with blue ink. Religious instruction she received as good-humoredly, and learned to pronounce the name of the Deity with a cheerful familiarity that shocked her preceptress. Nor could her reverence be reached through analogy; she knew nothing of the Great Spirit, and professed entire ignorance of the Happy Hunting-Grounds. Yet she attended divine service regularly, and as regularly asked for a hymn-book; and it was only through the discovery that she had collected twenty-five of these volumes and had hidden them behind the woodpile, that her connection with the First Baptist Church of Logport ceased. She would occasionally abandon these civilized and Christian privileges, and disappear from her home, returning after several days of absence with an odor of bark and fish, and a peace-offering to her mistress in the shape of venison or game.

To add to her troubles, she was now fourteen, and, according to the laws of her race, a woman. I do not think the most romantic fancy would have called her pretty. Her complexion defied most of those ambiguous smiles through which poets unconsciously apologize for any deviation from the Caucasian standard. It was not wine nor amber colored; if anything, it was smoky. Her face was tattooed with red and white lines on one cheek, as

if a fine-toothed comb had been drawn from cheek-bone to jaw, and, but for the good-humor that beamed from her small berry-like eyes and shone in her white teeth, would have been repulsive. She was short and stout. In her scant drapery and unrestrained freedom she was hardly statuesque, and her more unstudied attitudes were marred by a simian habit of softly scratching her left ankle with the toes of her right foot, in moments of contemplation.

I think I have already shown enough to indicate the incongruity of her existence with even the low standard of civilization that obtained at Logport in the year 1860. It needed but one more fact to prove the far-sighted political sagacity and prophetic ethics of those sincere advocates of extermination, to whose virtues I have done but scant justice in the beginning of this article. This fact was presently furnished by the Princess. After one of her periodical disappearances, — this time unusually prolonged, — she astonished Logport by returning with a half-breed baby of a week old in her arms. That night a meeting of the hard-featured serious matrons of Logport was held at Mrs. Brown's. The immediate banishment of the Princess was demanded. Soft-hearted Mrs. Brown endeavored vainly to get a mitigation or suspension of the sentence. But, as on a former occasion, the Princess took matters into her own hands. A few mornings afterwards, a wicker cradle containing an Indian baby was found hanging on the handle of the door of the First Baptist Church. It was the Parthian arrow of the flying Princess. From that day Logport knew her no more.

It had been a bright clear day on the upland, so clear that the ramparts of Fort Jackson and the flagstaff were plainly visible twelve miles away from the long curving peninsula that stretched a bared white arm around the peaceful waters of Logport Bay. It had been a clear day upon the sea-shore, albeit the air was filled with the flying spume

and shifting sand of a straggling beach whose low dunes were dragged down by the long surges of the Pacific and thrown up again by the tumultuous trade-winds. But the sun had gone down in a bank of fleecy fog that was beginning to roll in upon the beach. Gradually the headland at the entrance of the harbor and the light-house disappeared, then the willow fringe that marked the line of Salmon River vanished, and the ocean was gone. A few sails still gleamed on the waters of the bay; but the advancing fog wiped them out one by one, crept across the steel-blue expanse, swallowed up the white mills and single spire of Logport, and, joining with reinforcements from the marshes, moved solemnly upon the hills. Ten minutes more and the landscape was utterly blotted out; simultaneously the wind died away, and a death-like silence stole over sea and shore. The faint clang, high overhead, of unseen brent, the nearer call of invisible plover, the lap and wash of undistinguishable waters, and the monotonous roll of the vanished ocean, were the only sounds. As night deepened, the far-off booming of the fog-bell on the headland at intervals stirred the thick air.

Hard by the shore of the bay, and half hidden by a drifting sand-hill, stood a low nondescript structure, to whose composition sea and shore had equally contributed. It was built partly of logs and partly of driftwood and tarred canvas. Joined to one end of the main building — the ordinary log-cabin of the settler — was the half-round pilot-house of some wrecked steamer, while the other gable terminated in half of a broken whale-boat. Nailed against the boat were the dried skins of wild animals, and scattered about lay the flotsam and jetsam of many years' gathering, — bamboo crates, casks, hatches, blocks, oars, boxes, part of a whale's vertebrae, and the blades of sword-fish. Drawn up on the beach of a little cove before the house lay a canoe. As the night thickened and the fog grew more dense, these details

grew imperceptible, and only the windows of the pilot-house, lit up by a roaring fire within the hut, gleamed redly through the mist.

By this fire, beneath a ship's lamp that swung from the roof, two figures were seated, a man and a woman. The man, broad-shouldered and heavily bearded, stretched his listless powerful length beyond a broken bamboo chair, with his eyes fixed on the fire. The woman crouched cross-legged upon the broad earthen hearth, with her eyes blinkingly fixed on her companion. They were small, black, round, berry-like eyes, and as the firelight shone upon her smoky face, with its one striped cheek of gorgeous brilliancy, it was plainly the Princess Bob and no other.

Not a word was spoken. They had been sitting thus for more than an hour, and there was about their attitude a suggestion that silence was habitual. Once or twice the man rose and walked up and down the narrow room, or gazed absently from the windows of the pilot-house, but never by look or sign betrayed the slightest consciousness of his companion. At such times the Princess from her nest by the fire followed him with eyes of canine expectancy and wistfulness. But he would as inevitably return to his contemplation of the fire, and the Princess to her blinking watchfulness of his face.

They had sat there silent and undisturbed for many an evening in fair weather and foul. They had spent many a day in sunshine and storm, gathering the unclaimed spoil of sea and shore. They had kept these mute relations, varied only by the incidents of the hunt or meagre household duties, for three years, ever since the man, wandering moodily over the lonely sands, had fallen upon the half-starved woman lying in the little hollow where she had crawled to die. It had seemed as if they would never be disturbed, until now, when the Princess started, and, with the instinct of her race, bent her ear to the ground.

The wind had risen and was rattling the tarred canvas. But in another moment there plainly came from without the hut the sound of voices. Then followed a rap at the door; then another rap; and then, before they could rise to their feet, the door was flung briskly open.

"I beg your pardon," said a pleasant but somewhat decided contralto voice, "but I don't think you heard me knock. Ah, I see you did not. May I come in?"

There was no reply. Had the battered figure-head of the Goddess of Liberty, which lay deeply embedded in the sand on the beach, suddenly appeared at the door demanding admittance, the occupants of the cabin could not have been more speechlessly and hopelessly astonished than at the form which stood in the open doorway.

It was that of a slim, shapely, elegantly dressed young woman. A scarlet-lined silken hood was half thrown back from the shining mass of the black hair that covered her small head; from her pretty shoulders dropped a fur cloak, only restrained by a cord and tassel in her small gloved hand. Around her full throat was a double necklace of large white beads, that by some cunning feminine trick relieved with its infantile suggestion the strong decision of her lower face.

"Did you say yes? Ah, thank you. We may come in, Barker." (Here a shadow in a blue army overcoat followed her into the cabin, touched its cap respectfully, and then stood silent and erect against the wall.) "Don't disturb yourself in the least, I beg. What a distressingly unpleasant night! Is this your usual climate?"

Half graciously, half absently overlooking the still embarrassed silence of the group, she went on: "We started from the fort over three hours ago,—three hours ago, was n't it, Barker?" (the erect Barker touched his cap.)—"to go to Captain Emmons's quarters on Indian Island,—I think you call it Indian Island, don't you?" (she was appealing to the awe-stricken

Princess,)—"and we got into the fog and lost our way; that, is, Barker lost his way," (Barker touched his cap deprecatingly,) "and goodness knows where we did n't wander to until we mistook your light for the light-house and pulled up here. No, no, pray keep your seat, do! Really I must insist."

Nothing could exceed the languid grace of the latter part of this speech, — nothing except the easy unconsciousness with which she glided by the offered chair of her stammering, embarrassed host and stood beside the open hearth.

"Barker will tell you," she continued, warming her feet by the fire, "that I am Miss Portfire, daughter of Major Portfire, commanding the post. Ah, excuse me, child!" (she had accidentally trodden upon the bare yellow toes of the Princess.) "Really, I did not know you were there. I am very near-sighted." (In confirmation of her statement, she put to her eyes a dainty double eye-glass that dangled from her neck.) "It's a shocking thing to be near-sighted, is n't it?"

If the shamefaced uneasy man to whom this remark was addressed could have found words to utter the thought that even in his confusion struggled uppermost in his mind, he would, looking at the bold, dark eyes that questioned him, have denied the fact. But he only stammered, "Yes." The next moment, however, Miss Portfire had apparently forgotten him and was examining the Princess through her glass.

"And what is your name, child?"

The Princess, beatified by the eyes and eye-glass, showed all her white teeth at once, and softly scratched her leg.

"Bob."

"Bob? What a singular name!"

Miss Portfire's host here hastened to explain the origin of the Princess's title.

"Then *you* are Bob." (Eye-glass.)

"No, my name is Grey,— John Grey." And he actually achieved a

bow where awkwardness was rather the air of imperfectly recalling a forgotten habit.

"Grey?—ah, let me see. Yes, certainly. You are Mr. Grey the recluse, the hermit, the philosopher, and all that sort of thing. Why, certainly; Dr. Jones, our surgeon, has told me all about you. Dear me, how interesting a rencontre! Lived all alone here for seven — was it seven years?—yes, I remember now. Existed quite *au naturel*, one might say. How odd! Not that I know anything about that sort of thing, you know. I've lived always among people, and am really quite a stranger, I assure you. But honestly, Mr.—I beg your pardon—Mr. Grey, how do you like it?"

She had quietly taken his chair and thrown her cloak and hood over its back, and was now thoughtfully removing her gloves. Whatever were the arguments, — and they were doubtless many and profound, — whatever the experience, — and it was doubtless hard and satisfying enough, — by which this unfortunate man had justified his life for the last seven years, somehow they suddenly became trivial and terribly ridiculous before this simple but practical question.

"Well, you shall tell me all about it after you have given me something to eat. We will have time enough; Barker cannot find his way back in this fog to-night. Now don't put yourselves to any trouble on my account. Barker will assist."

Barker came forward. Glad to escape the scrutiny of his guest, the hermit gave a few rapid directions to the Princess in her native tongue, and disappeared in the shed. Left a moment alone, Miss Portfire took a quick, half-audible, feminine inventory of the cabin. "Books, guns, skins, *one* chair, *one* bed, no pictures, and no looking-glass!" She took a book from the swinging shelf and resumed her seat by the fire as the Princess re-entered with fresh fuel. But while kneeling on the hearth the Princess chanced to

look up and met Miss Portfire's dark eyes over the edge of her book.

"Bob!"

The Princess showed her teeth.

"Listen. Would you like to have fine clothes, rings, and beads like these, to have your hair nicely combed and put up so? Would you?"

The Princess nodded violently.

"Would you like to live with me and have them? Answer quickly. Don't look round for *him*. Speak for yourself. Would you? Hush; never mind now."

The hermit re-entered, and the Princess, blinking, retreated into the shadow of the whale-boat shed, from which she did not emerge even when the homely repast of cold venison, ship biscuit, and tea was served. Miss Portfire noticed her absence: "You really must not let me interfere with your usual simple ways. Do you know this is exceedingly interesting to me, so pastoral and patriarchal and all that sort of thing. I must insist upon the Princess coming back; really, I must."

But the Princess was not to be found in the shed, and Miss Portfire, who the next minute seemed to have forgotten all about her, took her place in the single chair before an extemporized table. Barker stood behind her, and the hermit leaned against the fireplace. Miss Portfire's appetite did not come up to her protestations. For the first time in seven years it occurred to the hermit that his ordinary victual might be improved. He stammered out something to that effect.

"I have eaten better, and worse," said Miss Portfire, quietly.

"But I thought you—that is, you said—"

"I spent a year in the hospitals, when father was on the Potomac," returned Miss Portfire, composedly. After a pause she continued: "You remember after the second Bull Run—But, dear me! I beg your pardon; of course, you know nothing about the war and all that sort of thing, and don't care." (She put up her eye-glass and quietly surveyed his broad muscu-

lar figure against the chimney.) "Or, perhaps, your prejudices—But then, as a hermit you know you have no politics, of course. Please don't let me bore you."

To have been strictly consistent, the hermit should have exhibited no interest in this topic. Perhaps it was owing to some quality in the narrator, but he was constrained to beg her to continue in such phrases as his unfamiliar lips could command. So that little by little Miss Portfire yielded up incident and personal observation of contest then raging; with the same half-abstracted, half-unconcerned air that seemed habitual to her, she told the stories of privation, of suffering, of endurance, and of sacrifice. With the same assumption of timid deference that concealed her great self-control, she talked of principles and rights. Apparently without enthusiasm and without effort, of which his morbid nature would have been suspicious, she sang the great American Iliad in a way that stirred the depths of her solitary auditor to its massive foundations. Then she stopped and asked quietly, "Where is Bob?"

The hermit started. He would look for her. But Bob, for some reason, was not forthcoming. Search was made within and without the hut, but in vain. For the first time that evening Miss Portfire showed some anxiety. "Go," she said to Barker, "and find her. She *must* be found; stay, give me your overcoat, I'll go myself." She threw the overcoat over her shoulders and stepped out into the night. In the thick veil of fog that seemed suddenly to inwrap her, she stood for a moment irresolute, and then walked toward the beach, guided by the low wash of waters on the sand. She had not taken many steps before she stumbled over some dark crouching object. Reaching down her hand she felt the coarse wiry mane of the Princess.

"Bob!"

There was no reply.

"Bob. I've been looking for you, come."

"Go 'way."

"Nonsense, Bob. I want you to stay with me to-night, come."

"Injin squaw no good for waugee woman. Go 'way."

"Listen, Bob. You are daughter of a chief: so am I. Your father had many warriors: so has mine. It is good that you stay with me. Come."

The Princess chuckled and suffered herself to be lifted up. A few moments later and they re-entered the hut, hand in hand.

With the first red streaks of dawn the next day the erect Barker touched his cap at the door of the hut. Beside him stood the hermit, also just risen from his blanketed nest in the sand. Forth from the hut, fresh as the morning air, stepped Miss Portfire, leading the Princess by the hand. Hand in hand also they walked to the shore, and when the Princess had been safely bestowed in the stern sheets, Miss Portfire turned and held out her own to her late host.

"I shall take the best of care of her, of course. You will come and see her often. I should ask you to come and see me, but you are a hermit, you know, and all that sort of thing. But if it's the correct anchorite thing, and can be done, my father will be glad to requite you for this night's hospitality. But don't do anything on my account that interferes with your simple habits. Good by."

She handed him a card, which he took mechanically.

"Good by."

The sail was hoisted, and the boat shoved off. As the fresh morning breeze caught the white canvas it seemed to bow a parting salutation. There was a rosy flush of promise on the water, and as the light craft darted forward toward the ascending sun, it seemed for a moment uplifted in its glory.

Miss Portfire kept her word. If thoughtful care and intelligent kindness could regenerate the Princess, her future was secure. And it really seemed as if she were for the first time inclined

to heed the lessons of civilization and profit by her new condition. An agreeable change was first noticed in her appearance. Her lawless hair was caught in a net, and no longer strayed over her low forehead. Her unstable bust was stayed and upheld by French corsets; her plantigrade shuffle was limited by heeled boots. Her dresses were neat and clean, and she wore a double necklace of glass beads. With this physical improvement there also seemed some moral awakening. She no longer stole nor lied. With the possession of personal property came a respect for that of others. With increased dependence on the word of those about her came a thoughtful consideration of her own. Intellectually she was still feeble, although she grappled sturdily with the simple lessons which Miss Portfire set before her. But her zeal and simple vanity outran her discretion, and she would often sit for hours with an open book before her, which she could not read. She was a favorite with the officers at the fort, from the Major, who shared his daughter's prejudices and often yielded to her powerful self-will, to the subalterns, who liked her none the less that their natural enemies, the frontier volunteers, had declared war against her helpless sisterhood. The only restraint put upon her was the limitation of her liberty to the enclosure of the fort and parade; and only once did she break this parole, and was stopped by the sentry as she stepped into a boat at the landing.

The recluse did not avail himself of Miss Portfire's invitation. But after the departure of the Princess he spent less of his time in the hut, and was more frequently seen in the distant marshes of Eel River and on the upland hills. A feverish restlessness, quite opposed to his usual phlegm, led him into singular freaks strangely inconsistent with his usual habits and reputation. The purser of the occasional steamer which stopped at Logport with the mails reported to have been boarded, just inside the bar, by a strange bearded man, who

asked for a newspaper containing the last war telegrams. He tore his red shirt into narrow strips, and spent two days with his needle over the pieces and the tattered remnant of his only white garment; and a few days afterward the fishermen on the bay were surprised to see what, on nearer approach, proved to be a rude imitation of the national flag floating from a spar above the hut.

One evening, as the fog began to drift over the sand-hills, the recluse sat alone in his hut. The fire was dying unheeded on the hearth, for he had been sitting there for a long time, completely absorbed in the blurred pages of an old newspaper. Presently he arose, and, refolding it, — an operation of great care and delicacy in its tattered condition, — placed it under the blankets of his bed. He resumed his seat by the fire, but soon began drumming with his fingers on the arm of his chair. Eventually this assumed the time and accent of some air. Then he began to whistle softly and hesitatingly, as if trying to recall a forgotten tune. Finally this took shape in a rude resemblance, not unlike that which his flag bore to the national standard, to Yankee Doodle. Suddenly he stopped.

There was an unmistakable rapping at the door. The blood which had at first rushed to his face now forsook it and settled slowly around his heart. He tried to rise, but could not. Then the door was flung open, and a figure with a scarlet-lined hood and fur mantle stood on the threshold. With a mighty effort he took one stride to the door. The next moment he saw the wide mouth and white teeth of the Princess, and was greeted by a kiss that felt like a baptism.

To tear the hood and mantle from her figure in the sudden fury that seized him, and to fiercely demand the reason of this masquerade, was his only return to her greeting. "Why are you here? did you steal these garments?" he again demanded in her guttural language, as he shook her roughly by the arm. The Princess hung her head. "Did you?"

he screamed, as he reached wildly for his rifle.

"I did."

His hold relaxed, and he staggered back against the wall. The Princess began to whimper. Between her sobs, she was trying to explain that the Major and his daughter were going away, and that they wanted to send her to the Reservation; but he cut her short. "Take off those things!" The Princess tremblingly obeyed. He rolled them up, placed them in the canoe she had just left, and then leaped into the frail craft. She would have followed, but with a great oath he threw her from him, and with one stroke of his paddle swept out into the fog, and was gone.

"Jessamy," said the Major, a few days after, as he sat at dinner with his daughter, "I think I can tell you something to match the mysterious disappearance and return of your wardrobe. Your crazy friend, the recluse, has enlisted this morning in the Fourth Artillery. He's a splendid-looking animal, and there's the right stuff for a soldier in him, if I'm not mistaken. He's in earnest too, for he enlists in the regiment ordered back to Washington. Bless me, child, another goblet broken; you'll ruin the mess in glass-ware, at this rate!"

"Have you heard anything more of the Princess, papa?"

"Nothing, but perhaps it's as well that she has gone. These cursed settlers are at their old complaints again about what they call 'Indian depredations,' and I have just received orders from head-quarters to keep the settlement clear of all vagabond aborigines. I am afraid, my dear, that a strict construction of the term would include your *protégée*."

The time for the departure of the Fourth Artillery had come. The night before was thick and foggy. At one o'clock, a shot on the ramparts called out the guard and roused the sleeping garrison. The new sentry, Private Grey, had challenged a dusky figure creeping on the glacis, and, receiving no

answer, had fired. The guard sent out presently returned, bearing a lifeless figure in their arms. The new sentry's zeal, joined with an ex-frontiersman's aim, was fatal.

They laid the helpless, ragged form before the guard-house door, and then saw for the first time that it was the Princess. Presently she opened her eyes. They fell upon the agonized face of her innocent slayer, but haply without intelligence or reproach.

"Georgy!" she whispered.

"Bob!"

"All's same now. Me get plenty well soon. Me make no more fuss. Me go to Reservation."

Then she stopped, a tremor ran through her limbs, and she lay still. She had gone to the Reservation. Not that devised by the wisdom of man, but that one set apart from the foundations of the world for the wisest as well as the meanest of His creatures.

Bret Harte.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Handwriting of Junius professionally investigated by MR. CHARLES CHABOT, Expert, with Preface and Collateral Evidence. London: John Murray.

THE English are marvellous for magnificence. The perfecting of accomplishment is a devotion in which they believe correspondently with the Thirty-nine Articles. They absorb India, Africa, North America, — omitting the United States, which were too much English, — as if they had simply to open their mouths, when it is the law of the rest of things to pass down. A sickly, thin person, called Speke, walks across Africa to secure the head of the White Nile; another, fat as the elephants he shoots (name of Baker), stamps his Herculean boots upon the head of the Blue Nile; Professor Tyndall cuts a chain of ice-steps to the top of Mont Blanc, to read his thermometer there; Franklin freezes for four years, and dies in his attempt to force a passage through the polar ice, where nothing could ever be got by going, but an amazing exhibition of English pluck.

It was reserved for the Honorable Edward Twistleton, one of these Englishmen, to solve that dense enigma, the authorship of the Junius letters. He employed experts for the practical part of this grand enterprise, the conception being his own. Consider the boldness, the cost, of this unexpected feat; design so lavish, result so commanding. As every one reads the Junius letters, and as all know they are the vi-

talized essence of political mustard and pepper, their merit as gas-pipes of inflammatory literature needs no comment.

Sir Philip Francis was born in 1740, and died in 1818. On the 21st of January, 1769, a letter signed "Junius" appeared in the "Public Advertiser" of London, a gazette printed by Mr. Henry Sampson Woodfall. This is the first of the letters recognized and published in the Junius correspondence, in the original edition. For one hundred years from that date, — to January, 1869, — the literary world enjoyed controversy on the subject.

In March, 1868, Mr. Twistleton consulted Mr. Chabot of London, an expert, as to whether a copy of certain anonymous verses could be proved to be in the handwriting of Sir Philip Francis. The gist was, not if Francis did or did not handwrite the verses, but whether his having done so was or was not susceptible of proof.

As material for this, Mr. Twistleton got from Mr. Merivale, who with Mr. Parker wrote "The Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis" (1867), a letter-book, in which were forty-two letters of Francis to his brother-in-law, Mr. Macrabe, and his wife, written from 1767 to 1771, inclusive. Mr. Chabot, from this letter-book, decided that Francis did not handwrite the verses, and, provided collaterally with other letters, concluded that they *were* handwritten by Mr. Richard Tilghmans, Francis's cousin and familiar friend (Francis being their composer). The proof of these facts was so complete, and

Mr. Chabot did his work so satisfactorily, that Mr. Twistleton, with English heroism, determined to employ such scrupulous fidelity in that *questio vexata*, the authorship of Junius. He had no thought of making this inquiry, previous to his trial of Chabot in the sifting of the anonymous verses. As materials to this, he then collected the various original letters and documents left by Junius, and which we will denote briefly.

There were, then, three letters from Junius to Mr. Grenville (b. 1712, d. 1770), with an essay on the "Auction Duty," written in 1768, and two letters to Lord Chatham, the first dated "London, January, 1768," and the second, "London, January, 1772." Then come the sixty-three private letters of Junius to Woodfall, the printer, and a letter signed "Vindex," with extracts from the Dedication and Preface of the original edition of the letters. Junius gave his property in these to Woodfall, for the trials and troubles he had in using, typically, the stings of a political wasp; Junius himself being sure "not to survive" if detected.

This mass of document, with the original letters of Francis before described, were furnished to Mr. Chabot, and fifty-two other specimens of handwriting of eighteen different persons, who had been upheld by almost as many critical authorities as the authors, or handwriters, of Junius.

It seems to some as if the Junius controversy had been settled, and the authorship assigned to Francis. So far from this, from the year 1840 to 1868 no less than nine persons, men of good acumen in some directions, ignored Francis wholly, as Junius, and set up others in his place. These persons are Sir Charles Grey, Mr. Britton, the late Mr. Dilke (formerly of the *Athenæum*), Mr. Cramp, Mr. Coulson, Mr. W. J. Smith (editor of the "Grenville Papers"), Mr. Massey, Mr. Jelinger Symons, and Mr. Hayward (the well-known translator of *Faust*). As we must allude very briefly to the specifications against Francis, we may say they are mostly of two sorts. A number of people believe that he never could have written Junius, his mental material not being fine enough for this first-class diatribization. Thus, Mr. Charles Butler (b. 1750, d. 1832) was willing to allow that Francis might possibly have *copied* the letters of Junius. Lord Brougham, again, took the same view with Butler about

the copying; but he considered the denial of Francis as to the authorship conclusive, as Sir Philip passed as an honest man. The other class of objections, in which Mr. Dilke, Mr. Hayward, and so many coincide, is, that nothing is more fallacious than the foundation for authorship on a decision springing from the comparison and expertizing of handwriting. And some accomplished flounders in the Junius controversy just throw out of the question the handwriting altogether, this being the chief fact in the deciding of it.

Mr. John Taylor, in the year 1818, had published in the second edition of his book, "Junius Identified," the *rationale* of the settlement of this controversy. This summary Mr. Twistleton has reprinted in this wonderful quarto, the wonder of which is, that it contains a perfect photolithographic fac-simile of each one of the letters and other pieces of writing of Junius and Francis, making two hundred and sixty-seven plates, besides twenty-four beautiful comparative plates, finished in the same luxurious manner as the chief leading resemblances found in the handwritings of Junius and of Francis. The first letter in this work contains more words of Junius than all previous autographs of his ever printed. Besides these, here are fac-similes of the letter and verses which are so important to this controversy, making no less than two hundred and ninety-four plates, each just as good as if it was an autograph; and, to be added, more than a thousand illustrations of great beauty and nicety by Mr. Chabot, in woodcuts.

A word on the "Anonymous Note." This note is simply the burlesque statement that a copy of verses enclosed with it had been found by the writer, and by him forwarded to the person for whom "they were doubtless intended," a certain Miss Giles. This was in December, 1770, when Miss Giles, then in Bath, received this delectation from Sir Philip Francis (then plain Philip); and it is written in the assumed hand in which the letters to Mr. Grenville are written, in 1768, and to Chatham and Woodfall, in 1770, etc., that is, in the *hand of Junius*. This one fact is enough to prove Francis the handwriter of Junius. It is certain that Miss Giles received this note, that she knew it was from Francis, that the original was preserved by her, that it is the same here photolithographed; and an expert shows clearly, and beyond the least doubt, that

the same person who wrote the Junius letters also wrote this. So, it may be rightly affirmed, the proper use of this one Junian note in the year 1770, a hundred years ago, would have convicted Francis.

A word on the general form of these letters. Here observe the salutation, the date, the signature. And what we have to say of Sir Philip Francis as a penman, we say now. He accomplished with the pen what no other ever did; he made for himself a handwriting as good as his own native hand; *he wrote it just as well*, sometimes rather better; and he was a fine and original penman. He did a miracle with his pen. So fine, so excellent, is the manuscript he invented for the imaginary Junius, that Mr. Twistleton and Mr. Chabot are really themselves deceived with it, and talk in the same breath of the handwriting of Junius and Francis, as if the one was just as real as the other. Hence the value and importance of this book as a digest of handwriting. If you look at a page of the good-natured letters from Francis to his brother-in-law, Mr. Macrabie, and then at one of his editorial notes to Woodfall (proving him to be their author, if *primogenital* fussiness can prove anything that way), you will say, if of the Dilke and Hayward branch, no *one* human hand could have written those *two* pages. Now glance again at the form. In all these letters — with two or three exceptions, in every letter that Sir Philip Francis or Junius ever wrote — a full stop follows the salutation, the “Sir,” at the head of the letter. This is a point that few writers use in this place. Both Junius and Francis put the note of place and time at the *top* of the letter; the whole is written in one line; the name of place comes first, with a stop after it, the day of the month with a stop after it, the name of the month with another, and the name of the year with another stop. The name of the month is written in full; thus, the whole is: —

“London, 20. October. 1768.”

These ten points are repeated in all the Junius and Francis letters. Notice the raising of the *th*, as in the above date, directly over the figures, which is another repetitive conformity. Mr. Twistleton examined more than three thousand letters, without finding *one* instance of the combination of these peculiarities. Here are sixty letters thus conformed. Again, Francis invariably signs his initial, “C,” in the Jun-

ius letters, between two semi-vertical dashes. This precise form occurs in several of the Francis letters. On one occasion, after “Junius Identified” was published, Sir Philip was at a country-house with Mr. William Blake, who, in talking with him about Byron’s getting up of the “Giaour,” and finding that Francis disliked it, handed him the book at the passage, “He who hath bent him o’er the dead.” Francis read the lines, wrote down a series of words from the poem, ending with “nothingless” and “changeless,” added below them “senseless,” and then rapidly subscribed his initials between *two semi-vertical dashes*. “Pray will you allow me to ask you, Sir Philip,” said Blake, “do you *always* sign *your* initials in that manner?” Sir Philip merely answered, gruffly, “I know what you mean, sir,” and walked away. This was in the year 1817, forty-eight years after the 3d of May, 1769, the date of his first letter in these fac-similes, in which initials are thus signed. It was a home-thrust, as Sir Philip honestly denied the authorship of Junius to the last. His answer to the saying of Rogers is well known. “There is a question, Sir Philip,” said Rogers, “which I should much like to ask, if you will allow me.” — “You had better not, sir,” answered Francis. “At your peril, sir.” Again, Lady Holland once asking him if he was Junius, his answer was, “Madam, do you mean to insult me?” And he says, in one of his letters to Woodfall, “I should not survive three days, if I should be discovered.”

In addition to these congruities, Mr. Chabot has identified a letter from Junius to Woodfall, and an original from Francis of nearly the same date, as written on the same kind of paper, with the device of the water-mark, the initials of the maker, and the water-lines and the color of the ink the same.

Passing to the comparison of words and letters in Junius and Francis, it is true that every letter used by Francis appears in Junius, and, with two exceptions, every letter used by Junius appears in Francis. Note this last congruity; this is its explanation. When a man teaches himself to write in a feigned hand, the peculiarities he invents to disguise his own writing *imperceptibly to himself* find their way back into his original hand. So it is with Francis, remarkably.

In the first place, let us notice the style generally, and which constitutes the chief

success of the feigned hand. The notorious peculiarities of Francis's writing are a great slope to the letters, a strong bearing on the pen, a large, round, legible hand, and the running of words together. As Junius, he tries to throw out these features; makes the down strokes far more upright, and rounds them; contracts the size of the words to one half, and sometimes less; uses a fine pen, a delicate touch; and, by more or less insisting on these distinctions, makes the Junian style. There occurs in all writers a variety in the formation of words and letters. And, as well as on the Junius letters, Mr. Chabot has reported at great length on the writing of Lady Temple and others, who are upheld as the hand-writers of Junius. We allude to this *here*, because the absence of much variety in the formation of letters is the extinguisher that drops cumulative oblivion upon the Junian claims of Lady Temple, Sir George Grenville, Dr. Wilmot, Mr. Edmund Burke, Lord Lyttleton, Charles Lloyd, Delolme, Captain Charles Lee, Mrs. Dayroke (the supposed amanuensis of my Lord Chesterfield), *et hoc pecus omne* in this connection.

No writer could be better furnished in the blind variety of letter formation than Francis. He was an easy, running writer, though a martinet on dates; his pen is a sport and a spurt; he thrusts along with it as if it was an electric bristle; turns his letter *r*'s upside down, converts *r* into *i*, and runs riot among the small letters at the heads of words by twisting them to capitals, etc. The small letter *r* is a vivid treasure to his pirouetting shaft; he produces no less than thirteen *distinct, well-established* sorts of *r*'s out of this one bedocked martyr. Thus, he has a well-marked shoulder to the right, an undefined shoulder to the right, an arched shoulder to the right, an undefined shoulder to the left, a tall *r* with a *part*, a left shoulder, an undefined left shoulder with a curled-up stroke, a well-defined shoulder to the left, a largely developed shoulder to the left, the shoulder to the left, a looped shoulder to the left, a distinct shoulder to the left, no shoulder at all, or *r* converted into *i* (without the dot), the upper part angular, the lower part round, and again, no shoulder, the upper and lower turns both angular. See the variety in a single letter! Such epistolary snails as Lady Temple never made more than one crab *r* in their uniform track. Francis not only has this variety in forming letters, he has many va-

rieties in their isolation. Thus, he leaves *s* mostly standing by itself; and when it is followed by the letter *h*, as in "should" and "shall," he *never* loops the *h*. He inflicts a penalism on the unfortunate *i*, by isolating it, and making it as small as possible; and when he means to be sharp, he turns it upside down, and instead of a dot has a grave accent over it; and, lastly, he is constantly leaving it out. As to the *m* and *n* and *l*, that he docks and snubs and curtails, the poor creatures deserve our pity; and we fear Mr. Penultimate Chabot must have snuffed for them. For such virtuous liquids as these to be *docked of their up-strokes*, as *experts* call it, is about the worst piece of docking; and Francis never seems content with prying *a* and *s* and other such either above or below the line, lifting them up or knocking them down till the poor murdered alphabet should cry twenty-four times, and more (consider those double-shouldered double *r*'s), *peccavi*, "I will come down."

But the main point, the pith and marrow of this circus of alphabetical varieties, is, that Sir Philip, not content with holding them in his own hand, carries them over into his letters of Junius. There they *all* are; there are *all* the thirteen *r*'s; *all* their shoulders, round or sloping; *all* the isolated *i*'s and *s*'s, upside down or right side up; *all* the crucified liquids; *all* the terminal pigtails, the medial squabs, initiatory flat-heads, and horizontal double-benders. It seems few things are so difficult as for a writer to distinguish the peculiarities of his own scrawl. Consider the case of Francis; as he says, "I shall not survive three days, if I am discovered." Yet so inveterate do the habits of writing become, that, as Chief-Justice Campbell says, the evidence to prove that Francis is the handwriter of the Junius letters is strong enough to convict a man of murder. So unconscious is he of his numberless variations, and that he has carried each and every of them into his Junius letters, that he only makes about *four positive* changes in all his letters for the feigned hand. These are *g*, *y*, *h*, and *d*. In *g* and *y* he carries the down-stroke with a small turn into a dot, omitting the loop, or the straight down-stroke of his own hand. To the *h* he fixes a sprawling loop; yet he is so careless and ignorant of his own variations, that all his Junian *h*'s that follow *s* have no loop at all, but are straight as Abraham, like his own. As to the Junian *d*, he makes

a forced alteration by carrying the up-stroke out of all proportion, and turning the curl at the bottom into a stiff right angle.

There are minor variations; these are the gist; and it should have been said that he tries to begin his Junian sentences with a small letter in place of a capital, and sometimes hits, but as often misses. As to capital letters, there is *no* essential difference between Francis and Junius. Such is the condition of the letters in the two hands. There is no difference really worth noting in the formation of letters, except such as *proves directly* its introduction from design. The first letter to Lord Chatham is by far the most guardedly done, Francis having been the private secretary of Chatham the year before he came of age, and, of course, fearing the master's eye.

The agreement in spelling of Francis and Junius is severely rich, neither of them fearing Johnson. Francis has compleat, *pacquet*, *risque*, endeavor, *inhance*, *ingross*, *masque*, *stle*, enquire, *encrease*, *untill*, and more, and these are his familiar, hand-in-the-pocket spelling. And behold! Junius has precisely the same, goes the same path, and swallows the *pacquet* at every *risque* in his *masque*. Twins are not born who run wild with such orthographic dislocations as *pacquet* in their Siamese unity. There is my Lady Temple, who, although we admire Mr. Twistleton, has been rather impaled by him in this controversy, with her slow, pragmatic, one-sided shoulders to her r's, and her small comfort in the embrace of capitals. Poor thing! she cannot put a big *ò* to Brussels; she spells it *brussels*; and she has her *til* and *w^{ch}* and *co^d* and allways. She has mostly but one full stop in her letters, — at the end. She begins each sentence with a small letter, and her notes, in their general style, resemble some of Junius's. It is barely possible Francis had seen them, and wished to give an impression, by an imitation, that his were written by Lord Temple. Chabot appears to have overlooked this.

Examine the opening of a note by Lady Temple, written in 1772: "the house sat late the opposition differ'd amongst themselves and the last was triumphant, there was some good speaking" That is it, *verbatim*; she did generously squeeze in one comma. Who can believe that this quiet gentlewoman, nice and old-maidish as she was, wrote the fidgety notes, filled with life and death, to Woodfall?

Let us add two points omitted: the one, as to the division of words at the end of a line. Francis was so fine a penman, calculated his words so well, by running them together and spacing, that in forty-three letters of his there are but thirteen divisions; in each case a colon is used, instead of a hyphen, to make the connection. In the seventy letters and documents of Junius there is but *one* such division, and here a colon is used. In Tilghman's *four* letters there are twenty-four divisions; he too uses the colon, and was, no doubt unconsciously, an imitator of his friend and patron, Francis. The other point is, as to running words together. This is equally common with Junius and Francis. In the letter of Junius to Lord Barrington, May, 1772, there are sixty-nine connections of this kind, — two, three, and four words run together. In a letter to Woodfall, of November, 1769, nineteen lines long, there are twenty-three such connections. In Francis's letter to Macrabbie, of February, 1770, there are forty-two such connections. These are average instances, and Mr. Chabot has not, we think, specified them.

We should have spoken previously of the fac-similes of proof-sheets of the Junius letters in this volume, and in one of which the date, "29. July. 1769," is in the natural hand of Francis. In the others the Francis hand in the correction is erased, and the feigned hand substituted. *But with a glass Francis's natural hand can be easily read through the erasure*, according to Mr. Chabot.

This book is the first treatise on variations in handwriting, treated by an expert, and, apart from its use in the burial of a literary controversy, proves in the strongest light the value of experience in the handwriting line. Experts will no longer be food for jests. The long war over the Junius letters should now end. No doubt can exist that Sir Philip Francis wrote those letters, and was their only author. As he wrote to Woodfall, he was the sole depository of his secret; and he said, also, it would perish with him. But it survived, and is now open to every mind.

Songs of the Sierras. By JOAQUIN MILLER.
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MR. MILLER's poetry, which has been called a new creation, — the phrase is novel

and happy, — has not quite freed itself of all the traits of the parent chaos ; and vast tracts of water and very dry land are still wrapped in the dimness of more or less forgotten intention, though here and there a lonely height or favored valley is touched with the light of

"The consecration and the poet's dream."

One poem he has written, as we must believe in spite of the foolish praises lavished upon all his work, — an imperfect and now and then ludicrously faulty poem, but still a poem. This is the "Arizonian," a moving story, vividly told, with passages of peculiar beauty and force. The passage following the quarrel of the Arizonian and his brown Indian love is one of these : —

" 'She turn'd from the door and down to the river,
And mirror'd her face in the whimsical tide ;
Then threw back her hair, as if throwing a quiver,
As an Indian throws it back far from his side
And free from his hands, swinging fast to the
shoulder,
When rushing to battle ; and, rising, she sigh'd
And shook, and shiver'd as aspens shiver.
Then a great green snake slid into the river,
Glistening, green, and with eyes of fire ;
Quick, double-handed she seized a boulder,
And cast it with all the fury of passion,
As with lifted head it went curving across,
Swift darting its tongue like a fierce desire,
Curving and curving, lifting higher and higher,
Bent and beautiful as a river moss ;
Then, smitten, it turn'd, bent, broken, and doubled,
And lick'd, red-tongued, like a forked fire,
And sank, and the troubled waters bubbled,
And then swept on in their old swift fashion.' "

A sudden Arizonian tempest destroys her, and the miner goes home to find the fair early love, some reminiscence of whom had roused the jealous fury of the Indian ; but he finds instead her daughter, woman grown. The scene where he comes into the village "in the fringe of the night" (we object to the phrase), and mistakes the daughter for the mother, is well painted ; and the poem is often excellently dramatic, told as it is by the Arizonian himself, with his half-crazed sense of his own blame, and his half-conscious struggle to justify his part, and his groping sorrow and trouble in it all. But the rude strength of his figure is sadly marred by the scraps of Old-World tinsel with which he is decorated. It is so difficult, in speaking of Mr. Miller's verse, not to take cognizance of the clamor about him, that we may forgive ourselves for suggesting that these ornaments seem to have been lent him by his English friends for the embellishment of his hero. When we find, for example, in

the possession of the Arizonian, such phraseology as this,

"As the wave sang strophes in the broken reeds,"

we suspect an ill-timed generosity on the part of the classic Mr. Swinburne ; and when the much-untravelled miner speaks of

"That beautiful bronze with its soul of fire,"

are we not to imagine a like error of the head, but not of the heart, in the mediæval Mr. Rossetti ?

We are trying to say, in an ungracious fashion, that it is rather a ruinous thing to be a phenomenon anywhere, and that Mr. Miller is the worse poet for his English triumph ; but our consolation is that he will never believe us. In "With Walker in Nicaragua" he shows a deepening consciousness, and a high resolution to be surprisingly untamed, unkempt, top-booted and long-spurred, and lariatèd and serapéd. "He was a brick," he says of Walker at the outset,

"And brave as Yuba's grizzlies are,
Yet gentle as a panther is,
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss,"

in which figurative beast of prey we fear that we detect again the taint of a decrepit civilization ; she is a heroine of modern cockney mediæval and classical poetry, who is always fierce in her affections, and kisses in just that way. When Mr. Miller will consent to forget himself and admirers, he can paint a striking picture ; and in this poem are several very striking ones. Here is a glimpse of a march through a tropic wood, which is very brilliant in color ; how true we do not know : —

"And snakes, long, lithe, and beautiful
As green and graceful-bough'd bamboo,
Did twist and twine them through and through
The boughs that hung red-fruited full.
One, monster-sized, above me hung,
Close eyed me with his bright pink eyes,
Then raised his folds, and sway'd and swung,
And lick'd like lightning his red tongue,
Then oped his wide mouth with surprise ;
He writhed and curved, and raised and lower'd
His folds like liftings of the tide,
And sank so low I touched his side,
As I rode by, with my broad sword.

"The trees shook hands high overhead,
And bow'd and intertwined across
The narrow way, while leaves and moss
And luscious fruit, gold-hued and red,
Through all the canopy of green,
Let not one sunshaft shoot between.

"Birds hung and swung, green-robed and red,
Or droop'd in curved lines dreamily,
Rainbows reversed, from tree to tree,

Or sang low-hanging overhead, —
Sang low, as if they sang and slept,
Sang faint, like some far waterfall,
And took no note of us at all,
Though nuts that in the way were spread
Did crush and crackle as we step."

The reader perceives the tawdriness of such lines as

"The trees shook hands high overhead";

and these are too many to be specified, though we must say that we particularly object to

"With wild soul plashing to the sky,"
and

"The warm sea laid his dimpled face
With every white hair smoothed in place."

We wish also to express our doubts if the cockatoos do not sing too much in Mr. Miller's tropic; though in that zone, of course, he has most of his critics at a disadvantage.

The "Kit Carson's Ride" is so outrageously bad as a poem that it need not be discussed. But its injustice to a man of simply heroic life, and, by all accounts, of generous deeds and instincts, is something that the badness of the poetry cannot repair, and ought not to pass without protest. Kit Carson is a figure of rough sublimity in the annals of the Far West; and an author who has the ear of the world — it is not so fine as it is long — has no right to give his name to a selfish, theatrical knave, fit only to ride over a green-baize prairie before a painted fire into a canvas river.

The best poem in the book, after "Arizonian," is "The Tale of the Tall Alcalde," though this, like some of the worst, has the misery of a dreary unreality upon it all,

"An agony
Of lamentation like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land where no one comes,
Or hath come since the making of the world,"

and leaves the reader unwholesomely doubtful of the existence of the Pacific slope, its Indian tribes, its borderers and renegades. Yet this poem too has noble effects, and here is a picture of an after-battle scene that has the repose and high beauty of the best art: —

"The calm, that cometh after all,
Look'd sweetly down at shut of day,
Where friend and foe commingled lay
Like leaves of forest as they fall.
Afar the sombre mountains frown'd,
Here tall pines wheel'd their shadows round
Like long, slim fingers of a hand
That sadly pointed out the dead.
Like some broad shield high overhead
The great white moon led on and on,
As leading to the better land,
You might have heard the cricket's trill,
Or night-birds calling from the hill,
The place was so profoundly still.

But on the other hand the poem abounds in such insanities as this: —

"And through the leaves the silver moon
Fell *sifting* down in silver bars
And play'd upon her raven hair,
And darted through like *dimpled* stars
That dance through all the night's sweet noon
To echoes of an unseen choir."

And you come to the good things only after hope deferred has made the heart sick.

We will not speak of the remaining poems in Mr. Miller's volume, for they have the same characteristics with those we have mentioned, and afford no ground for farther comment. He is a poet whom we cannot at all accept at the valuation of his panegyrists, but in whom we are glad to recognize a true dramatic and descriptive faculty amidst a dreadful prolixity and chasmal vacancies. As yet, he cannot be said to have secured any place in literature. But he has the hearing of the world and a grand opportunity.